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GARRICK AND HIS CIRCLE

GARRICK AND HIS CIRCLE

BY

MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS

WITH THIRTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

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"My likings and attachments to my friends will I hope be remembered, when my fool's-cap and bells will be forgotten."

DAVID GARRICK

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PREFACE

THIS book is scarcely, in the strict sense, a biography, for the sequence of years does not constitute its main thread. My aim has been to make each one of a series of vignettes illustrate Garrick's character or career in contact with this or that group of outside characters or events. To whatever interested myself most I have ventured to give the most space.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick (1831) is the fullest of the sources of authentic information concerning Garrick. Next come those of the Garrick letters among the Forster MSS., in the Victoria and Albert Museum, that are not printed in the *Private Correspondence*. The two early biographies of Garrick were respectively written by Tom Davies, the actor-bookseller (1780), and Arthur Murphy, the actor-playwright (1801), who both knew him personally. The two modern biographies have been contributed by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (1868) and Mr. Joseph Knight (1894). There have been no other serious works devoted to the subject of the present unpretending volume, which owes much to the wide suggestions of Mr. Fitzgerald's enthusiastic study, and much to the exact statements of Mr. Knight's, in the main, *theatrical* history. I have,

in addition, had access to the late Sir Henry Irving's four grangerised folios, entitled 'David Garrick, a Memorial,' sold at Christie's on December 19th, 1905. They contain a number of unpublished autograph letters written by and to Garrick.

Unauthentic information concerning Garrick is scattered broadcast throughout eighteenth century memoirs, theatrical and otherwise. He is as much a centre of legend as King Arthur, and it cannot be too emphatically stated that the ordinary Garrick story rests on a very morass. Two-thirds of the contemporary *contes* were the invention of coffee-house irresponsibility or professional envy. 'The other half' consists of variants on the three or four basic stories told of successive famous actors, probably ever since Thespis rode in his cart. An anecdote that must not be read at the foot of the letter may yet show which way the wind blew, and, on that plea, I have not refrained from including many a good story which seemed typically, if not precisely, true.

It has been to me a matter of some concern that I have made so few references to public and national life, seldom in a condition of greater flux and progress than during Garrick's years. The decay of Jacobitism, the gradual softening of religious bigotry in England, the growth of modern forms of political discontent, the American Revolution and its influences here — these weighty matters I have adopted the easy course of relegating to a brief chronicle (pp. xxi–xxiii) of such events as admit of a year-mark. Garrick, his theatre, and his

personal links were, after all, my subject, in itself one of embarrassing width.

My grateful thanks are due to the many friends and counsellors who have forwarded the writing of this book, especially to Mrs. Frank Gielgud for her invaluable help and criticisms in connection with the art and methods of actors.

My thoughts have, during the past year, been so continuously occupied with Garrick that I have sometimes almost wondered that the Shade of the kindly actor, wearing—astrally—his blue coat of private life, with the gilt buttons, and that 'odious scratch' wig his friends all deprecated, has never appeared at my writing-table to acquaint me with the *vraie vérité*.

My task has been, though delightful, not easy, and now, as I look over the completed pages, I realise afresh that the actor's personality is an elusive one, and that I have, in all probability, given no better idea of Garrick's lightness and charm than, to quote Horace Walpole's phrase, the mouldy thigh-bone of a saint would give of the unction of his sermons.

FLORENCE MARY PARSONS

12 Warwick Avenue, W.

SOME WORKS CONSULTED

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo. 2 vols. 1828.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by H. Austin Dobson. 4 vols. 1904.

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An Essay on Comedy. By George Meredith. 1897.

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John O'Keeffe's Recollections by himself. 2 vols. 1826.

A Later Pepys. By Alice Gaussen. 2 vols. 1904.

The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade stated; with regard to Booksellers, the Stage, and the Public. By James Ralph. 1762. [And anonymously in 1758.]
The Annual Register. 1758–79.

Letters of Anna Seward. 6 vols. 1811.
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Memoirs of the life and writings of Percival Stockdale. 2 vols. 1809.

Records of my Life. By John Taylor. 2 vols. 1832.

Thespis, or a critical examination into the merits of all the principal performers belonging to Drury Lane. By Hugh Kelly. 1776.

The history of the theatres of London and Dublin from the Year 1730 to the present time. By Benjamin Victor. 3 vols. 1761–71.

The Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. 8 vols. 1904.

The Doctrine of Grace. By William Warburton. 2 vols. 1763.

John Wesley's Journal. 2 vols. 1827.

Memoirs of his Own Life. By Tate Wilkinson. 4 vols. 1790.

The Wandering Patentee. By Tate Wilkinson. 4 vols. 1795.

Woffington: A Tribute. By Augustin Daly. 1888.

Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade.

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AN ALMANACK OF CONTEMPORARY EVENTS

David Garrick, born in 1717; died in 1779; lived from 4th George I to 19th George III.

1717. Birth of Garrick.
1718. France and England declare War against Spain.
1719. Peerage Bill rejected.
1720. Fall of South Sea Company and of Law's Mississippi Company in Paris.
1722. Jacobite Plot and banishment of Bishop Atterbury.
1723. Partial pardon and return of Lord Bolingbroke.
1724. The Drapier's Letters and Wood's Halfpence.
1725. Treaty of Hanover.
1726. Cardinal Fleury, Prime Minister of France, continues friendship with England.
1727. Accession of George II.
1729. Resolutions against reporting Parliamentary debates.
1730. Quarrel between Walpole and Townshend and resignation of the latter.
1731. Complete ascendancy of Walpole.
1732. Birth of George Washington.
1733. The Excise scheme proposed and withdrawn.
1734. Attempt to repeal the Septennial Act.
1735. Disagreement among Walpole's opponents and retirement of Bolingbroke to France.
1736. Porteous Riots in Edinburgh.
1737. Passing of the new theatrical Licensing Act—establishment of censorship.

1738. Jenkins' Ear.
1739. Declaration of War against Spain.
1740. Capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon.
1741. Garrick's First Appearance.
1742. Resignation of Walpole.
1743. Defeat of French at Dettingen.
1744. Death of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.
1745. Charles Edward retreats from Derby.
1746. Jacobites defeated at Culloden.
1747. Garrick becomes Manager of Drury Lane Theatre.
1748. Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.
1749. Garrick's Marriage.
1751. Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales.
1753. Foundation of British Museum.
1754. Death of Pelham, Newcastle succeeding as Prime Minister.
1755. Publication of Johnson's Dictionary.
1756. Commencement of the Seven Years' War.
1757. Trial and execution of Admiral Byng.
1758. Capture of Louisburg and Cape Breton.
1759. Fall of Quebec and death of Wolfe.
1760. ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.
1761. Negotiations with France and Spain. Resignation of Pitt.
1762. War against Spain.
1763. John Wilkes and the North Briton.
1764. Wilkes's first expulsion from House of Commons.
1765. Stamp Act.
1766. Repeal of Stamp Act.
1767. Chatham's Illness. His colleagues mismanage affairs. New American taxes.
1768. Chatham resigns seat in Cabinet.
1769. Junius's Letters.
1770. Lord North Prime Minister. Agitation continues in America.
1771. Quarrel of House of Commons with City and Lord Mayor.
1772. Royal Marriage Act on account of marriages of the King's brothers.
1773. 'The Boston Tea-party.'

1774. Death of Goldsmith.
1775. War of American Independence.
1776. Retirement of Garrick.
1777. Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.
1778. Alliance of France and Spain with the United States.
1779. Death of Garrick.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LICHFIELD

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LICHFIELD

THERE was some talk of Boswell's writing a prologue for a theatrical performance at Lichfield, when he and his hero were together there, in 1776. At any rate, Dr. Johnson (who was almost always gay in his home city) 'jocularly proposed' his doing so. Boswell rose to the idea, 'was really inclined to take the hint.' He thought over the practicable material. An imitation of Garrick's Stratford Jubilee was to be one of the pieces of the evening. 'Much might have been said of what Lichfield had done for Shakspeare, by producing Johnson and Garrick.' But whatever linked sweetness the heir of Auchinleck meditated died in him unsung. He found the Doctor 'was averse to it.'

A further heading for Boswell's contemplated descant might well have been Lichfield's own uncommon good fortune in having originated in one generation two men who along varying paths ran the race of glory—Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, the most commanding personality of the whole eighteenth century world of letters, and David Garrick, a more wonderful actor than playgoers had ever seen or heard of. Garrick drew his earliest breath on February 19th, 1717, but not, so it chanced, in Lichfield. His actual birthplace was the Angel Inn (long since, no more) in Widemarsh Street, Hereford, where his parents were temporarily located, his father, a lieutenant of dragoons, being on recruiting service there. Shortly after, the Garricks were at home

again in Lichfield, and to the '*magna parens*' of Johnson Garrick owed the nurture of the first twenty years of his life.

Garrick's father's parents were French, a fact never to be overlooked in estimating Garrick, whether as actor or human being. They were Garric (earlier, de la Garrique), well connected and Huguenot. On the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) they escaped to England from Bordeaux, separately, and with great difficulty. They were followed, 'by the grace of God,' wrote the father, David Garric, by their infant son and his nurse, on whose account twenty-two guineas were paid for passage. Twenty-one years later, this son, Peter, securely anglicised, obtained a commission in the Army, very properly undeterred by any sentimental consideration that he might before long be invading the native land that had made him an exile.

In 1707, Peter married Arabella Clough, the daughter of a layman singer in the Lichfield Cathedral choir, whose wife was Irish. The great actor was Peter and Arabella's third child. They had nine others. Three died in infancy. The rest were, in their order—Peter, unmarried; Magdalen; Jane; William, who went into the Army, unmarried; George; and Merriall, the youngest, the only one of the daughters who evaded spinsterhood. She 'formed a matrimonial connection' with Thomas Docksey, Doxey, Doxy, or Doxie,—the eighteenth century was hardly less casual than its predecessor as to the spelling of names,—and, at the age of seventy-four, was buried outside the Cathedral, under the south wall, close to her husband and Peter (II). This Peter, after trying the Royal Navy and giving it up, settled down in Lichfield as a vintner for the remainder of his many days, was cautious, and worshipped respectability. Yet there were times when he clung to the raiment of

the player-brother whose desertion of their wine partnership for the stage he at first obstinately resisted.

Peter's house (it had been the grandfather Clough's before him, and stood just below the Close in St. Chad's parish) was pulled down fifty years ago, and the Lichfield Probate Court erected in its place. It is lamentable that only a modern building, and no contemporary dwelling-place, in this city of old houses bears a Garrick tablet. Here—on this site—in Beacon Street, Garrick spent his young years. Here, his father, the ensign, upon his marriage, established his home, and here the long family, just enumerated, was brought up.

George Garrick, alone, eventually followed the star of the family to London, where he continued to be his satellite and decidedly nearest relation till he died, a few days after the great man, in 1779. He married twice, had six children, was not among the wise and prudent, and can scarcely be said to have prospered in the world.

It is a thousand pities that David Garrick, ready, sometimes over-ready, as he was to 'set skewer to paper,' left no autobiography. If he had, and had felt sure of his cipher, we might to-day enjoy such a chart and explanation of a player's soul as would rank with Pepys's *Diary*, Gibbon's *Autobiography*, and the self-revelations of Marie Bashkirtseff. As it is, to construct Garrick we have to weigh the very variegated impression he made upon multifarious persons, and to trust to his letters and the record of his actions and conversation, where he was perpetually aware of the audience. For, in this, he was the mime of mimes, and no one ever made a truer remark about him than Johnson to Fanny Burney, "Off as well as on the Stage, he is always an Actor."

We have to think of Captain Garrick and his family as pre-eminently genteel and uncomfortably poor—'very low in the Purse.' They owed money to the trades-

people, £10, for instance, to the baker; the problem of how to pay the rent—£10 a year—was one of acute interest; Lenney and Jenny lacked 'head-ornaments' (Merriall was only eight at the time, and might go capless); all were 'very shabby in Cloaths'; and, when Mrs. Garrick came back from an invalid's enforced stay in London, mending and patching and clearing the debts, 'except a little to the butcher which she hopes to clear in a month or two,' were the unexhilarating occupations to which she returned. These details we learn from the letters that David—untimely wise, as poor folks' children are—wrote to his father at Gibraltar. Three months after the death of Garrick, Johnson, at Topham Beauclerk's table, referring to the charge of meanness perpetually brought against him in life, averred as the reason why, in earlier years, he was 'unskilful at giving away,' that he had been 'bred in a family whose study was to make four-pence do as much as others made four-pence halfpenny do.' The company was convinced. Johnson knew the facts. In a place like Lichfield everyone could, and did, compute to a groat the financial position of everyone else, and, as Johnson told the amused Mrs. Thrale, a fifty-pound increase of income would be something to mention there, 'with emphasis.' The idea of a chronic lack of pence clings to the figure of the mostly half-pay officer who had married the vicar choral's daughter and reared ten children.

When David Garrick was an infant, Samuel Johnson was eight years old, and entering the Lichfield Grammar School. Later, the two knew each other, independently of school—a noteworthy circumstance, considering the supposed hard-and-fast class distinctions of the Augustan Age. We have no ground for supposing that proud old Michael Johnson went out from behind his counter to disperse his accidie at Captain Garrick, the Army

gentleman's. A bookseller and stationer, who set up his weekly stall in neighbouring market-towns, would have been socially quite beneath the dragoon officer, far from dashing though he was, and tea-drinking amenities between them would have scandalised the Close. Yet eighteenth-century biography is so filled with anomalies and surprises, that we have Miss Seward's word for it (Miss Seward of the Palace, a Canon Residentiary's daughter, and called by her admirers the Swan of Lichfield) that Lucy Porter, Johnson's stepdaughter, combined shopkeeping with the *entrée* into the best houses, and how fastidious the requirements of these must have been can only be gauged by an acquaintance with Anna Seward's letters —in six volumes. Concerning Lucy Porter, her statement is as follows:—

"We have lost dear Mrs. Porter . . . with whom from childhood I had been intimate. Affluence was not hers till it came to her in her fortieth year, by the death of her brother. From the age of twenty till that period she had boarded in Lichfield with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that little bookseller's shop, by which her husband had supplied the scanty means of existence. Meantime Lucy Porter kept the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market days lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy Porter took her place, standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledore."

Wherever Mr. and Mrs. Johnson senior may have been admitted or not expected, it is certain that the boy Samuel was known by the exclusives of the Close and surrounding neighbourhood. This he owed to the interest he had aroused in that genuine and substantive person, Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Diocese, one of the leading lights of the place, not only a dispenser of rack punch and a violent Whig, but a

ripe scholar, a former frequenter of Button's, and, altogether, a man of the best type provincial towns produce.

Mr. Walmesley lived at the north-east corner of the Close, in the Bishop's Palace, where the Sewards were the following occupants. The Bishop, Chandler—from 1717 to 1730, when he paid £9000 for the see of Durham—was an absentee. In this, he conformed to the rule of most Georgian prelates, culminating in Watson of Llandaff, who never entered his diocese during thirty years, and scoffed at the New Testament Miracles as tricks of legerdemain, yet very nearly became Primate of England. The successive Bishops of Lichfield let the Palace — which, in 1763, Johnson told Lucy Porter she might have for £20 a year!—and themselves lived at Eccleshall Castle, twenty-six miles away. Selwyn (1868–1878) was the first to inhabit the beautiful mansion beside the Cathedral, with its courtyard, iron gates, and the two wings he added, 'letting it down,' as Lichfield folk oddly said of his domiciled presence among them, meaning by 'it' the episcopal prestige.

Johnson never ceased to express his obligation to Mr. Walmesley's kindness to him, particularly during the intervals before and after Pembroke College, when he was hanging loose upon Lichfield, some days so tortured with hypochondria, 'so languid and inefficient, that he could not distinguish the hour upon the town-clock,' but happy in this, that he was a 'librarian's' son, and could freely browse upon the pasturage he of all men best knew how to concoct into personal judgment. Concerning Walmesley, long afterwards, he wrote, "He was of an advanced age," [Walmesley was under fifty] "and I was only not a boy, yet he never received my notions with contempt." And the pen that ever loved to linger

over associations with Lichfield added of this first of the true 'Lichfieldians,' "His acquaintance with books was great, and what he did not immediately know, he could tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of information, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes, in which I have not some advantage from his friendship."

Johnson's younger childhood and Garrick's, spent a stone's throw apart, one on the market-place under St. Mary's, the other in Beacon Street, offer marked contrasts within the likeness caused by the narrow circumstances of the Johnsons, the more difficult upper-class poverty of the Garricks. Davy, at least, had a blithe disposition and a springy little frame. Of the pitiable vignettes of Johnson when young, two, at least, are unforgettable, that of the large, ungainly child, with the 'face of bruised honeycomb,' groping his way home from school across the wide kennels on all-fours, so purblind was he, though he did his best to escape pathos by kicking his dame's shins for following him, the other of his being taken by his mother to St. James's Palace to be touched for 'scrophula' by the lady in diamonds and a long black hood, on the advice of the asthmatic and otherwise celebrated Sir John Floyer, F.R.S., Charles II's doctor, who now practised at Lichfield. Johnson was only thirty months old at the time of this pilgrimage, yet when, in 1765, he wrote down the annals of his childhood, he remembered out of his personal memory at least five separate facts connected with it—perhaps the most remarkable case on record of unshadowy recollections.

When Johnson, aged seventeen, had just come home from Stourbridge Grammar School, Garrick, at ten, was beginning to *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc* it in the corresponding establishment at Lichfield. The ministrations of Mr.

Prebendary Hunter (who commenced his career as a foundling) were, unfortunately for the new scholar, not over. "This I do to save you from the gallows," was Hunter's consolatory remark while flogging a boy for not knowing the Latin for 'candlestick.' Hunter's daughter married Canon Seward, so the Swan was the Flagellant's granddaughter.

Lichfield Grammar School has a distinguished roll-call of scholars. Among those who got their rudiments there were Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean; Addison of the *Spectator*, who "is said" to have headed a barring-out—one rather hopes he did—his father was the Very Reverend the Dean of Lichfield; Gregory King, Rouge Dragon and statistician; four Judges who, early in the eighteenth century, sat at the same time in the Westminster Courts; and, now, Johnson and Garrick.

It would be interesting to know how much Garrick learnt: still more, how far his formal education promoted his ruling taste. Those were not the days of a wide curriculum. Comenius and his English disciples had made their protest in vain. Instruction still consisted in 'a rabble of words,' and memory was the one standard of culture. We know what work Johnson proposed to get out of his Edial Hall scholars, a few years later, for Boswell gives the syllabus. Nothing is specified, either in that programme, or in the famous advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but 'the Latin and Greek languages.' There is, however, a postscript concerning the importance of 'a habit of expression necessary in Latin, and more necessary in English . . . only to be acquired by a daily imitation of the correctest authours,' so perhaps there were a few modern side exercises to write and some English 'authours' to read. The native accents of Lichfield required refining. The vowels were midland and open. "Do you say neether or nyther,

Sir?" inquired a lady of Johnson. "Nayther, Madam," replied he. The great oracle never wholly got rid of his Staffordshire. Garrick, more likely, outlived his, even if originally tinctured, for an actor's ear is sharp. His critics used to complain of his Irvingisms (if the anachronism may be permitted!), but not that he called 'once,' 'woonse,' as Boswell found the Lichfielders did, though Johnson, after a comfortable supper at the Three Crowns, pronounced that they spoke the purest English of any in England. Garrick, it will be remembered, used to take off Dr. Johnson's uncouth way of squeezing a lemon into a bowl while he called out, "Who's for poonch?" It was stated by Dr. Burney that all Lichfield people, including Garrick himself, said 'shuperior' and 'shupreme.' They are less Hibernian now.

Quick and forward Garrick, as a boy, certainly was —his lively, mobile letters prove it—and his memory, that in a few years' time could master twenty leading parts in eight months, must have been exceptional, even when less congenially occupied. At all ages he had strong literary proclivities, and a handy acquaintance with Latin classics.

His school-days had an odd interlude, which, as he told his father in a letter, "backened him a good deal" in his studies preparatory for the University. At the tender age of eleven he was shipped to Lisbon by himself to learn his vintner uncle David's trade. In Lisbon he did not long abide, though long enough to acquire a name among the English merchants for amusing recitation. They used, in their convivial way, after dinner, to help the limber elf on to the table, where he would declaim speeches from plays. He was noticed by a noble wine-grower, the Duque d'Aveiro, who, thirty-one years afterwards, was broken on the wheel, and burnt alive.

In Portugal, it was still the Middle Age. In England, it was only the eighteenth century, when a man might be hanged for cutting down a tree. Contemplating the modernity of special individuals and the well-regulated existence of refined Lichfield, it is difficult to remember we are in the century of Hogarth's Warden of the Fleet picture, when so late a person as Memory Rogers recollected to have seen a cartful of young girls on their way to Tyburn to be executed. If we think of the contemporary Penal Code, not only does the savagery of schoolmasters like Hunter become intelligible, but his "This I do to save you from the gallows" bears a different interpretation, the gallows being realised as a punishment for a hundred and sixty separate offences. In adult life, Johnson spoke of Hunter as a good master, but then Johnson, at that period, had no prejudice against the rod. He said it was a wholesomer stimulus than emulation.

The Garricks knew 'everybody' in Lichfield, or 'Litchfield,' as it was more commonly written. There were the Howards, and the Levetts, and Dr. Hector, their earlier doctor, whose son settled in Birmingham, and, from being Johnson's schoolfellow, became his life-long friend. There was also Dr. James, their second doctor, who, in 1746, blossomed out as patentee of the famous Fever Powders, advertised in *Goody Two-Shoes*, and celebrated in one of Cumberland's odes. All the world took 'Dr. James' Powder.' Owing to its 'Miraculous' properties (the epithet is Sir William Weller Pepys's[1]) George, first Lord Lyttelton, when upon his deathbed, was for over twenty-four hours judged to be recovering. The Honourable Horace Walpole recommended the powder to everyone for everything, swore he should take it if the house were on fire, and was

[1] *A Later Pepys*, i. 174. By Miss Gaussen, i. 174. 1904.

furious with the doctor who attended Madame du Deffand for not giving it her when she lay dying—he believed 'it could cure everything but physicians.' In one much discussed case,[1] the powder, most obstinately taken against the advice of two practitioners, proved fatal. Even then, the enlightened Horace must write to Mason, "Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think he might have been saved if he had continued James's powder but his physician interposed." One would be glad to ascertain whether it was before or after the invention of the patent medicine that Johnson said of 'Jamy'—"no man brings more mind to his profession," for once, at least, in his big-wig days, the fashionable M.D. was singularly undeserving of this commendation. It was when he was sent for to the last person in the world likely to sham illness, Lady Diana Beauclerk. "After she had stated very fully and earnestly her complaint, He damned his Taylor that he had made one Pocket an inch and a half higher than the other without ever having attended to what she said."

A third doctor in the Garricks' circle was Samuel Swinfen, Johnson's godfather, who was so indiscreet as to show Lichfield friends young Johnson's Latin diagnosis of his own nervous gloom, and, by so doing, estranged his patient for ever. It was worthy of Johnson that this man's daughter, Mrs. Desmoulins, and her daughter, found, when destitute, a home under his roof. A member of the Levett family, Robert Levett, the poor apothecary on whose death he wrote 'the sacred verses' Thackeray recited in his moving way when lecturing on the Four Georges, was another of his permanent guests. Any link with Lichfield, with all its deep, pensive

[1] *An Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness; so far as related to the Exhibition of Dr. James's Powders.* By William Hawes, Apothecary, 1774. (This curious pamphlet passed into several subsequent editions.)

memories, was a key to open the gates of Johnson's kindness. And it was kindness indeed. Witness his description of that mixed eleemosynary *ménage* of his, where "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both." Garrick, too, could be genuinely charitable, if less affectionately so, to anyone who had the claim upon him of Lichfield acquaintanceship. "Sir, a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England." Of which, more later.

The names already mentioned are those that occur oftenest in young David's letters to his father. There was, too, the Honourable Mrs. Henry Hervey, wife of the Earl of Bristol's fourth son, quartered at Lichfield, about whom David has the gratification of announcing, "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey came to see my Mamma . . . she is a very fine Lady, & has return'd but few of her visits" —a manifestation of a sort to which Garrick was constitutionally susceptible. The father of the man adds, "I am a great favourite of both of them and am with them every Day." In years to come, it was of this disdainful lady's husband that Johnson said, "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Mrs. Hervey herself was Staffordshire, being Sir Thomas Aston's eldest daughter, and she subsequently brought her husband the Aston estate and name.

All the best Lichfield company met round Walmesley's table, where a cover was often laid for Johnson. The Bishop's Registrar was specially kindly to young beginners, and thoughtful for their pride and vanities. Thus, he gave 'Davy,' his favourite, 'slyly,' two half-crowns to tip the butler and groom at 'Mr. Ofley's.' This agreeable opportunity to 'look very grand' meant so much to the shillingless lad who gravitated naturally towards people of consequence that he put in a P.S. to

THE BISHOP'S PALACE ON "THE DEAN'S WALK," LICHFIELD

WHERE GARRICK (ÆT. 11) MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE UPON ANY STAGE

his father at Gibraltar, "Dr Sir if you could possibly send Mr. Walmisley a little Wine, I am sure he would take it as a Particular Favour." Already, a boy of the world. Quite unexpectedly, and, it has been surmised, to the disappointment of the Garricks, Mr. Walmesley startled Lichfield by marrying, 'being tired since the death of my brother of living quite alone'—as though that were any extenuation of his offence. He took to wife Magdalen (or Margaret) Aston, a sister of the modish and Honourable Mrs. Hervey; a sister, too, of fair Molly Aston and of Johnson's Stowhill ladies. The city of St. Chad was eminently a place of relations-in-law and cousins.

Fired by the visit of a strolling company, the young idea of Lichfield applied itself to theatricals, and Garrick's earliest recorded appearance on any stage was when, at eleven, he played Sergeant Kite in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*. It is tantalising that but for the written word reporting this performance, which took place in the large hall of the Palace, we have no notices of his first affections towards the art of his life, nothing approaching what we know of the juvenile passion for acting of Tate Wilkinson, his farthing dip of a stage contemporary. How little could the mild, applauding relations at Mr. Walmesley's guess what a king among actors the easy mannikin was to develop into! As little as they could imagine that the hulking lout, old Johnson the bookseller's son, sitting peeringly looking on, would one day write, in words that must endure as long as anyone is left to care for noble English, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."[1]

[1] The words occur in the Life of Edmund Smith, in a digression on Gilbert Walmesley, in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

At a representation by the travelling professionals, Johnson, coming back after the interval, found his chair, which was on the stage, occupied by a Lichfield innkeeper who was retaining it for one of the officers. On the fellow's refusing to give it up, Johnson lifted man and chair together, and flung them bodily into the pit. That guardian angel, Mr. Walmesley, quieted the uproar that seemed impending. He was the same Johnson now as him of whom his little Burney wrote in 1781, "He is as great a souled man, as a bodied one, and were he less furious in his passions, he would be demi-divine."

For a considerable part of Garrick's boyhood his father was at home on half-pay, the suggested reason being that he found it more profitable to save travelling expenses. He had left his dragoons for a marching regiment—Kirke's. When the strengthening of Gibraltar took place after the Spanish siege of 1727, he had an opportunity of an advantageous exchange with an officer there, and accordingly went abroad for five years. His son's letters to him during this period, already quoted, are not only delightful in themselves, but most valuable material for enabling us to reconstruct the boyhood of a famous man. Though David put into them a fair, not immoderate, number of moral reflections, the family, clearly, was on far more equal and familiar terms than in the typical Georgian household where the children were 'admitted' to ask pardon for their faults on their knees, and treated with severe 'correction' interspersed with 'polite indulgence.'

Of Captain Garrick's 'lady' we get, but for one letter of her own, preserved among the Forster MSS. in the Victoria and Albert Museum, only a slight portrait. She is 'moloncolly' often while her husband is away, and subject, in the intervals of her heroic occupation of making both ends meet, to 'little ugly fainting fits.'

David writes, "My Mamma is very weak, attended with a Lowness of Spirits, which compells her to drink Wine, which gives a great deal of uneasiness upon two accounts, as it goes against her inclination, and Pockett."

Amelia Booth could not have written a fonder billet to her Captain than this from Arabella Garrick to hers—

"I must tell my Dear Life and Soul that I am not able to live easy longer without him for I grow very jealous—but in the midst of all this I do not blame my dear. I have very sad dreams for you & but I have the pleasure when I am up, to think were I with you how tender my Dear Soul would be to me, nay was when I was with you last. O that I had you in my armes I would tell my Dear Life how much I am his. A. G."

Not *von Mütterchen die Frohnatur* for which Garrick was to be so universally idolised. All that versatile gaiety of his came from the Gallic strain.

The grandmother lived on in her old house, with Mrs. Garrick, and, in David's letters, added her blessing to the children's duty and their Mamma's 'tender affections.' Mrs. Lowndes, another inmate, perhaps of the poor relation type, for she sent service and love, must have been a phenomenal sufferer, even for the eighteenth century, for she was reported as "almost constantly rowling about the flower with the Cholick or has her head tide about with a Napkin with the head Ach, like one that is a Victim for a Sacrifice."

In the following, how we see the Cathedral city, the little garrison town:—

"Cap^{tn} Weldon has parted wth his Commission, . . . every Body loves and likes Mrs. Weldon, but he has quarrel'd with most of the People in the Place, which gives the poor woman a great deal of uneasyness. . . . Mr. Walmisley has had a very great quarrel with Cap^{tn} [*name scored out*] but at Present all is over but they don't visit one another. Uncle Day says that Mr. Lowe preacht a Sermon which was thought by everybody one of the Best they had heard for a long Time!"

And all this—Mrs. Weldon's uneasyness and Uncle Day's report on Mr. Lowe's sermon, and the pleasant stir Mr. Walmesley's strained relations with Captain —— occasioned—was to be sent sailing the long way to Gibraltar. The soldier must have been human and likable when his boy could be so sure he would be glad of such details. Clearly, the city of the highest standing cathedral in England was a veritable Barchester. We remember Dr. Johnson's letters from Lichfield to Mrs. Thrale—

"Lady Smith has got a new post-chaise, which is not nothing to talk on at Lichfield. *Little things here serve for conversation.* . . . I could tell you about Lucy's two cats, and Brill her brother's old dog, who is gone deaf; but the day would fail me. . . . The sisters of Stowhill gave me good words and cherries and strawberries. Lady —— and her mother were visiting there yesterday, and Lady —— took her tea before her mother. . . . The subscribers [to the ladies' box-club] are always quarrelling; and every now and then a lady in a fume withdraws her name. . . . Boswell is a favourite, but he has lost ground since I told them that he is married, and all hope is over."

The Garrick children lived on the hope of seeing their 'best of fathers' back again, and many were the artless schemes of wire-pulling they projected with the idea of shortening his absence. In 1736, he at last 'came for England,' and, at the time of his death the following year, was about selling his commission for £1100 for their benefit. His ailing wife outlived him three years. In the Register of Lichfield Cathedral Church her burial is entered, in the handwriting of the sacrist, Thomas White (a member of the same family as Gilbert White) as having taken place on September 28th, 1740. In later years Garrick told Dr. Mudge that he refrained from pursuing his heart's desire, the stage, till after she died.

When Johnson, now twenty-four and joined to his Tetty (of whom the rascal, Garrick, made keyhole studies *à rire*), set up the historic academy at Edial, Walmesley the beneficent recommended him to 'young gentlemen's' fathers. David and George Garrick were his first pupils. The son of the Mr. Ofley at whose place David had tipped the servants was impressed too. So, we read, was young Hawkesworth, the future editor of Captain Cook's *Voyages*, who, though he received a sum not far short of seven thousand pounds for his labour, was so weak-minded as to die of jealous criticism. Dr. Fordyce said he purposely took an overdose of opium. All told, there were seven or eight boarders and day boys at Edial Hall.

It has been stated that the house, depicted in Harwood's *Lichfield*, in which Johnson made his short experiment in school keeping, has long disappeared. The present writer had the curiosity to pay Edial a visit before inscribing these pages. The little place lies two and a half miles west from Lichfield, and is reached by an uphill road that finally turns across an open gorse common, then is hedged again, and becomes Edial, a thin, long village, running up into its neighbour, Burntwood. In response to inquiries for 'Dr. Johnson's' house, the 'oldest inhabitant' pointed out a farm near the Lichfield end, whose inmates repeated the tradition. The name, Edial Hall Farm, would go a little way towards justifying them, did not the building, without and within, appear too ancient to pass as a modernisation of the totally different 'Edjall Hall' of Harwood and of the sketch, signed Paul Braddon, in the Johnson House, Lichfield. That house, with its Garrick relics, is now, for all time, consecrated to Johnson's lovers, so perhaps it does not greatly matter whether the stones of Edial Hall can be resolved or no.

At Edial (the villagers still call it, as in Garrick's period, Edjal) Garrick finished his education in the Greek roots, and came, in his relations to Johnson, under the mysterious hypnotism every schoolmaster exerts over every pupil. Long after, says Garrick's principal biographer, when he had been facing audiences for thirty years, he told Dr. Messenger Monsey, of Chelsea College, he never could shake off a certain awe in Johnson's presence, which he ascribed to Edial. Life there was not all pedagogy either. The pupil wrote scenes for a comedy, and the master wrote the greater part of *Irene*. For the latter, Johnson borrowed Knolles's History of the Turks from Peter Garrick, the midshipman, and, when he read passages from his growing work to Walmesley, that joy-dispenser predicted he would turn out a fine tragedy-writer. The cold, disillusioned day was yet distant when Johnson, hearing that 'a gentleman called Pot' considered *Irene* the finest of modern tragedies, was to growl, "If Pot says so, Pot lies."

As we have seen, Johnson, in later years, could smother Lichfield with praise. It is possible that on the two known occasions of his doing so, '*le bien-être tout matériel des fins des repas*' may have contributed something to his approving glow. When he eulogised the Staffordshire speech, and added that Lichfield folk were 'the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth,' he was taking his ease with Boswell at the Three Crowns, after a long drive in the dark, followed by a cosy supper. When, at the 'Messieurs' Dillys', he boasted to 'Jack' Wilkes of having shown Boswell 'for once real civility' by showing him Lichfield, the ingratiating patriot had been dispelling, temporarily, every trace of Tory animosity in the good Doctor by helping him very assiduously to some fine veal, thus—Wilkes, *loq.*—Pray give me leave,

Sir:—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, Sir—a little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest. "Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you," cried Johnson, bowing, and thinking better of the 'scoundrel' at every luscious sentence.

Another Lichfield contemporary, Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, spoke highly of Lichfield society. Was not its surrounding county, albeit a Staffordshire more or less beyond the social radius of young Newton, a 'very seed-plot of gentry'? The Bishop added to his encomium the highly interesting fact that in his time there were so many remarkably pretty women in Lichfield that his friend, Hawkins Browne, "used [surely, rather unfortunately?] to call it the Paphos of England."

Johnson, with a pen, not a knife, in his hand, was a great deal more tempered in his laudations of Lichfield. "I am afraid," he writes to Hester Thrale, "my dear townsmen will be mentioned in future days as the last part of this nation that was civilised." The fact is that Johnson was, from the standpoint of 'cultchah,' in the wrong set when he came visiting in Lichfield. He consorted but little with the Sewards, and not at all with the Darwins, but kept himself to Mrs. Cobb of the Friary, and Miss (by courtesy, Mrs.) Elizabeth Aston and Mrs. Gastrell, the Stowe sisters. There were cliques and there were jealousies (yes, and there were scandals [1]) in the city of the three slim spires, charmingly named the Maids of the Midlands or Ladies of the Vale.

Moll Cobb and her friends never heard of *Evelina*

[1] Miss Seward herself was subject to *Schwärmerei*, and, on account of her 'very improper attachment' to one of the Cathedral singing-men, named Saville, the Very Reverend and Hon. the Dean and Mrs. Proby for some time *ceased to visit her*. (See Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, viii. 428.)

till Dr. Johnson imported it. They had not even reached the stage of instructedness at which one is surprised at oneself for reading. They simply did not read—made no pretence of being in the learned way. The right moment with the strawberries and 'walls,' Hoyle's *Rules*, the mysteries of knotting, and the best recipe for a surfeit water were the things that mattered. They made Dr. Johnson passing comfortable in their well-built houses of stone-faced brick, and pampered him, as he himself allowed, on the plumpest of chicks and the tenderest of mutton—for where a Dean and Chapter had set up the place of their habitation we may be well assured there was no lack of good provision-shops. Nor should it be forgotten that it was to the lucid sense of his enskied Molly Aston, Mrs. Elizabeth's sister, that the Doctor was indebted for the immediate solution of a problem of political economy that puzzled Lord Kames.

Mrs. Aston built and lived in the upper house at Stowe, and Mrs. Gastrell built and lived in the lower, close by St. Chad's ancient church, and only separated from the Cathedral by the sheet of water called Stowe Pool. Mrs. Gastrell was the widow of the wicked Stratford clergyman who, with her approval,[1] caused Shakespeare's mulberry tree to be hacked down one dark night, in order, it was said, to spite his neighbours. A Lichfield correspondent told a friend of Malone's that Mrs. Gastrell was 'little better than a fiend.' She quarrelled with a lady to whom she had let her Lichfield house at a hundred guineas a year, turned her out, shut the place up, and refused to relet!

It was along Mrs. Aston's gravel walk that 'Mister Johnston' ran the celebrated race with Admiral Brodie's Scots niece, who, long afterwards, entertained him in the Hebrides, and over Mrs. Aston's unlocked gate that he

[1] *Life of Edmund Malone.* By Sir James Prior, 142. 1860.

corpulently climbed for the sake of the old times when he used to climb it locked. Parts of his *Lives of the Poets* he wrote in the upper house while 'dear Mrs. Aston' and her sisters and the parrot that had pecked his leg chattered around him.

When the sage visited Lichfield he did not omit to call on Peter Garrick, and civilities in the way of tea, dinner, and invitations to stay passed. The likeness between the Garricks was very striking, Boswell says, and Johnson gave it as his opinion that if Peter had cultivated all the arts of gaiety as much as David had done he might have been—Johnson did not, fortunately, say as great an actor, but as brilliant in society. To this, Johnson's burr cried amen, and, at dinner, next day, found Peter 'quite a London narrator.' Peter, presumably, had prepared his impromptus to meet the metropolitan demands of his guests.

While Boswell returned to tea and coffee in Beacon Street, his demi-god went up to the Palace to see the Reverend Mr. Seward. Johnson (though he stayed supper) disliked Seward for two things—for being a valetudinarian, and, therefore, selfish and gross in his habits, and for being a holder-forth, what was then beginning to be termed a Boar. When Boswell went to Lichfield alone, but under instructions from his great preceptor, he, too, waited upon Canon Seward, whom he found in bed, with a cold, 'according to his valetudinary custom,' wearing a white flannel nightgown over his black gown, so that he looked like a Dominican. His lady and that Egeria, their daughter, did the agreeable downstairs. One sees the residentiary as a gruelly person with a thin, ceaseless voice, a cross between Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Casaubon.

There could be no real intimacy between Dr. Johnson and such sworn allies of Dr. Erasmus Darwin as the

Sewards. Darwin was far too much in the Panjandrum line to meet the grand Panjandrum with pleasure or profit to either. Darwin stammered, and, as Anna Seward puts it, "Where Dr. Johnson was, Dr. Darwin had no chance of being heard . . . therefore he shunned him." It is clear that the most noted physician in the midland counties shared the sentiment rapped out by Captain Brown, when exasperated past endurance by the Cranford ladies' worship of the lawgiver, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" Readers of Anna Seward's correspondence—a treasury for students of the *vie de province*—will observe that the Swan is apt to become a snappy swan when Johnson or his Lichfield ladies, 'Cobb,' 'Aston,' and the others, swim into ken. It argues no very cynical asperity that she turned somewhat vicious when she found that faithless Canon Vyse had not used her lapidary inscription for Garrick's bust in the south transept, but taken instead the prose words of 'the surly dictator,' Johnson.

Erasmus Darwin, writer of *The Botanic Garden* and *The Loves of the Plants*, settled in Lichfield at twenty-four, and, a year later, married Miss Howard of the Close. He was a *savant*, and might be called a man of science, but that the botany, zoology, electricity, and mechanics he expressed through verse were too much encumbered with discursive fancies. It is loosely said that he foreshadowed his grandson's theory of evolution.[1] He was original and many-sided, pro-American, and, later, anti-Pitt (hence Frere and Canning's parody, *The Loves of the Triangles*), and he advocated the rights of animals. "The very daring of his ideas made him in many things incomprehensible to his generation," writes Eliza Meteyard in her Life of his friend, Wedgwood. A playful correspondence was, by the way, kept up between Darwin

[1] See *Evolution, Old and New*. By Samuel Butler, Author of *Erewhon*, 195–213. 1879.

(whose handwriting resembled Garrick's) and his biographer, great Anna herself, in the characters of their cats, Po Felina of the Palace and the Darwinian puss who dated from the doctor's smart, new-fronted house—it was almost opposite Peter Garrick's—with the Venetian windows and the *chinois* bridge. Darwin was so superlatively one of the 'Lichfieldians' that this account of Georgian Lichfield would be incomplete without a few words concerning his social character.

He was a temperance doctor, and, by influence and example, sobered the county of Derby! Once only in his life was he overtaken by wine, and that was when he went on a boat with a party of friends from Burton to Nottingham. The day was sultry, the bottles went round quickly, and it ended with the doctor being observably exhilarated. Shortly afterwards, he was seen to step into the Trent, and walk tranquilly away across the meadows. When next the water-party caught up their remarkable companion, he was on a tub in Nottingham market-place, haranguing the public in these words:

"Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. Open those of your sleeping rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workshops. Keep the windows of your workshops open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice."

Darwin invented a carriage, designed to turn in the smallest possible space, and Richard Lovell Edgeworth's invention of something similar was the occasion of the latter coming first to Lichfield. The doctor was abroad—as they said then—when 'the ingenious Mr. Edgeworth' arrived, but his wife, who had been expecting to receive a coachbuilder, which, in a sense, Edgeworth was, gave him tea, and talked to him on elegant topics. At last, "when supper was nearly finished," there was a great

noise in the hall. Mrs. Darwin hurried from the eating-parlour, and, upon her exclaiming that they were bringing in a dead man, Edgeworth's curiosity gained the upper hand of the impassiveness better befitting a visitor, and he followed. He found Dr. Darwin and a whole crowd of people surrounding someone looking like a corpse, but only dead drunk, whom the doctor had found nearly suffocated in a ditch, and brought home in his chaise. Candles were now carried into the hall, whereupon it was discovered that the strayed reveller was Mrs. Darwin's brother, "for the first time in his life intoxicated in this manner," which would have made it a most unfortunate occasion for a stranger's introductory visit, but that it did not appear in the least to embarrass the parties most nearly concerned.

Yielding to the intellectual glamour of Lichfield, Edgeworth soon became Lichfieldian, chose his second wife, and his third, her sister, out of the Close, and resided in the lower house at Stowe. He is best remembered as the father of Maria, but was in himself remarkable, besides being husband of four wives and father of nineteen children. He wrote on education—as he had ground for doing—and tried to bring up his eldest son on the model of Rousseau's Emile. "I do not think that one tear per month is shed in this house," he boasted to Darwin. Byron, it will be remembered, talked of getting up a society for the suppression of Edgeworth.

Edgeworth's Staffordshire wives were two Miss Sneyds,[1] the elder of whom, Honora, was the top toast of Lichfield, and, but for parental discouragement, might have become the wife of Major John André. To her, Edgeworth's 'friend, Mr. Day,' had already paid his

[1] It was Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, their sister-in-law, of whom Mrs. Charles Bagot speaks as having been the model for the seated lady on the lids of Wedgwood's black teapots.—*Links with the Past*, 195. 1901.

singular addresses, in spite of her arms not being sufficiently round and white to please him. She was living at the Palace with her cousin, Miss Seward, when Edgeworth and Day were young together, and Edgeworth, whose first wife,[1] though away in Oxfordshire, was still extant, tore himself from Lichfield to escape from the perilous spell of Honora, who had just refused Day, unmistakably, though in terms of studied propriety. Not even Mr. Collins, in *Pride and Prejudice*, made such an impertinent offer so solemnly as the author of *Sandford and Merton*. The woman he proposed to beatify was to relinquish society, letter-writing, music, novel-reading, dancing, and the selection of her own clothes. His surprise at Honora's refusal almost equalled that of the later egoist who, when similarly shocked, could only enunciate—"Are you quite well, Lætitia?" In fact, Mr. Day was so much upset that he had to call in Dr. Darwin.

Honora's sister, Elizabeth, whom he next invited, wavered awhile, and made one or two counter demands, principally that the uncombed, unkempt suitor should go through a course of grace-culture. Day accepted the suggestion, went to Lyons, where Edgeworth was going, and, much as he abhorred dancing, put himself under a dancing-master's care there, and suffered. When he returned, Miss Elizabeth refused to have anything to do with him, adding that she liked him better as he was. Thomas Day had literal reason to agree with a contemporary *soupirant* who excused himself for not revealing his flame to its object on the plea that he had 'seen gentlemen led such dances.'

Directly Edgeworth heard at Lyons of the death of his first wife—whose uncheerfulness had always afflicted him—he posted to Lichfield, and in four months was

[1] A granddaughter of one of the Dutch brothers Elers, the originators of artistic pottery in Staffordshire.

Honora's husband. Honora, on her deathbed seven years later, besought him to make Elizabeth his next partner, and Elizabeth was led to the altar on the Christmas Day following as the third Mrs. Edgeworth. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the presence, says Edgeworth, 'of my first wife's brother, Mr. Elers, his lady, and Mr. Day'—the last, the rejected both of the bride and her deceased sister.

Before Edgeworth took up his abode in Mrs. Gastrell's old house, Day occupied it for twelve months, and the story of Day's tenancy is too precious an instance of *doctrinaire* absurdity to be entirely omitted from this sketch.

Day took the Stowe Valley house for himself and the more deserving of two young female wards. One of these, a brunette, he adopted out of the Foundling Hospital; her he named Lucretia. The other, a blonde, was culled from an orphanage, and he styled her Sabrina Sidney. He designed the more promising maiden to be the future Mrs. Day. Meanwhile, they were to be bred up on his own educational principles, the unsuccessful competitor—it might possibly be both—to be given a money consolation prize, or apprenticed.

It was both. Neither could pass this incredible gentleman's tests. Lucretia failed first. Still hopeful for Sabrina, Day dropped hot sealing-wax on her bare arms, and fired pistols at her petticoats. She screamed. She was only thirteen, but Roman virtue should be Roman at thirteen, and it was plain she could never develop into a fit mother for little Days. It was upon the breakdown of this great experiment that the episode of the Sneyd sisters occurred.

The prig had suited himself with a bondswoman, adoring and will-less, when Maria Edgeworth, aged thirteen, went to stay with them at Anningsley. Her stepmother describes the sour-complexioned disciplin-

arian entering the child's bedroom every morning ('in a quite ungarnished dressing-gown,' adds a later portrait painter[1]), stirring up a large tumbler of Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, and striding up to the bed where she lay trembling, with the grim summons, "Now, Miss Maria, drink this." Day was a philanthropist, and well meaning, but the fairy godmother who bestows humour and the ability to compromise had absented herself from his christening.

Even at the present time, the sentiment of Lichfield is eighteenth century. Stratford-on-Avon is not more Elizabethan, nor Bournville more neoteric. The Cathedral, a red, uplifted *nef*—thrice in history a ship of war—with flying buttresses for sail and battlements for top-gallants, is, like every other cathedral, a thing apart, not of an age. Wyatt's sugary sovereigns on the west front no more modernise it than the friability of its stone decays, or the gowned effigy of Johnson on the south exterior secularises. But the city itself, where, in Johnson and Garrick's time, "very little business appeared to be going forward," and nowadays population is decreasing, is absolutely Georgian.

The first prospect of the Cathedral across Minster Pool has its own imaginative charm, but the old life of the place only fully takes hold of the amateur of such impressions who strolls along the Dean's Walk, a raised lime-tree path, bordering the Cathedral on the north, beyond the sward down which its morning shadows slope. At one end is a timbered house in which the widow of the authentic Major Dobbin (he was of the Church's army) lived to be old—for those who reside in Lichfield prolong their days. Opening upon the Walk are the self-respecting forecourts of the Deanery, whence Addison

[1] The Hon. Emily Lawless. *Maria Edgeworth*, 1904 ("English Men of Letters" Series).

came, the Palace, and the houses of canons. The quiet, ecclesiastical air is filled with memories, and, if you should chance to tread among fallen autumn leaves, you almost see the shovel-hats and snuff-boxes of the ghosts who make 'faint march-music' by your side. It was here that Farquhar let his Aimwell, in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, pretend to swoon as he approached Lady Bountiful's, and it was here that Honora Sneyd was courted by the British officer who was soon to die a felon's death under the warrant of Washington. Short-lived Honora is the most brilliant of the dead women who haunt the Dean's Walk, but Garrick's mother paces it too, full of tremulous love for her absent soldier, and scheming every imaginable 'œconomy' that he may 'have nothing to fret him when he comes home.' (The words are David's.) Figures of fiction and of fact, they all belong to the grey and vanished world of a curiously interesting little provincial city in its prime. It was inside the Cathedral that 'the lowly woodsman' occupied the tomb supposed to be Marmion's.

There are scant records of Garrick's revisiting Lichfield in his years of greatness. Probably he feared that brother Peter, at close quarters, would be too much a Boar. He had arranged to go to Lichfield—to Peter's—with his 'Eve,' on their honeymoon, but when they hinted it to Lord and Lady Burlington, the bride's tutelars, they "had only grave faces and cool answers," so they gave it up. In 1766, there was some suggestion of Garrick standing as Parliamentary candidate for Lichfield, but he writes to his brother George, in a letter[1] hitherto unpublished—

"Pray remember me in the kindest manner to all my old friends at Litchfield—but I say to 'em with Richard [Cibber's] 'I thank you

[1] Forster MSS. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

for your loves but must decline. . . .' The Seat at Litchfield is too costly a one for me—Lord G[ower] has too much interest and tho' I may have half a dozen loving friends for me yet I should be obliged to sneak, with my tail between my legs, out of the Town Hall, up Bow Street, and pass by the Free School as miserable as I once was merry. I have a place in my eye which I am told I shall be chose for the sum of ——. If my inclination lies that way and I may have a kind of propensity, my money must purchase my ambition without much care or trouble."

It is interesting to find that Garrick thought, at all events, of St. Stephen's Chapel, in spite of his disclaiming the idea in a copy of verses addressed, in 1755, to Sir George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, 'on his asking Mr. Garrick if he did not intend being in Parliament.'

In 1768, the actor had been staying in his native place, when it occurred to him to go on to Stratford, *viâ* Warwick Castle, where he had been, he says, 'strongly pressed to pass a week' *en famille*—and then, when he and Mrs. Garrick drove up, expecting to dine, they found they were not expected to do more than look at the curiosities, like common travellers, 'accept of' a cup of chocolate and a book, and leave. Possibly, this unique experience in Garrick's triumphal progress may be explained by the fact that, by as exceptional a lapse from his customary discretion, he took with him to Lord Warwick's as a third party, the Rev. William Arden, Rector of Brampton Ash in Northamptonshire. Arden had been tutor to Lord Spencer.

How the versed Garrick came to make such a mistake is inexplicable. Even *ursa major* Johnson did not so far strain his intimacy with Mrs. Gastrell, but kept Bozzy wrathfully waiting till he could write him the propitiatory note—

"Mrs. Gastrel, at the lower house on Stowhill, desires Mr. Boswell's company to dinner at two."

Cradock, referring, in his *Memoirs*, to the Warwick story, attributes the slight put on Garrick to inadvertence, 'some mistake in a message,' and further states that, when Garrick and Arden, who, in the meanwhile, had published a poetical squib, deriding the hospitable traditions of Warwick Castle, found this out, 'they became horribly vexed at their hasty indiscretion.'

It was on March 2nd, 1737, that Garrick, aged twenty, and Johnson, eight years older, quitted Lichfield as a home, Garrick to be prepared for the Bar (the University had had to be given up) by the Rev. John Colson, at Rochester, Johnson to try his luck with the booksellers. Both were forearmed by recommendatory letters from Walmesley to Colson. 'Davy Garrick,' Colson's boarder-to-be, was termed "as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life," who "has been much with me, ever since he was a child, almost every day; and I have taken a great pleasure often in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him." His companion was more shortly specified—'one Mr. Johnson . . . a very good scholar and poet.' The young men came up to London with their brains in their hands, but very little money in their pockets. They rode and tied, Garrick used, in later years, to declare, though, once, when Johnson roared to him in fine company something about their having arrived, himself with twopence halfpenny, and 'thou, Davy' with three halfpence, the more conventional actor became, as people would say nowadays, a trifle edgy at the reference.

EARLY LONDON DAYS—
PEG WOFFINGTON

EARLY LONDON DAYS—
PEG WOFFINGTON

"MY mind has been always inclined to the Stage. All my Illness and lowness of Spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here."

"Last night, I played Richard the Third to the Surprise of Everybody, and as I shall make very near £300 per annum by it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolv'd to pursue it."

The gist of the present chapter lies in these two extracts from the ever typical letter Garrick wrote to his brother Peter, on October 20th, 1741. How tensely it vibrates with the passion of a youth who has at last determined, come what may, to join himself to the thing he loves! Throw poor, sober-sided, mistrustful Peter the bone of £300 per annum, by all means. "It is really what I doat upon," that is the essential fact. And so—for better, for worse. There is no marriage to equal that of an artist to his art. But I must go back a little.

Arrived in London, the two Lichfielders, Johnson and Garrick, became dissociated, and, fortunately for a narrative which is to concern itself with Garrick's *circle*, Johnson, who, when present, inevitably fills the picture, does not appear again for some time. He has first to languish, as Carlyle puts it, 'inactive in garrets, or harnessed to the yoke of Printer Cave.'

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."[1]

[1] Johnson '*impransus*' (1738) printed in capital letters this one line of his *London*.

Garrick almost immediately entered himself a student at Lincoln's Inn and worked for about a year with his Rochester preceptor, a man described as so buried in mathematics that he reappeared as Johnson's Gelidus[1] who scarcely raised his head when told that a neighbouring town was in flames. The pupil for whose sake we remember him, having inherited a thousand pounds from an uncle, went back to Lichfield in 1738 to take counsel with Peter, their father being dead, as to the future directions of both. It ended in the law being abandoned by one as the Navy had been by the other, and by their setting up in partnership as wine merchants, David to be the London representative, Peter to continue in Lichfield. Urged by Mr. Walmesley, the Close and its cousinry might be depended upon to order their liquor from Garrick Brothers.

So we now have, for our very brief contemplation, Garrick in trade. We see him as the brisk young wine merchant, going down to the wharves, tasting samples, acquiring the convivial manner, the glib patter of vintages, bouquet, and character. He hired an office and vaults in what was then Durham Yard, Strand, where the Adelphi arches, reared about thirty years later, still serve for cellarage.

We may 'wonder what the vintners sold' in the mid-eighteenth century, and at what prices. They sold, for one thing, what they called red port, and that, as an invoice of Garrick Brothers exemplifies, at as low a price as eighteen shillings a dozen. It was the article known in Portugal as *Consumo*, a *vin du pays*, brandied for export, and darkened with elder berries. There was little 'champaign' sold, but more tokay and 'Florence' than nowadays. Canary and Mountain, both sweet wines, were drunk pretty generally by way of a morning

[1] *The Rambler*, No. 24.

whet. In spite of the frequent references to claret and 'frontiniac' in eighteenth-century memoirs, the well-hated Methuen Treaty of 1703 for a long while checked the importation of the red growths of the Bordelais, and substituted, as *vins ordinaires*, at any rate, the rough vintages of Portugal. Madeira malmsey, long supplied to America, was only beginning to come into use in England. Spain, Portugal, and the Canaries still furnished the stronger white wines, and Rhenish, or 'hock-wine,' took the place of the light drinks of France. Generally speaking, wine was sold in larger quantities to a more limited class of customers than now. The following extract a long-established firm of wine merchants have kindly made for me from their old day-books goes to prove that Johnson's hospitalities were not bounded by 'the custom of the Mitre.' He evidently liked to be able to offer his intimates a glass of wine at home. The date of the entry, it will be noted, is 1756, seven years later than the date when the great hypochondriac began to confine the plenishing of his own glass, for the most part, to lemonade.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Dr.

1756.					
March	2.	To 1 dozen bottles of Mountain, 20s.	£1	0	0
May	25.	„ 2 dozen bottles of Sundry	1	19	0
July	6.	„ Sundries	9	1	6
August	21.	„ 1 dozen bottles of Red Port, 19s.	0	19	0
1757.					
January	27.	„ 13 quarts Sundries	1	1	9
June	29.	„ Sundries	4	7	6"

David's entire capital was one thousand pounds, and Peter's the same or less, so that there could have been no big stock in Durham Yard. It was, no doubt, bigger than might be inferred from the remark that fleering and shameless person, Samuel Foote, made, years later, to the

effect that he remembered Garrick calling himself a wine merchant, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar.

The coffee-houses about Covent Garden, the resorts of the actors at the now patent theatres, were Garrick's chief customers, and he spent a great deal of his time at the celebrated 'Bedford,' under the Piazza, ostensibly pushing the business, but, on his soul's side, enthralled by the glamour of actors and their associations. He was in the theatres incessantly, and, as his acquaintanceships extended, behind the scenes, and he soon began to feel that there he was most himself. His vivacity made him welcome, his marvellous gift of mimicry created a sensation among hardened histrions.

The actor with whom he oftenest strolled under the Covent Garden Piazza was Macklin, the ugly Irishman. They lived, now, and for several years to come, in what they would have called 'the strictest intimacy,' though afterwards they quarrelled, and, from being comrades, became merely contemporaries. Macklin was, in his way, a force, and, by his insistence upon a natural method of speaking and moving, anticipated Garrick's reforms, playing Cowper to his Wordsworth. In 1725, 'Lun' Rich, the Squire Western-like Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, did not encourage Macklin's modernity. "I spoke so familiar," said Macklin, "and so little in the hoity-toity tone of the tragedy of that day, that he told me I had better go to grass for another year or two." Macklin did so, but, sixteen years later, when Fleetwood of Drury Lane, less prejudiced than his rival, though doubtful as to the experiment, let him play Shylock, as a serious human being, in a realistic black gaberdine and scarlet hat, the impersonation elicited the couplet, attributed (scarcely, one would have said, on internal evidence) to Pope,

> "This is the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew,"

and achieved the more remarkable feat of keeping George II awake all night after seeing it. "Macklin, you were right," said the delighted manager.

Like the swan strain through *Lohengrin*, though a great deal less melodiously, Macklin keeps recurring through Garrick's story, but, since the scheme of this book will only allow scanty notices of secondary actors, he cannot appear later, which must excuse the few following anticipations.

Macklin was a man of enormous bodily vigour, which was perhaps one reason for his great popularity with that formidable section of the play-going public, the butchers of Clare Market. And they liked his disposition. Being Keltic and quick in quarrel, it once befell him to be tried for murder at the Old Bailey. The occasion was the sudden demise of a brother actor named Hallam, owing to the point of Macklin's cane having entered his head through his eye, when it was only intended to dismiss him from the green-room.

Macklin was not so bigoted a naturalistic player as to dispense altogether with rules and conventions. Among the stories told of him which are typically, though they may not be literally true,—and the majority of theatrical anecdotes fall into this category,—is one which premises that he kept by him three pauses—a short pause, a long pause, and the grand pause. On a night when he was favouring his audience with this last, the prompter gave him the line, and repeatedly. Pardonably indignant, Macklin made a bolt for the prompt side, and knocked the dullard down; then, returning to the front, said coolly, "The fellow interrupted me in my grand pause." Clare Market must have thundered its approval.

But for an interlude of licensed victualling chastened by lecturing, this tough character remained on the stage and appeared in new parts till past ninety. He had a

system of memory-training, in defiance of which, Foote, that Histrio-Mastix of his brethren, invented the nonsense story of the great Panjandrum . . . and 'the Picninnies and the Joblillies,' now, thanks to Caldecott, a nursery classic. Macklin, after his retirement, had his own place in the pit, whence—a chartered libertine—he would call to the protagonist on the boards, "Sir, speak louder; I cannot hear you."

All through the wine-selling prologue, Garrick is being drawn by ever tightening cords towards 'the profession.' He acts in a burlesque *Julius Cæsar*, at the establishment of 'Printer Cave,' with his friend of years to come, Will Hogarth, who cannot remember a word of his part, in the cast; he contributes, again, doubtless, through Johnson's agency, dramatic oddments, and lines addressed to an actress, to Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine*.

By 1740, he has knocked together his 'petit piece,' *Lethe*. At this topical skit in a mythological setting, first printed in 12mo, in 1745, under the name of *Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades*, but afterwards entitled *Lethe, a Dramatic Satire*, his pen long continued to tinker. Neither the character of Lord Chalkstone nor that of Mr. Tatoo was in the original draft. Throughout Garrick's actor-manager period, *Lethe* was a safe draw. It was played in these earliest days at Drury Lane, and by no less a person than Kitty Clive, who, before long, was to earn such renown as the Lady (Mrs. Riot) in *Lethe*, playing it to Woodward's Beau or Fine Gentleman, that in contemporary ceramics the two went forth to the world in these characters.

At last, the probationary days were fulfilled. Garrick had written critiques on plays, learnt parts, studied the fop, the clown, the man of 'humour,' the sot, the valet, the hero, both off and on the boards. He had even gone on one evening at Goodman's Fields Theatre as

CLIVE AND WOODWARD IN GARRICK'S PLAY, "LETHE"

"I DECLARE HERE IS A FIGURE OF KITTY CLIVE, AS THE 'FINE LADY' IN 'LETHE,' FROM THE CHELSEA MANUFACTORY"
"Rainy Day" Smith at Garrick's Villa, 1829, loq.

Harlequin Student, to oblige Yates, who was ill. Now, under the name of Lyddall, he went down to Suffolk, with his friend, Giffard, the Goodman's Fields manager, and, at Ipswich, acted before a paying audience in several pieces, including his own *Lethe*, and *Oroonoko*, the play that was adapted from Mrs. Behn's novel on a suggestion of Charles II's. From 1741, the date of this summer excursion, Garrick was virtually what the slang of a later age would denominate a 'pro.' As a matter of course, on his return to London, he boldly applied both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but Fleetwood and Rich had then no use for his services, and he betook himself to Goodman's Fields, a theatre far removed from the town, as politely understood, for it was in the heart of the City, near Aldgate.

In 1737, Sir Robert Walpole's Licensing Act had provided that, in future, theatres and plays must both be strained, to use Goldsmith's phrase, through a licenser. The stage was thenceforward to be under the absolute government of the Lord Chamberlain. An unauthorised actor was subject to fine or imprisonment, and no theatres but two, the 'patent' houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had permission any longer to call themselves theatres, or to take money for dramatic representations.

This was a crushing sentence, but the prejudice against the ever multiplying playhouses had been increasing among the graver sort, and Fielding's too successful attempt in *Pasquin* to dramatise the political lampoon put the last touch. Nevertheless, the Bill met with considerable opposition in Parliament, where Lord Chesterfield addressed to the Peers the mordant piece of irony—"Wit is the property of those who have it,—and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God, we, my Lords, have a dependence of another kind!"

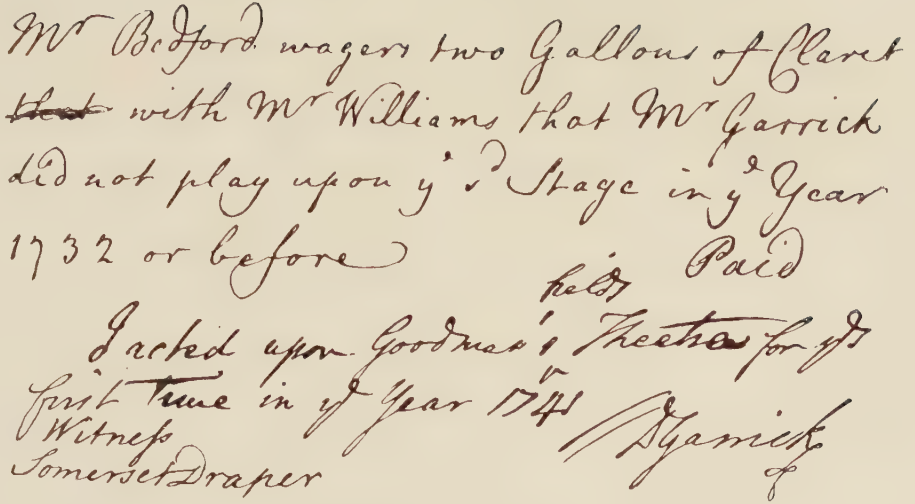
When, in modern England, a specific measure has been found to press over heavily, an evasion has usually been devised, and the powers that be have not troubled themselves overmuch to expose it.[1] In the case of the Licensing Act, the obvious evasion for a well-built, flourishing, but patentless house like the newly erected theatre in Goodman's Fields, was to describe itself on the playbills as 'the late theatre,' and announce its entertainment as a concert in two parts, with acting between, the acting to be 'performed gratis by persons for their diversion.'

It was at such a concert at Goodman's Fields 'late theatre,' on Monday, October 19th, 1741, by the glimmer of candles, that Garrick made his first real appearance on the London stage. He played the difficult part of Richard III. His success was immediate and overwhelming. The very next morning, *The Daily Post* (October 20th) described his reception as 'the most extraordinary and great that was ever known.'

In considering this triumph, we are forced to the explanation that if ever genius was instinct and inspiration, it was here. It was a miracle in the history of the arts, for, except at Ipswich, as recorded, Garrick had never played a minor part, had not worked up from humble beginnings, in fact, had undergone no systematic training whatever.

Coquelin has related how, in the House of Molière, after serving a long apprenticeship, he was at last drafted to go on as a doctor who solely has to say of somebody, "*Il est mort*," and how, when he was disposed to murmur

[1] People now living remember the days when, in order to visit the Strand Theatre, they bought a ticket for the Victoria which authorised them to purchase, at a specified confectioner's, one ounce—four shillings' worth—of rose lozenges, the receipted bill for the lozenges being a 'ticket' for the Strand.


Mr Bedford wagers two Gallons of Claret
~~that~~ with Mr Williams that Mr Garrick
did not play upon y^e^ Stage in y^e^ Year
1732 or before

Paid
held
Jacked upon Goodman's Theatre for y^e^
first time in y^e^ Year 1741
Witness
Somerset Draper
D Garrick

GARRICK'S AUTOGRAPH

at the smallness of the speech, his old master, Regnier, told him he ought instead to feel proud to have had a sentence entrusted to him which might be rendered in such a variety of ways. At what a different pace was the English actor hurled into the full practice of his powers! His instant success was a tribute to the care with which he had observed real life and weighed the manners of men.

It is impossible to believe that Garrick was anything approaching so finished an artist in Richard the first time he acted it as he became later. A genius he most certainly was, but he had yet to go through the school of years of study and thought to reach his full mastery. In this his first year, he was crouch-back'd Richard for seven nights, and, afterwards, at intervals through the winter. The London theatre season lasted from the beginning of September to the end of May.

The scene with Lady 'Ann' and the scene in which Richard 'lies on the couch' were Garrick's strong points, according to his fervent admirer, the Rev. Thomas Newton, sometime of Lichfield (where his father was 'a considerable brandy and cider-merchant') and now tutor at my Lord Carpenter's in Grosvenor Square, *en route* to the 'Prophecies' and the see of Bristol. The moment at which Garrick clinched the applause, and gave the audience assurance of his originality was when he flung away the politic prayer-book, after dismissing *à la Tartuffe* the mayor and aldermen. To-day, this would probably be called 'usual business,' but it must be borne in mind that Garrick originated three out of four of the suggestions for Shakespearean 'usual business,' and that his action was to its traditional imitation what a proof before letters is to a worn-out print. So planet-struck was his audience that, just at first, they were at a loss whether to clap or hiss.

We owe our only detailed accounts of this memorable first night to two persons who were not themselves present, but recorded what was said. They were Arthur Murphy, Thrale's favourite friend, who wrote *The Grecian Daughter*; and Tom Davies of Russell Street, the actor-bookseller and zealous associate of the wits. "He transformed himself into the very man. All was rage, fury, almost reality," says Murphy; and Davies says, "Garrick's look and action, when he pronounced the words [Cibber's] 'Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!' were so significant, from his visible enjoyment of the incident, that loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor." We are informed in the 'Short Account' prefixed to Garrick's collected poems, that, but for the juice of a Seville orange recommended to him as a voice clearer by Mr. Dryden Leach, printer, behind the scenes, he would have been inaudible after the vehemence of his first two acts.

Being a great artist, Garrick was a destroyer; he created a revolution in taste. He looked with fresh, keen eyes at current formulæ, and decided upon a return to nature. The ancient lights of the theatre were furious in opposition—that, too, as an inevitable consequence. During the interval between Betterton's period and Garrick's, the art of acting reached its farthest remove from reality. "Declamation roared, while passion slept." Tragedy actors did not impersonate, they only strutted and bellowed. They were as conventional in gesture as though they were hidden behind masks and mounted on cothurni. The best among them, James Quin, accompanied his plain-song by action that resembled 'the heaving of ballast into the hold of a ship.' In short, players had ceased to look to life for their models, they merely copied other stage rhetoricians. They were so absurdly slow of speech that, in the midst

of a high-flown tirade, *Saga ist* that Bracegirdle's lover went to sleep, and fell against her.

If the innovator were to succeed, and be imitated, said Colley Cibber, dignity would be banished from the stage. Charles Reade gives a pasticcio, too good to be left unquoted, of what 'old Mr. Cibber' thought, in particular, of young Garrick's Richard III—

"'I tell you,' cried the veteran, 'that this Garrick's manner is little, like his person, it is all fuss and bustle. This is his idea of a tragic scene. . . . "'Give me another horse!' Well, where's the horse? Don't you see I'm waiting for him? 'Bind up my wounds!' Look sharp now, with these wounds. 'Have mercy, Heaven!' but be quick about it, for the old dog can't wait for Heaven. Bustle! bustle! bustle!"'"

Cibber, the author of the best theatrical autobiography that exists, was already out of things when Garrick appeared, and his was an academic outcry. But Quin had everything to fear. "We are all wrong if this is right," he remarked, summing up the situation. Here and elsewhere, Quin stands out as a straight, frank fellow in what was, for the most part, a pitiful world of mean misstatements. He had, of course, to fight for his own hand. He went about saying Garrick would be like Whitefield, a day's wonder, after which the heretical congregations would flock back to orthodoxy. Garrick, hearing of this *mot*—which was comparable to Madame de Sévigné's prophecy, '*Racine passera comme le café*'—was struck by a neat idea for a reply. He embodied it in a three-versed epigram, with its sting in its tail, as follows—

"Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more.
When doctrines meet with general reprobation
It is not heresy, but Reformation."

As the 'Gentleman who never appeared on any Stage'—for Garrick was anonymous during the first few weeks—went off it to the heady music of the shouts and the clappings on that first night of his triumph, what sensations must have been his! Yet he was still, nominally, a wine merchant, still responsible for those bottles—of 'vinegar' or otherwise—lying in Durham Yard, in which not only his own capital, but brother Peter's too, was embarked. How was he to break the news to Peter that he was no longer a man of dockets and invoices, but Richard III, Hamlet, Lear, Bayes, Ranger, Kitely, Don Felix, Jaffier—a vista of waiting heroes? If Peter could but have been in the house last night (these were next morning reflections) he might have caught something of the flush and glory; but away, in dead-alive Lichfield, and with a commercial partnership at stake—it was an emphatically cold-blooded and unpleasant piece of work to have to sit down and write to him.

When we consider the very marked vein of timidity that ran through Garrick's nature, we freshly realise how great the driving power was that induced the declaration, "I am resolv'd to pursue it," which opened this chapter. After instancing Booth, Mills, Wilks, and Cibber, who, though actors, lived on the friendliest terms with persons of serious consequence—bishops and others—David ended all he could think of to say to Peter with these rather touching words—

"Though I know you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope when you find that I may have the genius of an Actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be asham'd to own me for a Brother."

How many of the stage-struck have not written similar, though probably weaker, letters to their aghast

and offended relatives, and how many of them have become Garricks?

Of course, there was a great to-do at Lichfield. The sisters most likely swooned, Peter certainly raged. A substantial uncle resided at Carshalton. What would he do? What would the Close—everybody—say?

> "*Eques Romanus Lare egressus meo,*
> *Domum revertar mimus.*"

To think that a Garrick should disgrace the family by turning actor, instead of sticking to a comfortable, reputable business, with a good connection! This, and much more, was said and shouted in Beacon Street, and indignant letters—all, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum—were written, to each of which David replied with a moderation and judicious mildness everlastingly to the credit of a young man whose brain was simmering with success.

In extenuation of Peter's attitude, it must be remembered that actors, as a class, were very far then from being socially *arrivés*. It need scarcely be added that it was Peter's brother who was incalculably to raise the prestige of the stage. "Garrick has made a player a higher character," said Dr. Johnson.

The same post that brought the horrified Philistine David's thunderbolt, brought him another letter from London from John Swinfen (perhaps a son of Johnson's godfather, Dr. Samuel Swinfen), describing the scene in Goodman's Fields Theatre, justifying David, and eulogising his acting. "I heard several Men of Judgment declare it their Opinion that nobody ever excelled Him . . . and that they were surprised, with so peculiar a Genius, how it was possible for Him to keep off the Stage so long." The concluding expression suspiciously resembles one of David's own, and the student of Garrick

can have little doubt that his eager hand guided this good friend's pen. Even better calculated to mollify is the information David soon after (November 16th and earlier) gives Peter in his own handwriting that he is no player at poor hire, but receiving six guineas a week, and guaranteed £120 for his 'clear Benefit' on December 2nd, when "Pit and Boxes are to be put together." "If you come to town your Lodgings will cost you Nothing." "I have not a Debt of twenty Shillings upon me so in that be very easy." The beginnings of an eminent man's career are always interesting. But enough now of Peter and his opposition.

After this grand encounter, Garrick had no more struggles. His was a life singularly unchequered by adversity. He marched straight into the Land of Promise, possessed it, and his it remained.

Before he became an actor, Garrick, in duty bound —as part of the sacred initiation—fell in love with an actress, no less a one than Margaret Woffington. On and off the stage, 'lovely Peggy' must have been a being of extraordinary charm. 'The most beautiful woman that ever adorned a theatre,' said Davies; 'impudent Irish-faced girl,' grumbled Harry Conway, under an obligation, since he was writing to Horry Walpole, to depreciate where others praised; what Charles Reade, devoutest of her lovers, says of her eyebrows, her mouth, her springing step—the joyous way she bounded upon the stage—is too well known to quote. We see this captivating creature, half Trilby, half Nell Gwynn, *piquante* sweet as wild honey, mutable as quicksilver, characteristically Irish, if Horace's cousin pleased, but Irish like one of Moore's melodies. Even a jealous woman she outacted and outrivalled called her 'the enchantress of all hearts.'[1] The town worshipped her

[1] *An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy.* Written by Herself, ii. 49.

because, resembling Mrs. Norton in the Frenchman's tribute, she was 'so spirituous and abandoned.' Four portraits of her hang in the Garrick Club. Of these, Mercier's makes her the most beautiful, though the strength and intelligence of her face are better seen in Hogarth's, as they are, again, in Arthur Pond's strange representation of her in the National Portrait Gallery (painted in 1758, a year after she left the stage, struck by paralysis) lying in bed, and seemingly a lifeless body with a living face, as Mr. Austin Dobson has remarked. The Bow China Works turned out pairs of sphinxes *couchant*, with clawed feet and the head of Peg Woffington in her laced cap. Nowadays, "in the auction-room or elsewhere [these pairs] are seldom to be found two together, and even the British Museum collection has only one of the two." [1] They were probably modelled by Roubiliac, or by George Moser, the father of the second — and, hitherto, the last — lady R.A., Mary Moser.

Peg's story, up to the time of her meeting Garrick, was a romantic one. She was a bricklayer's daughter, and, when her father died, her mother took in washing. She commenced her professional career when she and another baby hung in baskets attached to the feet of an acrobatic Madame Violante, who ran a theatre-booth in Dublin. A little later, she was crying halfpenny salads across College Green.

Presently, Madame Violante, perceiving how pretty and clever she was, began regularly instructing her for the stage. Peggy belonged to her 'Fantoccini' troupe, and from her picked up French as spoken. At eleven, she played Polly Peachum, in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, to the admiration of all. She was soon a launched and independent actress.

[1] *The Connoisseur*, ix. 244 (August, 1904).

In 1740, Miss[1] Woffington transplanted herself from Dublin—where now and afterwards she was adored—to London, the hotbed of genius. Rich engaged her for Covent Garden. Her capital part, to use the phrase of the time, was the rattling Sir Harry Wildair in Farquhar's *Constant Couple* (a character the great Garrick essayed unsuccessfully), but she shone in every hose and trunks part, whether Sylvia ('Captain Pinch') in *The Recruiting Officer*, Aura in Charles Johnson's *Country Lasses*, the disguised Belvidera in Charles Shadwell's *The Humours of the Army*, or Shakespeare's Rosalind,

'kindling with sunshine all the dusk greenwood.'

She was even better in genteel comedy, an ideal Millamant or Townley, really a fine lady and gentlewoman, as to the manner born. She was a good tragedian too, and could take any one of the mobled queens regally, though Lady Randolph in *Douglas* proved unsympathetic to her. In 1742, she played Cordelia at Drury Lane to Garrick's Lear.

A strong point of the Woffington's was her freedom from the crippling vanity of beautiful actresses. She played Mrs. Peachum, or Mother Midnight in Farquhar's *Twin Rivals*, or Mrs. Day in Howard's *The Committee*, with as much heartiness as she played women of fashion, altogether sank herself in her characters, and laid on wrinkles and vulgarities as thickly as they required. More obliging and good-natured still, she "never thought it a degradation to play the Queen in *Hamlet* or Lady Percy in *Henry IV*. Parts which are mentioned as insults in the country, if offered to a lady of consequence."[2]

Peg Woffington had as high an idea of the dignity

[1] In a very short time she was advanced to the adult title of 'Mrs.'

[2] Tate Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, i. 109.

of drama as Colley Cibber before her, and she refused to act when the Turk on the wire was engaged. A merit dwelt on in theatrical annals of the period was her unfailing loyalty to the management and public. "She never disappointed one audience in three winters either by real or affected illness," says Victor in his *History of the theatres.* "Not the lowest performer in the theatre did she refuse playing for: out of 26 benefits she acted in 24," says Hitchcock in his *View of the Irish Stage.*

Yet 'Queen Margaret' was haughty and capricious, and knew how to make a worm like Tate Wilkinson, who had mimicked her, writhe at her feet and become 'a child of sorrow.' A few lines from his autobiography give a vivid notion of her omnipotence—

"I ventured after much hesitation to say to Mrs. Barrington, I thought Mrs. Woffington looked beautiful—Mrs. Barrington tossed up her head and said, That was no news, as she looked so every night; at which she and Mrs. Vincent laughed:—this occasioned Mrs. Woffington to turn her head, and condescendingly ask, What they were smiling at? Mrs. Barrington replied, that the young man was saying, that Lady Dainty looked beautiful that night, and added, she had told him, there needed not that information, as she always looked so.—Mrs. Woffington viewing me disdainfully, cried, Poor Creature!—O God! says I, what shall I do for bread!—I had better exhibit in a barn."

As everyone knows, the voice of an expressive actor so grows on his devotees that its very harshness, should it be harsh, gives a thrill the more. Peg Woffington possessed what was designated 'a most unpleasant squeaking pipe,' and it is related that when she was Portia, and Lorenzo said to her, "That is the voice, or I am much deceived, of Portia," to which Portia replies, "He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo, by the bad voice," the audience laughed outright, 'Woff,' as they loved to call her, joining in.

Peg abounded in mother-wit, and loved to be in company that could give her the reply. On the plea that women talked of nothing but silks and satins, she excused her preference for men's society. In recompense, the flattered beings made her President of the Dublin Beef Steak Club. When her clever younger sister, Polly, to whom she had given a good convent education, married Horace Walpole's nephew, the Honourable, and, later, the Reverend second son of Lord Cholmondeley, that nobleman did not refrain from expressing to Peggy his annoyance at the *mésalliance.* "My lord," she replied, with pardonable asperity, "I have much more reason to be offended with it than you; for before I had but one beggar to maintain, now I have two." Mrs. George Cholmondeley became, later, the greatest rattle of her time. Boswell termed her 'a very airy lady.' She achieved the distinction of being 'very easy' with his learned friend, the Colossus of literature.

In Peg Woffington, Garrick saw the lifelike way of acting for which his soul thirsted. He beheld her, 'all grace and bright nature, moving like a goddess among the stiff puppets of the scene.' The old stagers said she was a sad gabbler, but, added Bracegirdle, "There's nature about the jade."

No wonder Garrick and she fell in love. Macklin, most likely, brought them acquainted; at all events, in 1742, he, Garrick, and Peg, the three exponents of the new, natural way of acting, set up housekeeping together at 6 Bow Street. Garrick was twenty-five and she twenty-four. The following year, Garrick and Mrs. Woffington, without Macklin, established themselves at another address.

As regarded Peg Woffington, she had no reputation left to lose. As regarded her partner, it seems sufficient to say that while some people's immorality — Lord

PEG WOFFINGTON

Byron's, for example — affects them right through, Garrick's shows in his life as only a passing episode, the climax of a vernal infatuation. Concerning his character and bearing in riper years, we read, in Miss Hawkins's Memoirs that

"to have recalled to his mind the time of his early passion, and I never heard of more than one, would have been, I suppose, to have forfeited his friendship for ever. He was a great instance of the entire change of conduct which so many plead as impossible."

He and Mrs. Woffington agreed to pay the household bills in alternate turns of a month each. Peg's salary was £7, 10s. a week, besides £50 for 'cloaths,' and a guarantee of £180 for her benefit. Garrick's income from salary and benefits was already almost £1000 for the season. They could afford turtle and venison. But Garrick had not yet shaken off the penurious habits of his Lichfield home. Now that he was earning more money than he had ever thought possible, his natural cautiousness joined hands with the sensible ambition that could read its lessons in the pitiable plight of improvident old actors.

But a young man—and a young man in love—who is a rigid 'Œconomist' is not an attractive spectacle to an unthinking public, and Macklin, who, it should be observed, had lately made his grand pause in goodwill towards Garrick, went about saying, "In talk Garrick was a very generous man and a very humane man, and I believe he was no hypocrite in his immediate feelings. But he would tell you all this at his house in Southampton Street, till, turning the corner, the very first ghost of a farthing would melt all his fine sentences into air." Up to the last, every hitter below the belt—and they were numerous, from Foote downwards—made the utmost of Garrick's care of pence. Among Foote's

typical *sagas* was one of Garrick being kept walking up and down outside his house in the centre of the Adelphi Terrace by Hurd, at that time Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and in agony, as he passed and repassed, at seeing a wax candle, inside his dining-room, guttering to waste. An illustration more credible, since we find it in Boswell's Johnsoniad, relates to the brief Woffingtonian period. Garrick being paymaster for the month, Mrs. Woffington, dispensing bohea to Johnson one evening, was about to put an extra spoonful into the pot, when 'the pernickety little player,'[1] hastily brushing forward, arrested her hospitable intention. "The tea [pronounce *tay*] Madam, is as red as blood." Considering that it was certainly souchong, the violence of the phrase was eloquent of the degree of exasperation.[2] Johnson, when he told Sir William Scott the story, tolerantly added, "but he has shown that money is not his first object."

The 'dual association' lasted about two years. Garrick was seriously a lover; he fixed the wedding day, and bought the ring. But the radiant actress could not be cast for the wife's part in any 'Constant Couple' of real life, '*mal habil qui s'y fie.*' Just in time came disillusion, enlightenment, wisdom to Garrick, and the next thing he did was to move to King Street (over 'Mr. West's, Cabinet Maker'), and set up housekeeping there, at the beginning of 1745—alone. The *malevoli* said that he returned Peg's minor presents, but not the diamond shoe buckles.

The story of poor Peggy's last public appearance, one of the most dramatic things in stage history, has

[1] *Obiter Dicta* (Second Series), *Dr. Johnson*. By Augustine Birrell, 121. 1887.

[2] In extenuation of Garrick's protest, it should be remembered that tea was thirteen shillings a pound.

been too often told to need retelling. The account by Tate Wilkinson, whose arm she took when she tottered and would have fallen, is the best. In the three years left her of existence, Peg Woffington is said to have come under Methodist influence, thought much upon her latter end, and learned to regard the playhouse with as much aversion as Hannah More did after the 'revolution in her sentiments.' To a girl aspirant who came for counsel and assistance, Mrs. Woffington said, "There is no position in life so full of incessant temptation." Always open-handed, after her retirement she became deliberately charitable, built alms-houses, yet died rich, in 1760, in Queen's Square, Westminster. Her own house, Udney Hall, was at Teddington.

To return to the Garrick of 1741–42. The first comedy part he played was Clodio in Cibber's *The Fop's Fortune* (October 28th), while, on November 6th, he was Chamont in Otway's *The Orphan*, a character which, says his editorial biographer, Boaden, was exactly suited to his 'ardent and marking style.' At the end of November, he was playing Sharp (a variant on Molière's Sganarelle) in his own farce, *The Lying Valet*, adapted from the French of Motteux, and *The Lying Valet*, he told Peter with excusable self-gratulation, sending him a copy, was 'a General Roar from beginning to end.' Bayes, in the Duke of Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (the play that had 'not wit enough to keep it sweet,' but, on Johnsonian second thoughts, 'not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction'), was accounted Garrick's biggest popular success during the opening season, but, like other biggest popular successes, it was the least legitimate, being a *tour de force* of direct mimicry of other living actors.

Already, Garrick was proving his equal potency over tragedy and comedy, and our thoughts travel forward

to the day when his friend Reynolds would paint his happy allegory of him standing irresolute between those two Muses, a picture which, in the form of pirated engravings, George Colman, in 1766, five years after it was painted, observed hanging in the Paris print-shops, entitled, '*L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu.*'[1] An interesting fact, referred to by that master of eighteenth-century lore, Mr. Austin Dobson, in his *William Hogarth*, is the price, two hundred pounds, paid, 'on account of its Likeness,' by Charles Slingsby Duncombe, of Helmsley, Yorks, for Hogarth's portrait of Garrick as Richard III—a larger sum than any English artist had ever before received for a single portrait. Dance, also, painted Garrick in *Richard III*, and Morland thought Dance's tumid portrait worthy of a bad copy. Loutherbourg was another, Hayman another, Reynolds himself another, who put Garrick on canvas as Richard, and the Chelsea and other china works modelled this favourite character.

It was Hogarth who, after seeing Garrick one evening as Richard and the next as Abel Drugger, said, not very aptly, to him, "You are in your element when you are begrimed with dirt or up to your elbows in blood" —a Hogarthian compliment that might have been more fairly returned anent that master's own works.

Neither here nor later shall I attempt to follow Garrick through the maze of parts he played. From the mass of records and anecdotes that circle him I must be content, in view of the object and limits of this volume, with selecting only enough of what is salient to give an impression of the actor and the man in his surroundings.

Garrick had been playing a very short time when

[1] An impression from this—in every sense—travesty, '*Gravé par J. Elie Haid*,' is in the British Museum Print Room.

the string of glass coaches was described as choking the way from Temple Bar to Goodman's Fields. "The town," wrote Gray, to Chute of 'the Vyne,' "are horn-mad after him."

'Leonidas' Glover, afterwards M.P. for Weymouth, was the first person of any consequence to report himself in ecstasies, and, as he was 'well' at Leicester House, he was no valueless votary. The Great Commoner (Chatham, as we know him), whose name Garrick, in his excitement, writes 'Pit,' at once said Garrick was the best actor the English stage had produced, and sent a 'Gentleman' to let him know he would be glad to see him. Pitt's close friend, 'Mr. Littleton,' M.P., afterwards first Baron Lyttelton (called 'the good' to distinguish him from his son, the wicked Lord Lyttelton, who did *not*, according to tradition,[1] 'bilk the ghost'), and gored, as regarded his literary performances, by Johnson, in *The Lives of the Poets*, took Garrick by the hand, and said he never saw such playing before. In a few years' time, Garrick was to tell his brother George, from Tunbridge Wells, that 'Mr. Littleton' and he were 'cup and can.'

"In short," writes happy David, during these early weeks, "I believe nobody (as an Actor) was ever more caress'd, and my Character as a private Man makes 'em more desirous of my Company." If the letters of about this date seem a little insistently vainglorious over the certain peers and probable royalties, it may, in palliation, be recollected how lacerated the family's middle-class gentility had professed itself by a brother becoming, in the lay belief, a rogue and vagabond.

It was not Garrick, but Gray, who reported that there were 'a dozen Dukes of a night at Goodmansfields.' The

[1] See *The Valet's Tragedy and other studies*. By Andrew Lang, 127–151. 1903.

Rev. Thomas Newton, mentioned above, who himself "enjoyed an easy and unrestrained intercourse with persons of great distinction," showed a fussy, not to say a vulgar, anxiety to get them to see his esteemed young friend's acting. It is not surprising to find that Georgian clerics were great theatre-goers, when we remember how many of them were playwrights. Newton's letters to Garrick are amusing reading. My Lord and Lady Carpenter could not believe his young townsman, etc., but now they are "in raptures." "No less a man than Mr. Pulteney desires to have a place in our box." Mr. Garrick is besought to play *The Lying Valet* "this week, because one of our gentlemen goes into the country next Monday." Youthful, and, probably, unthinking, the actor is upbraided for not having obliged with that piece in order to secure Mr. Pulteney's attendance—"I should have thought it worth while to have strained a point, or done almost anything, rather than have disappointed him." The tone is so much the typical eighteenth-century chaplain's that it might be Esmond's Tom Tusher's. The prim sycophant intersperses among his worldlier hints at least one sensible criticism—Richard III, in the fifth act, should not start up from sleep too soon after lying down. He mentions, moreover, an interesting prophecy on the part of the veteran actress, Mrs. Porter, whom he had heard exclaim concerning the new star, across Lord Carpenter's table, "Good God, what will he be in time?"

It was a stimulating moment for the beginner when, playing Richard one evening, he became aware of a certain illustrious little gentleman in black in a side-box. This was Pope, who had long given up theatres, but had been persuaded by Lord Orrery to see Garrick. "I had some hesitation in proceeding, from the anxiety, and from joy," Garrick told someone, years afterwards. On his

side, the classic arbiter of taste was so greatly struck that he said to his companion, "That young man never had his equal as an actor; and he will never have a rival." He furthermore expressed a natural fear that the 'young man' would be ruined by praise. How could he know what a stable and sagacious nature the half-French actor possessed?

People of the highest fashion were Garrick's adherents from the outset. Off, and not only on the stage, he exerted over them an extraordinary spell, considering that he owed nothing to influence or money. To say that he was a gentleman among gentlemen is not enough to account for this. Already, the Best in Town, as, with justifiable exultation, he called them, were doing all they could to spoil him. He dined, day after day, with 'very ingenious Noblemen.' They told him he was 'not only the best tragedian, but comedian in England'; he was 'only born to act what Shakespear writ.' "These things daily occurring give me Great Pleasure," he wrote, with a Pepysian frankness. Yet, being reflective and shrewd, he probably appraised the flattery of the laity at its value, and dwelt with a deeper satisfaction on the expert's commendation bestowed on him by old Cibber in the often quoted aside to old Mrs. Bracegirdle, "I' faith, Bracey, the lad is clever."

His laborious London season of about a hundred and fifty nights over, Garrick, accompanied by Peggy Woffington and Giffard, without a thought of rest, posted off to Dublin, where the new Smock Alley Theatre was badly in want of attractions strong enough to counteract Quin and Mrs. Cibber at the Aungier Street Theatre Royal. It found them. Duval was able to pay Woffington her own terms for the season, and give her two benefits, while the mania that set in for Garrick may be estimated from the fact that an epidemic raging in

Dublin in the hot weather, and increased, it was thought, by the crowded condition of the theatre, was called 'the Garrick fever,' a term which equally described the fever to see Garrick. If anything, Dublin was horn-madder after 'Roscius' than London had been.

THE GREAT ACTOR

THE GREAT ACTOR

IT has been mentioned that the year after his first appearance Garrick was playing Lear at Drury Lane, where he had 'debuted' on October 5th, as Chamont in Otway's *The Orphan.* From 1742 onwards, his connection with London's classic theatre practically never ceased, for, during the single season's interregnum at Covent Garden (1746–47) James Lacy was negotiating with him to become his co-patentee at an outlay of £8000. Garrick's savings supplied part of the money, and the rest he easily borrowed—he was a gilt-edged security. Lacy was to undertake the care of the wardrobe and scenes, and the payments of 'the household,' Garrick was to treat with authors, engage actors, distribute parts, and superintend rehearsals. Their respective departments were apparently equivalent to the modern division of 'front of the house' and 'behind the curtain,' the first the business of the acting manager, the second that of the stage manager. On September 15th, 1747, when they opened together, Garrick definitively became Davidus Druriolanus, and his empery lasted till the date of his final retirement from a public life, June 10th, 1776.

Almost every respectable memoir of the mid-eighteenth century contains perfervid reports of Garrick's acting. For eliciting such unanimity of praise from distinguished minds, Garrick, among players, certainly stands alone. It would be superfluous to remark that,

putting aside the obligatory criticisms of newspapers, any references latter-day literature discovers to the acting, say, of Sir Henry Irving is a mere drop compared with that ocean of panegyric.

Yet all records of great acting are unsatisfactory in the extreme, and leave us still conjecturing idly and in the dark as to what can have been the secret of the immortal's measureless reputation, and whether he was indeed so infinitely finer than any actor the eyes of living generations have beheld, or whether the playgoers of his day were more readily reduced to exclamation marks and notes of admiration than the playgoers of ours.

Of the innumerable tributes to Garrick's genius the best remembered is the great digression in *Tom Jones*, where Partridge takes Hamlet's fear of the Ghost for mere matter of course, by reason of its naturalness. It is needless, though it would be agreeable, to quote testimony so accessible. The reflection, unfortunately, arises that Partridge's comments rather illustrate the primitive spirit in which he and his like enter into stage illusion than put us in possession of the quality of Fielding's friend, Garrick. Many were the compliments of a similar kind. Every 'pilgarlick' from the country who found himself in Drury Lane Theatre for the first time identified the great player with his part. There was a Lichfield grocer, dear to the biographers of Garrick, who, after seeing his Abel Drugger in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*, told George Garrick he no longer desired an introduction to him, "for, though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds I ever saw." The grocer was another Partridge. So was the First Murderer in *Macbeth*, who, when Garrick said to him, with all Garrick's concentrated intensity, "There's blood upon thy face," put his hand up with a start, and cried, "Is there, by God?"

Such homage is lively and spontaneous, but is not analytical criticism. The most careful and thoughtful descriptions of Garrick's acting come, as might be expected, from the land of Meister. Hogarth's subtle critic, Georg Cristoph Lichtenberg, a Göttingen Professor of Natural Philosophy, who loved the theatre no less than Tieck, was in London the year before Garrick left the stage, and saw his ripest performances. He wrote of them with minute detail, and said, more generally,

"His features are speaking [*deutlich*]. . . . He makes one serious with him; he makes one frown with him; and smile with him; when, in an aside, he takes his audience into his confidence, there is something so winning in his intimate geniality [*in seiner heimlichen Freude*] that one flings oneself, heart and soul, into his compelling mood. . . . No one else in England can make Garrick's bow. Nothing in him is slipshod or slovenly. No actor ever needed less elbow-room for effective gesture. His way of shrugging his shoulders, crossing his arms, cocking his hat, or putting it on and taking it off —in short, whatever he does—is so easily and *securely* done, that the man appears to be *all right hand.* His intelligence is ubiquitous throughout every muscle of his body."[1]

The *illuminati* of the Paris salons were not far behind in laudation of the player, who, little as his contemporaries seemed cognisant of the fact, was in all probability the greatest of English actors because his father was a Frenchman. The mother of Madame de Staël found that 'Garrick *phénix*,' unlike all other actors, metamorphosed, not himself, but the lookers-on, so that they became actual sharers in the personality he was representing;[2] and Grimm, the most French of Germans, writing for himself and Diderot, the most German of Frenchmen, to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, of how Garrick had astonished

[1] *Ausgewählte Schriften* (*Theaterbreife aus England*), 175, 1776. Quoted in part by the Hon. Robert Lytton (1st Earl of Lytton) in *The Fortnightly Review*, February, 1871.

[2] *Mélanges extraits des Manuscrits de Mme. Necker*, i. 185.

them with '*la scène du poignard*' from *Macbeth*, given in a room, said of him—

"Le grand art de David Garrick consiste dans la facilité de s'aliéner l'esprit, et de se mettre dans la situation du personnage qu'il doit représenter ; et lorsqu'il s'en est une fois pénétré, il cesse d'être Garrick, et il devient le personnage dont il est chargé. . . . Garrick ne connaît ni la grimace ni la charge ; tous les changemens qui s'opèrent dans ses traits proviennent de la manière dont il s'affecte intérieurement ; il n'outre jamais la vérité, et il sait cet autre secret inconcevable de s'embellir sans autre secours que celui de la passion." [1]

There is an instinct for art, and for acting in particular, among foreigners, that makes these criticisms outweigh a larger bulk of indigenous accounts. Mere reference is an annoyance readers rightly resent, and most of the contemporary English appreciations are too long-winded to be quoted representatively. Among them must not be included free-spoken Clive's reluctant oblation from the wings, "Damn him, he could act a gridiron!" Mr. Joseph Knight has revived a feeling little story of Mickle, the writer of *Cumnor Hall*, who, having inserted in his translation of Camoens a note animadverting on Garrick for the customary reason—Garrick had refused a tragedy of his—went to see *King Lear*. During three acts he did not speak, then, after a noble 'burst' of Garrick's in the fourth, he sighed deeply, and said to his companion, "I wish the note was out of my book." "Professed Methodists," wrote Tate Wilkinson, at the time Garrick's 'professed' ill-wisher, "would have involuntarily wept at Mr. Garrick's Lear, and have laughed incessantly at his Abel Drugger. "To praise him," Northcote told his brother, "is so threadbare that it is ridiculous."

Numberless are the memorials, the *éloges*, yet faint and dim is the impression we modern folk receive of

[1] *Correspondance Littéraire de Grimm et Diderot* (Juillet, 1765), iv. 500. 1813.

GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER IN BEN JONSON'S "THE ALCHEMIST"

what constituted the supreme eminence of Garrick's acting, and it goes against us to take so much on trust. Actors are in a unique position among artists. Their minute's success, their triumph of a night, of a run, transcends anything the sculptor or painter attains. Can sensations more exhilarating exist than those of a man who has just quitted the scene, after wringing the hearts of his audience with pity and terror, or calling up laughter inextinguishable, when he sees how idly their eyes are bent on him that enters next? A halo surrounds the well-graced actor. To fill the stage, to feel his person merged in the greatness of his personal presence that dilates with the eloquence he alone can render alive and telling, these are the splendours of his lot. What survives of all those 'great, large' tragedies in which Garrick made himself so appealing, the Roman Fathers, Distressed Mothers, Meropes, Albumazars? Nothing but the tradition of himself. Their text remains. We try to read it. We come to passages in which we know he was magnificent, and we wonder how he did it. The answer is that the great actor transfigures, not performs, the part. By the warmth of his acting he dominates its poverty, and makes it glow. And hence a situation which, it is to be feared, largely explains why Garrick, like every other actor-manager, put and kept so much rubbish on the stage. He loved a part he could create. Though one actor may have interpreted it better or less well than others, no actor can be said to have 'created' the part of Hamlet in the sense that Sir Charles Wyndham 'created' the leading part in T. W. Robertson's play, *David Garrick*, that *machine* of the worst.

The drawbacks of the actor's art are as conspicuous as its splendours. There is no such thing as the judgment of posterity for actors. It must be now or never with them, and their consequent thirst for an immediate

response tends to vitiate their character and may even vitiate their art. They have to live—also to their hurt —in the thick of shams. Impersonality being their artistic ideal, they must make themselves a motley till there is little they can with pride call themselves. Finally, when once their mouths are stopt with dust, all they strove for dies, except in ana on the printed pages of others. Their creations are like the snow-falls in the river. Being neither carved on nor graved in, they can never reach the immortality Gautier claimed for the dreams of all other artists. "Chippendale the cabinet-maker is more potent than Garrick the actor," said Mr. Birrell in the too severe case against actors he developed out of one of Dr. Johnson's reasonless brutalities.

Garrick was not only secretly aware of this cardinal objection to his calling, but publicly dwelt on it in his prologue to *The Clandestine Marriage*, which ends—

> "Nor Pen nor Pencil can the Actor save,
> The Art and Artist, share one common Grave."

It was a novelty to an audience to hear the petted player deliver himself of so melancholy a reflection, but the thought itself was obvious, it had already been expressed by Cibber in his Apology for his Life, and Sheridan made great use of it in his Monody on Garrick. Reynolds had it in contemplation to add to his Garrick gallery a full-length of 'Roscius' in private clothes, surrounded by his characters from Abel Drugger the tobacco-seller up to Lear. He was describing his scheme to the intended sitter one day in his studio, and Northcote, who was grinding colours or painting drapery out of sight, heard Garrick, with all an actor's unhumorous fervency, respond, "Ah, that will be the very thing. The only way, by God, that I can be handed down to

posterity." But the wise painter never started work upon so impossible a canvas.

The conclusion of the matter is that an actor's greatness is, at best, a tantalising, enigmatic, self-contradictory thing, and his vocation one which the plain man outside the theatre despises from the bottom of his soul. Witness Dr. Johnson and the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell.

Dr. Johnson, as everybody knows, sneered at actors as a class, and was more than usually rude to any he knew. "And what art thou to-night?" contemptuously addressed behind the scenes to Tom Davies, may be taken as an illustration of his attitude, and a sample of his manners, towards them. Grand old Samuel shared the more ordinary Philistine's conviction that dressing up is ignominious. With what his biographer calls 'his customary force and eloquence,' he dwelt on his certainty that Garrick was ill pleased to be met at 'the stage-side' one evening, wearing (as Sir John Brute) a woman's riding-hood. When Boswell inquired, "Would not you, Sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" the reply, diametrically contrary to Partridge's opinion, was, "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost." To Johnson, emotional gesticulation seemed disgraceful foolishness.

The Sage would not allow that there was any more exercise of mind in acting than in rope-dancing. He altogether missed the art. "We respect a great player," said bold Boswell, determined never to let his master's conversation languish, whereat Johnson roared, "What, Sir, a fellow who claps a hump on his back, and a lump on his leg, and cries, '*I am Richard the Third*'? The player only recites."

Boswell (faint, yet pursuing), "A great player does what very few are capable to do: his art is a very rare faculty. *Who* can repeat 'To be, or not to be,' as Garrick does it?"

Johnson ('rolling his majestick frame in his usual manner'), "Anybody may."

Perhaps this was one of the occasions on which the unangelic Doctor was left triumphantly stirring about his tea, while Boswell, falling away for the nonce from the 'Spanish stateliness of manner' on which he prided himself, retired in tears. Arthur Murphy, by the way, whom Johnson held up before others as the best-bred man he knew, earned this invidious eulogium by a device he had invented for heading off flat personal contradictions. When Johnson dogmatised, and he could not submit, he used to put in, "But, Doctor, may it not be said in answer"—and then stated his own opinion. "Yes, Sir," Johnson would retort, "it may, by a fool," but, almost as frequently—for 'Mur,' when rejected tragedies were not involved, had a soothing way with him—"yes, Sir, but with more plausibility than truth." Sometimes, Murphy varied his formula. "I think, Doctor, a French author, much esteemed, was not of your opinion. He says, as well as I remember"—and again followed the sly dog's private views, whereupon he had the satisfaction of hearing Johnson vouchsafe, "Well, Sir, the French literati are a learned and intelligent body, and their opinions should not be hastily rejected."

It was unphilosophical as well as ungenerous in Johnson, having written a tragedy, edited Shakespeare, and declared that *She Stoops to Conquer* answered 'the great end of comedy—making an audience merry,' to allege contempt for 'a player—a showman—a fellow, who exhibits himself for a shilling,' and he very properly got the worst of it when he attempted to solidify his spleen into argument with Reynolds on the occasion of Boswell's venturing to assert that the player (meaning Garrick) conducted his profession more honourably than the lawyer. How many of Johnson's unreasonablenesses

the word 'prejudice' covers! He was handicapped at every turn by prejudice, the most prejudiced great man that ever lived. His subconscious envy of his pupil who so early outstripped him, his avowed laxity in talking, together with the antipathy an unimaginative man feels to arts that have beauty for their object, combine to explain his expressions of contempt for the acting profession. Mentally, as well as physically, he was hard of hearing and had the use only of one eye. The low esteem in which he held the art of acting surprises us less when we recollect that he cared nothing for music—he just knew the bell of St. Clement's Church from the organ; while, as to pictures, he said he would sit 'very quietly' in a room hung with Old Masters, and never feel 'the slightest disposition to turn them if their backs were outermost.' In addition, there was the gradually increasing obligation of a *parti pris*, so that, perhaps, after all, Baretti was happily inspired when he remarked that Johnson "would often say foolish somethings of the players, but loved and respected any merit they had." Mrs. Siddons, at any rate, found him ductile in old age, and it cannot be forgotten that he composed for Garrick's opening at Drury Lane the best stage prologue that exists, and wrote the one profound, invulnerable epitaph the death of Garrick called forth from a brilliant circle.

> "Sometimes with Garrick's noble rage
> You catch the fire of Shakespear's page,"

wrote Mrs. Chapone in a poetical epistle to a friend. Let us try to fancy ourselves enjoying Garrick's acting in some Shakespearean parts.

It was generally held that Lear was his masterpiece, and this was the opinion of two judges as discriminating as Miss Burney and Sir W. W. Pepys, father of the first

Earl of Cottenham, who was twice Lord Chancellor. Garrick took lifelong pains to perfect his Lear, so it is no wonder he succeeded in obtaining such absolute mastery in it as to preserve, in the grandiloquent language of James Boaden, 'the damp of age in the fire of insanity.' It is rather disappointing to know that he played Lear with a crutch.

Garrick's tragic art most excelled in a part of quick transitions, where the character showed itself hurried on by a whirlwind of feeling, and Charles James Fox, who so well understood the gamut of impassioned gesture, was seen one evening, in 1768, in the side boxes, holding up his hands in transport at Garrick's elemental groan, "O fool, I shall go mad!" Frenzy was a specialty with the great Romantic of the stage. He knew how to differentiate it according to the native hue of its victim, just as he differentiated two jealousies in Mrs. Centlivre's Don Felix and 'Saint Ben's' Kitely.

The secret, perhaps, of his extraordinary success was his mastery of the most difficult problem in all the arts, that of preserving ideal beauty in the midst of violence, pain, and physical decay. This signal point in his acting is dwelt on by Goldsmith's friend, Dr. Fordyce, in a letter on King Lear,[1] as it is also by Grimm in the Grimm and Diderot *Correspondance Littéraire*. When Garrick knelt, clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to heaven, and pronounced the curse on Goneril, he was at his grandest, and the audience shrank, as under lightning. Dr. Fordyce was the enthusiast—and capable critic—who wrote to the Roscius, 'not because his single approbation could be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick; but merely to relieve himself from a load of sensibility with which King Lear had overwhelmed him.' When Barry the beautiful had the temerity to play Lear at Covent

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 156.

Garden after Garrick had just been playing it at Drury Lane, the epigram went round the town—

"A king—nay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing,
He's every inch King Lear."

Garrick had been acquainted with an unfortunate man in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, who, playing one day at an upper window with his two-year-old child, accidentally let it spring from his arms, and fall into a flagged area. The child was killed, and, from that moment, the miserable father lost speech and reason. He passed the remainder of his existence in going to a window, playing in imagination with a child, dropping it, then bursting into tears, and filling the house with shrieks of anguish. Afterwards, he would sit down, pensive and still, and at times look slowly round as if imploring compassion. "There it was," Garrick used to say, "that I learned to imitate madness; I copied nature, and to that owed my success in *King Lear*."

In Hamlet, the test part for an actor's intellect, Garrick elicited, in addition to Partridge's testimony to his naturalness, Lichtenberg's, and a cloud of other witnesses', to his ability to grasp the most complex of all persons of the drama. Garrick interpreted, as far as any actor can, not only Hamlet's melancholic paralysis and feverish levity, but his persistent desire to do right, his godlike reason. He made his love for his father Hamlet's central motive.

Garrick left out Hamlet's advice to the players, apparently as being too technical for the son of a king. On the representations of 'a Dublin Well-wisher,' he also deleted 'the abominable soliloquy' about not killing Claudius at his prayers. He pulled out two miniatures to look upon this picture, and on this, but reformed

away the slow music with which, up to his time, Hamlet had emphasised his entrance. He did not bare his head to the Ghost, as Fechter did; he was, on the other hand, guilty of continuing the custom of returning his weapon to its sheath with a respectful bow when the elder Hamlet announces, "I am thy father's spirit," "which is as much as to say," sarcastically observed the above-mentioned Hibernian critic, "that if he had not been a Ghost upon whom he could depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword." In the scene with 'Goodman Delver' (Garrick's correspondents do not allow us to forget that theirs was the century of the stale and stereotyped) Garrick was accused of being too much the lecturer. Hannah More, on the contrary, was specially impressed by the princeliness of his Hamlet.

Sad to relate, in Garrick's own version of *Hamlet*, produced in 1772, he cut out 'the grave-digger's trick,' Osric, and the fencing-match with Laertes. "I had sworn," he said, "I would not leave the stage until I had rescued that noble play from the rubbish of the fifth act."

In *Macbeth*, Garrick showed the necessary insight into the moral tragedy. His predecessors had made Macbeth robustious, and an inferior part to Macduff, but he brought out the internal conflict, the frightful foresight of Macbeth, and eliminated bluster. A contemporary critic thought his Macbeth too dejected.

It mattered little that Garrick played the thane of Cawdor in a Hanoverian military uniform. Charles Kean played it kilted and tartaned, which was no more correct, and, being less a convention, more grotesque. The spirit in which Garrick played it was full of nature. "I really could not for my feelings act otherwise," he wrote, in 1762, in reply to a letter, addressed to him by 'an unknown,'[1] and the plea sounds as from the heart of

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 135.

MACBETH.- MR. GARRICK
LADY MACBETH.—MRS. PRITCHARD

that return to nature which was only to be established in poetry considerably over a quarter of a century later.[1]

In the dagger scene, there is said to have been an unimaginable sense of seeing in Garrick's face. All through, "a deaf person must have understood," and, indeed, the deaf and dumb miniature painter, Shireff, said he could follow Garrick as he could no other player —his "face was a language."

After the retirement of Mrs. Pritchard, Garrick's peerless Lady Macbeth, in 1768, Fox vowed he would be Banquo if Garrick would resume Macbeth. Garrick never did so. The dagger scene, separated from its context, remained among his *tours de force.* On an occasion when he had been holding one of Mrs. Montagu's Hill Street assemblies spellbound by it, Madame de Noailles, the wife of the French Ambassador, looking back, as she descended the staircase, was so earnest in thanks, pleasure, and surprise that the hostess feared she would forget she was on the stairs, and, by a false step, break her bones. Mrs. Montagu herself told Garrick in her precious way that she dreaded he might catch cold going out into the air, when warmed with the fire of genius.[2]

Parts of strong expression suited Garrick best, and an inquiry into his varying degrees of success in the great Shakespearean parts proves beyond a doubt that he was a character actor, not a romantic actor, or hero. His style was essentially energetic; his various and rapid intonations, and his 'marking pauses' were features of his acting especially dwelt on by people who saw him. He could play Macbeth better than Romeo, Abel Drugger better than Archer in '*The Stratagem.*'

Though thus partly accounted for by the character of his genius, it was, all the same, a misfortune that

[1] *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. [2] *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 369.

Garrick did not achieve a crowning triumph in *Othello*. A chocolate Moor had not then been evolved, and with audiences disposed to laugh consumedly at the thought of the nigger in *The Padlock*, the sooty face was a 'risque,' even for so consummate an actor. Unhappily, his lowness of stature helped to promote the cruel jest—Quin's—that this was not Othello, but Desdemona's little black Pompey without the tea-kettle.[1] It is not surprising that Garrick thenceforth shelved the part Mr. Swinburne enthrones above all others. Unless the eyes of the house are won, even a Garrick's acting falls flat; but, though contemporary accounts of him in the part are consequently meagre, we may feel convinced that, as Mrs. Porter said, in his dawn, of his Lord Foppington, "though he might excel less in that, he must excel in everything."

"Wherefore art thou Romeo?" the wits asked Garrick when Barry was playing the part at the same time at the other house, for it must be confessed Garrick was not quite the ideal lover. Spranger Barry was that. By a limitation of genius, Garrick's flexible, versatile face could express all other passions better than love. Garrick was, as has already been said, *par excellence* a character actor; he was not statuesque enough for the junior lead born, not made. At the same time, the *élan* and airy mirthfulness of his Benedick—another character part—made that one of his most admired rôles. The ladies said he looked a dream in it. Garrick told Henderson he was two months rehearsing 'Much Ado' before he could satisfy himself.

[1] W. H. Pyne states that Garrick himself, after his retirement, when turning over his 'own choice folio of Hogarth's prints,' burst into a fit of laughter when he came to the second plate in The Harlot's Progress, containing 'little Mungo,' and exclaimed, remembering the old jest, "*Faith, it is devilish like.*"

He never played in *Richard the Second* nor in *Julius Cæsar*. For Hotspur, and Faulconbridge, and other tempestuous, soldierly parts, all thews and sinews, his physical 'means' were not adapted, Horace Walpole alone, possibly from more refined taste than the multitude's, thinking his Hotspur 'perfect.' In the memoir prefixed to Garrick's *Correspondence* we read that 'Anthony' (in *Antony and Cleopatra*) was not much to his mind—"for reasons which Mr. Steevens long after suggested to him; 'being deficient in those *short turns* and *coachmanship*' in which he excelled." This is one of the sentences which demonstrate that cryptic dramatic criticism did not first come in with the twentieth century.

Various newspaper comments made on Garrick in specific scenes demonstrate that, though not regularly served hot with the favourite morning rolls, there did not lack, not only eager, but acute dramatic criticism. 'Georgian folk'—to misquote one of Garrick's best-known prologues—could

> Boast of Greins and Walkleys of their own.

Wonderment at Garrick's being mankind's epitome, in 'four parts, four actors,' was the predominant sentiment. At the commencement, his emancipation from the old tragedy standard measure was proved by his being "totally a different man in Lear from what he was in Richard." Even a grudging brother-artist described him as "the most shining general player, the most universal great actor the world ever produced." Garrick took a proud delight in playing on the same night a deeply tragic and a broadly humorous character, such as Romeo and Lord Chalkstone, or Lear and Master Johnny in Cibber's *The Schoolboy*. After Fanny Burney had been seeing him as Lear and Abel Drugger, she wrote of the latter performance, "Never could I have imagined such a metamorphose as I saw; the

extreme meanness, the vulgarity, the low wit, the vacancy of countenance, the appearance of *unlicked nature* in all his motions." Grimm, in the letter already quoted, mentions how Garrick electrified a roomful of French celebrities by his immediate transition from the very soul of Macbeth to the very body of a pastrycook's apprentice who has upset his tray of tarts in the mud.

Concerning the question as to whether Garrick saw himself better in tragedy or comedy, a significant story was told by Charles Bannister, the father of the more famous Old Actor whose name we must for ever associate with the pages of Lamb. Charles Bannister sang and acted, on and off, under Garrick at Drury Lane, and, growing tired of tragic parts, begged to be allowed to play comedy. "No, no," said King David, "you may humbug the town some time longer as a tragedian, but comedy is a serious thing," a paradox which may signify that comedy makes greater demands on personal means. It has, at any rate, to abide the test of being compared with everyday manners.

The two-hour portrait painter, Louis Carmontelle, made a water-colour drawing, in Paris, of the tragic Garrick surprised by the comic Garrick who enters between folding-doors. A Mrs. Bowdler told Miss Mary Bagot that she saw Garrick on the eve of his retirement perform five of his most celebrated parts, and, on the whole, liked him better in comedy. She had been more moved by others, but never so irresistibly amused.[1] Dr. Johnson was of Mrs. Bowdler's opinion. "Garrick, Madam,"—he was addressing Melpomene herself, the divine Sarah—"was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it were his

[1] *Links with the Past*, by Mrs. Charles Bagot, 210. 1901.

"*Ce double portrait réprésente Garrick* AD VIVUM *à l'âge de quarante-neuf ans. Il fut fait sous les yeux de M. le duc d'Orléans, et passa pour un des plus parfaitement ressemblants de l'auteur, dont le mérite connu était la minutieuse fidélité dans la physionomie.*"—F. A. GRUYER.

distinguishing excellencies." Garrick's farce was as free from grin and what Lamb calls by-intimations as his tragedy was devoid of strut and mouthings.

Broad-shouldered and vigorous, graceful of figure, and free in every attitude, Garrick would have possessed a perfect stage appearance had he been but a little taller. "He would never willingly put on the Roman habit," says Davies; as Hamlet, he wore 'shoes obviously intended to raise his stature,' stated a great admirer, an R.A.; and it is certain that his want of height was a tender point with him. He wrote to another short man, George Colman 'the Elder,' "Humour, my dear Coly, and scenes that shall be all alive alive ho, only proceed from men of small stature." Like most other people, he was never quite satisfied when he expressed himself as most entirely so.

The fact that Garrick made no mark in Othello is evidence not only that he was a character actor in contradistinction to a romantic actor, but also that the amazing power of muscular contraction his face—when not ebonised—possessed, was the *clou* of his unparalleled reputation. One of his drawing-room *tours de force*, spoken of by Grimm, was, without words, to let the company observe his features passing by imperceptible degrees from extreme gladness to extreme grief, and so on to despair and horror. His whole body was so animated, so plastic that Dr. Burney said the very skirts of his coat acted. In Grimm's phrase, Garrick was '*naturellement singe*,' and, in proof of his facility at making faces, there is a more than thrice-told tale, if not literally accurate, well found, of his sitting for Hogarth's posthumous sketch of Henry Fielding, with the result that the portrait resembled that great realist more nearly than had he himself survived to sit. Unfortunately, Murphy, for whose edition of Fielding's

works the sketch was to serve as frontispiece, well though he knew Garrick, knew nothing of this *Märchen*. *He* says Hogarth availed himself of a profile of Fielding cut in paper by a lady—Miss Margaret Collier.[1]

On the stage, Garrick's gestures were so easy and inevitable it seemed impossible to ascribe them to anything but the impulse of the moment.

"Each start is nature, and each pause is thought,"

said Churchill. If Garrick had a stage fault, it was (as George III discovered) restlessness — he was for ever on the move. This was no superficial trait. In real life, quietness and confidence were the strength he lacked. He appeared so possessed by wearing and impassioned parts that his friends, from dear, good Gilbert Walmesley—who was studying whist to qualify for gaieties at the Bath—downwards, wrote entreating him to spare himself more.

Like other celebrated actors, Garrick was nervous, 'tremblingly alive all over' on first nights, which were, of course, ordeals considerably harder to face in the times of our rude forefathers, and, physically even, a service of some danger. When Fielding, while his *Wedding Day* was being damned, sat drowning care in champagne in the green-room, he asked Garrick 'what they were hissing now?' Garrick answered they were hissing the scene he had implored Fielding to delete, "and," added he, "they have so frightened me that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night." Garrick had an almost morbid horror of interruptions during his acting. "What is that?" he would exclaim irritably. He was entirely of Betterton's opinion that no applause was equal to an absorbed silence.

When he entered the scene, "before his tongue could

[1] W. H. Pyne ('Ephraim Hardcastle') in *Wine and Walnuts*, i. 272, *note*, reconciles the two versions of the genesis of Fielding's portrait!

give the text, his countenance would express the spirit and the passion of the part," wrote Cumberland—he of the 'dish-clout face,' according to the subject of his eulogy. Garrick held the audience's interest equally when he was doing nothing on the stage as when he was vehemently acting, merely because he was there.

It was a frequently made remark that when he was on the stage, nobody else was seen. Any single actor's capacity thus to focus attention has two interpretations, one darker than the other. That the great man should hold the audience, whether he speaks or is silent, is part of his greatness, but that he should determinedly engage the audience at the expense of his fellow-players is a pettiness. There is no conclusive evidence to prove that Garrick was above a set desire for the centre of the stage.

Among the fifty or more portraits of Garrick it is impossible to say which was the best likeness. For momentary expression, one cannot but think Sir Joshua Reynolds's marvellous *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy* is the one to be chosen, and, next, as suggesting how Garrick could impersonate, Zoffany's Abel Drugger pressing the tobacco into his clay pipe. Of this latter picture Mary Moser relates that Reynolds bought it from the Academy exhibition of 1770 for a hundred guineas, and resold it half an hour later for a hundred and twenty, to Lord Carlisle, in order to let Zoffany have the enhanced price. The Gainsborough full-length purchased from the artist by the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon for £63, and now in the Stratford Town Hall, is the portrait Mrs. Garrick thought the best of 'her Davy,' and his wife's opinion should count for much. Yet, to the writer, the expression in this portrait seems as self-complacent and superficial as the attitude (see pp. 147 and 328) is *maniéré*. Rather, in a Reynolds presentment, in which Garrick is seated, in lay character,

at a table, with his thumbs joined, we see the essentially dramatic type of face, fiery, mobile, fleshy, with the 'moveable' brow Cumberland remarked, the strong, dark eyebrows, and more than a hint of the incomparable expressiveness of Garrick's eyes (clearly distinguishable, in spite of Mrs. Meynell's eloquent statement to the contrary, from the expressiveness of eyelids), those eyes that were the theme of every observer both in and out of the theatre, eyes whose glance could be like the reveille of a trumpet, or turn themselves equally easily into 'coddled gooseberries.'

Garrick's hands were plump and smallish, but the widely spread fingers are a noticeable and dramatic feature of most of his portraits, whether in character or private dress. The old Stratford-on-Avon sexton told Washington Irving he could remember Garrick conducting the Shakespeare Jubilee, 'a short, punch man, very lively and bustling.' Gainsborough, to whom Garrick sat five times, had a vexatious trick of depicting him, at full-length, as a tall man.

It was the fashion for anybody and everybody to write to 'the sovereign of the stage' on his acting, and Garrick always showed admirable willingness to adopt and acknowledge useful hints from no matter what quarter. A whole section of his correspondence consists of documents endorsed, in his methodical way, 'Letter upon my acting Macbeth,' and so forth, and further marked, 'This Letter is answered,' when he had thought that his critic merited a reply. His correspondents were adoring, hortatory, suggestive. Sometimes, a grave and reverend gentleman writes in the tone of a gushing girl; or a young officer, 'the son of noble parents,' claims a fellow-feeling on the score of having himself performed Hamlet, Cato, Caled, and Tamerlane with great applause; or 'a Dublin critic' gives a list of defects,

"which I insist upon that you reform"; or Paul Whitehead (the then poet laureate's even inferior namesake) tells him he has watched him 'with all the malice of a friend'; or someone else informs him he pronounces many words amiss. Another correspondent —though a 'dedicating knave'—states what is more likely, viz. that Garrick's pronunciation is the modern standard; and yet another thinks it hard that while entertaining the world in a laborious employment, "you should be considered only as a mark set up for . . . the little word-catchers who lie in wait for syllables and feed upon a slip of inadvertency."

Dr. Johnson would have it that Garrick did not understand justness of emphasis, and when Garrick asked—this amenity being direct—for an example, proposed the Ninth Commandment ("something to speak with which you are little acquainted," he was good enough to add) as a test. "Thou *shalt* not bear false witness against thy neighbour," repeated Garrick, always obliging and patient, whereupon Johnson put him right, "and enjoyed his victory with great glee," blowing out his breath like a whale, and 'rolling grand,' as we may well believe. According to him, the emphasis should have been on 'not' and 'false witness,' and (while wondering why on earth both did not put the sole emphasis on 'false') we must e'en agree that in this he was the better elocutionist. The 'auld dominie,' as Lord Auchinleck so disrespectfully described his son Jamie's Dictator, was what people of to-day would term a nailer on questions of emphasis. At a rehearsal of Dodsley's *Cleone*, he insisted upon blue-eyed Bellamy saying, "Thou shalt *not* murder." Although he was a stranger to George Anne, to enforce his mandate he caught her by the arm, and that 'somewhat *too* briskly,' in her opinion. His treatment had the desired effect, and, at the *première* of Doddy's tragedy, the gratified lady

heard the Doctor's [1] voice in the pit, "I will write a copy of verses on her myself."

In the MSS. of Lady Waterford, recently extracted [2] by the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby* from among the Reports of the Royal Historical Commission, two extremely interesting sentences occur in a letter from Garrick to Sir John Hussey Delaval, who had asked his advice on amateur acting—

"I shall say that a *fix'd* attention to the business of the scene . . . is the *sine qua non* of acting. In the speaking of soliloquies the great art is to give variety . . . which can only be obtained by a strict regard to the pauses."

Though comparatively little is ascertainable on the subject of how Garrick worked "in what actors call their study," one conclusion, at least, is clear—he and his school, the youths and girls he trained into actors at Drury Lane, modelled their parts from life, only adding to nature enhancement, selection, the setting of things in relief. We may wish, indeed, that the precious anecdotes were not so few that record Garrick examining, as Reynolds, in his Second Discourse, advised painters to do, 'the countenances of men under the influence of passion,' and making deliberate observation of social incident, street episode, or what not, for purposes of art. In the two contemporary biographies we find plentiful stories of his liberality, his tact, his jealous susceptibilities; but of what we most desire to learn, the slow elaborations, the sudden inspirations, the half-conscious hits, the inner artistic history, we get scarcely a hint. The hard and practical eighteenth century was not given to recording anything but the outward. In a letter from Garrick to his Danish correspondent, Sturtz, 'about the *Clairon*,'

[1] Here and elsewhere, I venture to antedate Johnson's degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred by Trinity College, Dublin, in 1765.

[2] *Pryings among Private Papers*, 95. 1905.

occurs an unusually interesting sentence: "I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, and the warmth of the scene have sprung the mine, as much to his own surprise as that of the audience." Garrick, then, was one of the actors who trusted, in part, to the divine accident. He submitted to the god, and never allowed the clay quite to harden.

Garrick would lean over the back of a chair, and give short specimens of his power and versatility—his rounds, he called them—when he was out visiting abroad or staying in English country houses. The falling asleep of the bestial Sir John Brute, from Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife*, and the almost intolerable tragedy [1] of the father at the window were pieces he frequently gave. He is said to have 'pronounced' (in eighteenth century phrase) that a man was incapable of becoming an actor who was not absolutely independent of circumstances calculated to excite emotion, adding that, for his own part, he could speak to a post with the same feelings and expression as to the loveliest Juliet under heaven. It was characteristic of him that he could jest and be his natural self between the most impassioned speeches. Calculating and deliberate, in the thick of the scene, "Tom, it will do—I see it in their eyes," he whispered to King, during a tremendous experiment in his Lear. Barry's personal sensibility was far more acute. The suffering of his impersonation was, to an extent, his suffering. Like Eglamor in *Sordello*, he was, in consequence, the lesser artist, for sensibility is at the mercy of moods.

Garrick's conception of the business and ambition of an actor finds expression in two letters, one particularly generous, he wrote to William Powell (called 'Mr. Garrick's

[1] "*Garrick le rend de manière à faire frémir*," Grimm, '*Correspondance*,' iv. 503.

successor'!), whom he had engaged for Drury Lane during his own holiday abroad, 1763–65; the other to John Henderson, the finest of the players who immediately followed him. Frivolous George Anne Bellamy had long ago discovered concerning the stage king that "the most intense application was necessary for those who fought under his banners. As he was unremitting himself, he expected those he employed to be the same," and these valuable letters more than corroborate her statement. Thus does he counsel the young actor: "You must give to study, and an accurate consideration of your characters, those hours which young men too generally give to their friends and flatterers." He goes on—

"The common excuse is, 'They frequent clubs for the sake of their benefit'; but nothing can be more absurd—your benefits will only increase with your fame, and should that ever sink by your idleness, those friends who have made you idle, will be the first to forsake you. When the public has marked you for a favourite (and their favour must be purchased with sweat and labour,) you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you."

Equally sound, and freer from a flavour of Polonius, is the following:—

"I would have you endeavour to read other books besides those of the theatre. Every additional knowledge to that of your profession will give you importance: the majority of actors content themselves (like parrots) with delivering words they get from others; repeat them again and again without the least alteration; and confine their notions, talking and acquirements, to the theatre only, as the parrot to his cage."

Garrick's advice to the players closes upon a maxim interesting to those who would know Garrick the player—

"One thing more—do not sacrifice your taste and feelings to the applause of the multitude; a true genius will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural: *be not too tame neither.*"

OLD THEATRICAL WAYS

OLD THEATRICAL WAYS

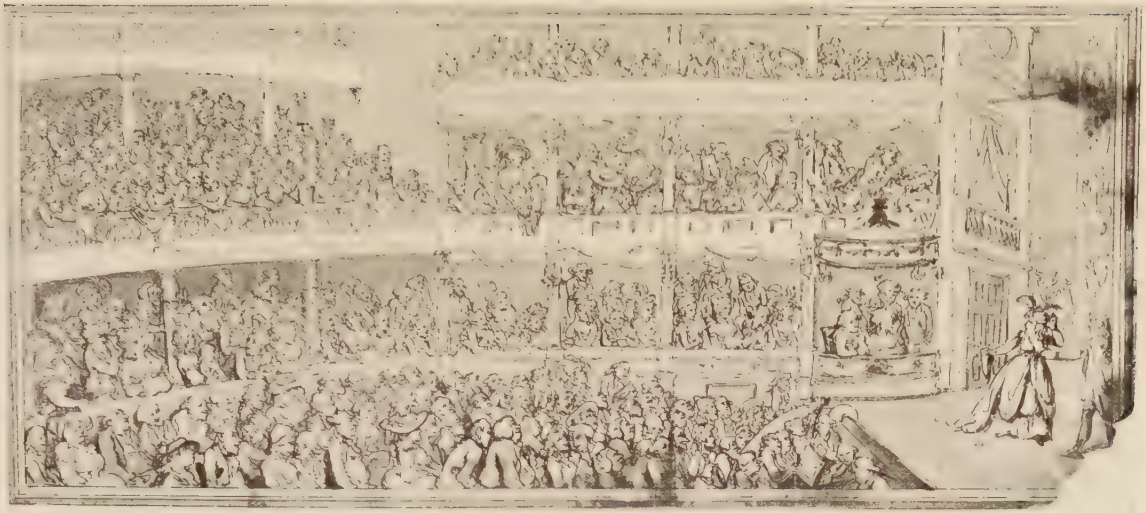
A LETTER, signed T. B., in the Garrick Correspondence, proves that, as late as 1762, theatre-goers could not book numbered and reserved seats beforehand. T. B. suggested copper vouchers, and, seven years later, some sort of a modern ticket system was in vogue, at any rate for benefit nights, as the following none too lucid extract from a finely printed playbill of Mrs. Clive's farewell benefit demonstrates:—

"*N.B.*—No Tickets have been given out, but to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have their Places secured, in the Pit or Boxes, and to prevent any Mistakes or Confusion, no Box Tickets will be admitted into the Gallery. Mrs. Clive begs the Favour of those who have Places in the Pit, to be there by half an hour after Five, and to let their Servants come to keep them a quarter before Four."

On this, as on other special occasions, the boxes and part of the pit were 'laid together'—a first presage of stalls. The bill does not state when the play (Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder*, followed by *Lethe*) was to commence, but probably at six, the usual hour. Garrick's own farewell performance (1776) began '*exactly* at half-past 6.' The theatre hour was determined by the dining hour, which was, four, half-past four, or five o'clock among the wealthier classes, during Garrick's years. Reynolds's famous Leicester Square dinner-parties were at five. Thrale's table groaned at four. 'The' Club, when it took to dining, dined at half-past four. Then, as now, Saturday was the smart night at the theatre.

Places, as we see, could be retained by dint of being sat in by men-servants. Sometimes, the men-servants, far from Admirable Crichtons, farmed out this duty, till it was a matter of complaint that ladies who came early to the boxes, in full dress, were subject to the very palpable annoyance of sitting for some time next 'common porters of the street.' On the arrival of their mistresses, the servants moved up to the upper gallery, called the footmen's gallery, where, on one notorious occasion, the second night of the Rev. James Townley's *High Life below Stairs*, they gave a good deal of trouble, which resulted in Garrick's abolishing their *gratis* gallery.

The genteelest part of the house, where the quality folks sat, was the boxes. This part corresponded to our modern dress circle, or grand circle, and each seat in it was five shillings. Readers of Boswell will remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds, having promised to bring 'a body of wits' to Mrs. Abington's benefit, 'secured forty places in the front boxes.' March 5th, 1744, when Peg Woffington played Ophelia at Drury Lane to Garrick's Hamlet, is the first recorded date of the front rows of the pit being railed into boxes. A note on the fashions of 1746 is afforded by Mrs. Cibber, who writes to Garrick in Dublin that her brother, Thomas Augustine Arne, the composer of *Rule, Britannia* and *Where the Bee sucks*, is forced, for his approaching benefit, to put pit and boxes together, which, she reckons, will be no advantage to him, 'ladies' hoops taking up more room than the difference of price.' When not railed in with the five-shilling boxes, the pit was three shillings. It came as far forward as the orchestra, from which it was separated by spikes, on which the pitites spread fans and playbills. Above the boxes was the first or two shilling gallery, and, above that, the upper gallery, at a shilling, where such patrons of drama as were fortunate enough to have pockets



INTERIOR OF A THEATRE IN GARRICK'S TIME, SHOWING GEORGE III AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE IN THE ROYAL BOX

replete with gingerbread, shrimps, oranges, and possibly a bottle of rum punch, did not mind waiting through the 'first and second music.' Besides the royal box, there were few private or 'side' boxes, and some were literally stage boxes, deep down the stage and overhanging it in two rows. At Drury Lane, there was an enclosure, called Burton's box, at pit prices, in the centre of the first gallery.

The pit was the place for the coffee-house critics. There sat ancient Macklin, retired from service. There sat Charles Churchill, still the Reverend, before whom all the men-actors, except Garrick, had cause to quake. Poor Churchill! After the Rhadamanthine airs of his *Rosciad*, his folly and weakness constrained him to make his one eulogy a ground for begging guineas.

From 1753, plays, at the petition of the bishops, were suspended during Passion Week, whereupon Tate Wilkinson feelingly writes, "Every player and playeress can recollect that week without a prompter." The '45 pressed heavily on actors. They were reduced to half salaries, and playing to thin houses. They had other interludes of leanness—three weeks in 1751, at the death of the Prince of Wales ('Fred, who was alive, and is dead'); six weeks in 1760, for the demise of the Crown; a week in 1765, at the death of the Culloden Duke of Cumberland; a week in 1767, when Edward, Duke of York, died at Monaco; nine days in 1772, at the death of the Princess of Wales. In 1768, Barry writes to Garrick, "The treasurer [of Drury Lane Theatre] has charged me with £48 for the death of the Princess Louisa." As late as 1796, the following announcement appeared in *The Times* for February 1st: "The Theatres were shut on Saturday evening, to commemorate, with the greater solemnity, the *Martyrdom* of KING CHARLES."

Half-price admissions after the third act were an abuse Garrick vainly tried to reform. He succeeded in doing away with a vexatious practice whereby anyone who did not remain beyond the end of the act in progress when he entered either paid no admission, or had his money returned. It may be remembered that Farquhar's Archer speaks of himself and other moneyless beaux as being "obliged to sneak into the side-box, and between both houses [Drury Lane and Covent Garden] steal two acts of a play, and because we han't money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five." In 1741 Garrick effectually put a stop to the box company's "frisking in and out," as his friend, Colonel Windham, of Felbrigg, puts it in a letter, to be read among the Forster MSS., by making "all people pay at coming in, a thing no Manager but himself would have dared to have attempted . . . but he had all the people of fashion strenuously for him, as indeed they are in every thing."

Garrick, as Manager, was continually carrying through some improvement that would make for the 'neatness, decorum, and regularity' of his theatre. Though the frontispiece to Kirkman's *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport* (1673) and a theatrical caricature of 1749, called *Britannia Disturbed* show that footlights were not originally invented or imported by Garrick on his return from France in 1765, as is generally stated, it remains a certain fact that up to that date the principal illumination of his own Drury Lane stage was provided by six chandeliers, each holding twelve candles, let down at the end of every act, "which required a nimble-fingered candle-snuffer." In attempting to realise the look of things in Garrick's theatre, the dim light has always to be borne in mind.

The greatest reform Garrick with difficulty effected

was to exclude the public from the stage. Nothing unseemlier can well be imagined than the spectacle on benefit nights before 1762, when this revolution took place. The actor talked of being alone amid a dense crowd; he could barely 'step his foot' with safety for the people about him, those of the baser sort lying upon the ground. Holland, Churchill's 'Garrick at second-hand,' was playing Hamlet. On seeing the Ghost, his cocked hat "flew *à-la-mode* off his head," whereupon an otherwise inoffensive girl from his native village of 'Cheswick,' having heard him complain the air bit shrewdly, stole across the stage, picked up the hat, and, with great care, placed it 'fast' on his head. It is much insisted on, to the credit of the audience, that they waited to laugh till the scene was finished. Quin, aged sixty-five, in the heavy dress of Falstaff, was several minutes before he could pass on to the boards through the beaux and no beaux who wedged him in; Mrs. Cibber, arrayed for Juliet in a full white satin dress, with the indispensable large 'banging' hoop, could hardly turn, she was 'so encompassed around.' Between-whiles, the stage groundlings (who, all the time, seriously obstructed the view of people in the stage boxes) kept themselves amused by exasperating the galleries. Garrick, who had resented the whole degrading situation from the first, made the Beau in *Lethe* say—

"I generally stand upon the Stage, talk loud, and stare about—which confounds the Actors, and disturbs the Audience; upon which the Galleries *hiss*, and cry, *off*, *off*, while I undaunted stamp my Foot so—loll with my Shoulder thus—take Snuff, and smile at 'em scornfully."

Unfortunately, the actors were interested in keeping up 'this bear-garden' on their benefit nights, and, on those numerous occasions, made matters worse by erecting a tall 'building,' for their supporters, at the back of

the stage, full of five-shilling seats—'horrid intrusions on the mind of sensibility,' says Tate Wilkinson, in his full-blown eighteenth century way. Juliet, lying in the Capulets' monument, had to see two hundred persons behind her, "the background, which was to convey the idea of where the heads of her buried ancestors were packed." Such an arrangement was impossible, and worthy of the dark ages, and Garrick reformed it altogether by substituting a larger seating accommodation in front. His alterations were a precedent for similar enlargements in theatres elsewhere. It continued to be the custom for two soldiers to stand on the Drury Lane stage, one at each side of the proscenium.

The Manager's hardest task was to banish the cubs of condition, box people, and young clerks from behind the scenes; but he did so, as Thomas Sheridan, by dint of a pitched battle, known as the Kelly riot, had already done in Dublin, partly at the instance[1] of George Anne Bellamy, because a man of ton, the fighting St. Leger, flown with insolence and wine, had dared to kiss the nape of her neck as she was tripping past him at the wing. The outraged heroine gave the beau a resounding slap in the face, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland obliged him to apologise publicly; but such mere personal reprisals were judged insufficient to avenge such an insult, and, in consequence of this and other incidents, the rest better known to history, Sheridan closed the coulisses.

Conformably to a period of patronage and backstairs, benefits played an important part. The benefit actor chose his own play. Tickets were nominally sold, but a lover of the drama would give a sum as substantial as fifty pounds for a place if the benefited was a very pretty woman. Down to Macready, who disdained the practice

[1] According to George Anne Bellamy.

of 'gold tickets,' an actor was accustomed to receive independent presents of five guineas or so in a purse as 'genteel douceurs' towards his night. Occasionally, a performance was announced as for the benefit of an actor and his creditors.[1] If a new piece proved successful the first evening, the date of the author's benefit was announced at the fall of the curtain. The Drury Lane management made a first charge on benefits of sometimes £60, sometimes £73, 10s., for the loan of the theatre.

The regulation run of a new play was nine nights. More meant success and the repertoire, fewer meant failure. In those days, all theatres were on the repertoire system. It will be remembered that Johnson's *Irene*, by dint of Garrick's zealous exertions, reached its ninth night. Foote told a Paris interviewer that his own pieces mostly ran eighty nights, but the Sieur Foote (as Murphy called him in recounting this flam to Garrick) was no George Washington. We find from half a dozen memoirs that our Georgian forefathers were perfectly conversant with the hired *claque* and the paid puff. Among her thousand virtues, Mrs. Bellamy does not omit to mention that she never engaged persons to applaud her, nor paid "the doers of the papers to put in puffs . . . under the signature of 'Impartial Writers.'"

In 1750, £200 as a night's receipts, 'before the curtain,' at Covent Garden was considered an amazing sum. In Dublin, in 1757, £150 was 'a great house indeed.' After the enlargement (under the direction of the brothers Adam) of old Drury, in 1762, it held an audience that amounted to £335 nightly. Thin boxes were seldom seen at Drury Lane, which was the fashionable theatre, though 't'other house' was respectable, and generally well attended, especially when Barry was there in leading business with Susanna Cibber.

[1] Dr. Doran, *Habits and Men*, 66.

There was a fierce competition between the Old House (Drury Lane) and the New (Covent Garden), the only London theatres fortified by a royal patent. An immense amount of the theatrical gossip of the time occupies itself with the defection of this or that player from one patent house to the other, as lured by a higher bid from Rich at the Garden, or Garrick and Lacy, the Drury managers. Garrick being such a host in himself, 'Good King Rich' usually had to outbid him. He paid Woodward £500 a year, and Quin £1000, the latter the highest salary that had ever been given. 'The little theatre in the Hay,' now the Haymarket Theatre, which was licensed to that formidable droll, Foote, by permission from the Lord Chancellor during pleasure, was the only possible rival. Sadler's Wells scarcely counted—it was a variety show—and the King's Theatre (now His Majesty's) was devoted solely to Opera. After the closing of Goodman's Fields, there were no other theatres.

John, son of Christopher, Rich stands out as one of the odd figures in the century's theatrical section. He, in a sense, inherited the patent-rolls of Covent Garden from his father. He was the original producer of *The Beggar's Opera*, which, the wits said, made Rich gay and Gay rich. His peculiar gift lay in inventing and executing such pantomimes as are satirised in Fielding's *Tumble-down Dick*. He was the most shapely, fantastic, sometimes touching Harlequin. Old Nollekens used to expatiate on his 'wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot.' Jackson of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, describes watching him act, in his own dining-room, in exquisite dumb show, a catching of a butterfly, a statue scene, and — his masterpiece — the hatching of Harlequin Sorcerer by the heat of the sun. He says that from the first chipping of the 'practicable'

egg,[1] 'Lun's' receiving of motion, his feeling of the ground, his standing upright, to his quick Harlequin trip round the empty shell, every limb had its tongue and every motion a voice. Yet, like other artists in the lighter vein, Rich felt convinced his line was tragedy. He would have preferred acting Cato before a pit of six people to Harlequin before a crowded and profitable house.

Outside his special field, 'Johnny' Rich was a gentleman of neglected education who confused the words 'turbot' and 'turban.' He had an annoying trick of prefixing 'Mister' or 'Muster' to every name he uttered. Purposely or by habit, he misnamed everyone, calling Garrick, Griskin, and Barry, Barlymore. Whoever attended his managerial 'levees' found himself in the company of three or four (one record says twenty-seven) petted cats. To authors, Rich was rough-mannered, and, when they called again, and insisted on having back overlooked manuscripts, he would point to a drawer, and say if they could not see their own there, they would find several better, to any of which they were welcome. Rich imagined he taught his actors all they knew. "You are unfit for the stage, and I won't larn you," was his formula to Thespian aspirants he judged unsuitable.

He had a pretty taste in 'panto.' There was a sunrise in *Apollo and Daphne*, engineered by a 'superb constructed piece of machinery,' while the Lion in *Perseus*, the Dragon, 'the rising Dome,' the turning of Daphne into a tree, Perseus on his flying horse, Andromeda chained to the rock, were rendered spectacular, as far as the mid-eighteenth understood the word. Greek

[1] See *The Dunciad*, iii.—

"Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
. . . . . .
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease."

legends offer chances to the stage artist, and we may wonder why 'myths of the dawn and the dew' are not utilised to-day in 'pantomime fit for children.' Emulating Covent Garden, Drury Lane revived Mrs. Behn's *Emperor of the Moon* as a second piece. In this, Harlequin was tossed in a blanket. He had two long strips, imperceptible to the audience, by which he held, so that he seemed to the eye most violently tumbled, "and the galleries, who love the appearance of mischief, were vastly entertained." Several people, including Benjamin Hoadly, M.D., the creator of one of Garrick's favourite parts, Ranger (in *The Suspicious Husband*), tried their hands at making pantomime 'a little more tolerably reasonable.'

In spite of Garrick and Shakespeare, there was a rage for pantomime. The poor taste of the public was deplored by the loftier-minded caterers for its entertainment. "To an audience of taste, I could go through this with security of success; to such an audience as we have to deal with, I cannot pretend to any certainty," writes one. Another, that restlessly busy person, Dr. John Brown, when asked to arrange the music for the Stratford Jubilee, replies, quite in the style of his 'Estimate of the Times,' "The present taste has got down so far towards the *ballad style*, that I question whether the lightest of Handel's airs will hit the humour of the town." They had 'musical comedies' then, and —except in the case of *The Tempest* and *King Arthur* —called them ballad farces, a more descriptive title than the present, which seems framed on the same *lucus a non* principle as the term 'Christian science.'

Certain parts, except when permitted novices for a trial of skill, were considered as much the property of performers as their weekly salary. Actors were, in general, sharply divided into tragedians and comedians,

the former receiving superior salaries. Never before Liston did a comic actor receive a salary in excess of those paid to equivalent wearers of the buskin. When Garrick joined Lacy in 1747, it was agreed he was to draw £500 *per annum* as joint patentee, and be paid a yearly salary of five hundred guineas as actor, with a benefit. Mr. Fitzgerald in his *Life of Garrick* gives, in a note, an extract from the pay-list at Drury Lane for one evening in 1765, unearthed from an old magazine. Garrick had £2, 15s. 6d. a night; Yates and wife, £3, 6s. 8d.; Palmer and wife, £2; King, £1, 6s. 8d.; Parsons, 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Cibber, £2, 10s.; Mrs. Pritchard, £2, 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Clive, £1, 15s.; Miss Pope, 12s. 4d.; the Italian dancers, £1 and £1, 3s. 4d.; the 'Fund,' £1, 15s.; and the nightly charity, 3s. 8d.

In arranging the salaries of actresses, much depended on the question of who was to find them in clothes. Mrs. Yates asked Garrick £700 salary—"considering my novelty, to say nothing of my *beauty*, I think I cannot in conscience take less"—and £200 for dress—"as I love to be well dressed, and the characters I appear in require it." £800, including clothes, were ultimately agreed to. For the Cibber—at £700—everything was found, except 'the mere garniture of her head'—this was at the time of Babelonian head erections. Mrs. Barry was convinced that finding her own dresses reduced her salary to £200 less than Mrs. Cibber's. Engagements like these were the plums of the profession.

Any adequate account of the dresses of the actresses would fill a volume. Though stately Mrs. Pritchard might prate of her 'gownds,' Mrs. Bellamy appears to have outdone all competitors in the expensiveness of her sacques and petticoats, and Mrs. Yates in the height of her head. Mrs. Yates must have looked like a

Rowlandson or Gillray print. But upon the foreheads of almost all the ladies rose, alp above alp, mountains of cushioned and maréchale-powdered curls, flowered, pearl-beaded, begauzed, topped with a forest of feathers, till the clear, straight taste of Reynolds and Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., helped to bring about simplification. Contrasting the portrait of Mrs. Baddeley opposite this page with the somewhat earlier portrait of Peg Woffington (facing p. 52), we are reminded of the passage in *The Spectator* where Addison says, in his delightful way, that there is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress, which rose and fell in his own memory above thirty degrees.

On Mrs. Bellamy's persuasion, His Grace of Grafton solicited George II to command *King Lear* at Drury Lane. The actress was unutterably mortified when, having stationed herself under the stage box to hear what the discerning monarch might say of her, after her first speech, upon the Lord Chamberlain's inquiring how he liked Cordelia, His Majesty replied, "Umph! very well, but her hoop is so large."

In an earlier generation, Charles II, Queen Catherine, and the Duke of York gave their coronation suits to favourite players, and, still, actresses frequently purchased great ladies' cast gowns. The elder Sheridan bought for the Theatre Royal, Dublin, a suit of silver tissue the Princess of Wales had worn once (on a birthday) which, when considerably taken in at the waist, made George Anne an ideal costume for Cleopatra! It was further glorified by having a number of diamonds, lent by the Honourable Mrs. Butler, and several of her acquaintance, sewn all about it. Most unfortunately, the maid, after altering the gown, went out, leaving the dressing-room door open. Thereupon, Mrs. Furnival, a snubbed rival actress, stepped in, carried off great

MRS. BADDELEY AS JOAN LA PUCELLE
King Henry VI, Pt. I
"I am prepar'd, here is my keen-edged sword"

F. AICKIN AS BOLINBROKE
King Richard II
"Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower"

MRS. BARRY AS CONSTANCE
King John
"I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit."

MRS. YATES AS LADY MACBETH
"Give me the daggers!"

Egypt's apparel, and set to work to let out the waist preparatively to wearing it herself in the part of Octavia. She sent word that Mrs. Bellamy should have the diamonds after the play, and, rendered courageous, adds that racy narrator, by 'Nantz,' resisted successfully the nails of the screeching wild cat of a maid—an O'Brien, lineally descended from the kings of Ulster. When the curtain rose, the house, which Bellamy describes as in a fever to see her in her magnificence, was disconsolate. At the entrance of Octavia, Mrs. Butler, in the boxes, exclaiming, "Good Heaven, the woman has gotten on my diamonds," the secret was out, with the satisfactory result that Mrs. Furnival, being well hooted, called fits to her aid, which incapacitated her from coming on in any later scenes.

The tragic actresses appear to have denied themselves the eloquence of which bare hands, say, such hands as those of Signora Duse, are capable. Mrs. Cibber, in 1746, commissions Garrick to get ten dozen pairs of gloves made for her in Dublin, where, as we learn from *The Autobiography of Mrs. Delany* (i. 387), gloves were "not better . . . but cheaper." She adds, "whether they are to be worn out at a playhouse or not, is yet an uncertainty, for I will never put them on to be soiled by what hands the Manager pleases." It is pretty clear that old Colley's daughter-in-law was in love with Garrick, she so perpetually pestered him with letters, compliments, and various fondnesses. An inanimate tragedy stopgap, Mrs. Ward, whom Quin efficiently described as a half-baked pancake, was guilty —to Garrick's disgust—of idly tying her glove-knot on the stage while Garrick was pouring forth Nathaniel Rowe's pathos and poetry. To represent Barbarossa, in Dr. John Brown's tragedy of that name, Garrick wore a glittering, silver-spangled tissue 'shape,' on which

occasion madcap Clive, instead of offering up court adulation, called out, "Make room for the royal lamplighter"—a heinous case of *lèse-majesté*, which greatly disconcerted the autocrat.

A fixed convention governed the way the elder actresses dressed their parts. Empresses, queens, and Roman matrons wore black velvet. 'Diamonds' were as much the tragedy garnish for women as fur was for men. However a character might have met his death, his spectre came on blood-'bolter'd.' Murderers' faces were chalked, and their black periwigs heavy with the 'gorgon buckle.' There was to be no mistaking the 'willin' of the piece. Actual records corroborate Sheridan's sarcasm in *The Critic* when Tilburina is set down to enter stark mad in white satin.

"*Sneer.*—'Why in white satin?'

Puff.—'O Lord, Sir, when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin . . . it's the rule.'"

At Glasgow, when Mrs. Bellamy declined to play Lady Macbeth, because her regulation black 'vestment' had been burnt in a fire, she was assured that the ghost of the actual Lady Macbeth walked every night at Dunsinane Castle, in white satin, on which inducement she "played the character, out of the usual form." Garrick, for his own wear, made an end of the feathered toque by which tragedy heroes, whether Danes, Turks, Greeks, Romans, or Scots, were generically recognisable. Kemble, and—more curiously—Macready revived this hearse-like badge.

Convention is but symbolism frozen hard. In Garrick's day, white for maids, and velvet for mothers, had become conventions; but "when Burbadge played" they were short cuts to the imagination of an audience, clearing its way, that it might concentrate itself on the glories of the poet's diction.

There is no need to dwell on the contempt for accuracy in dress evinced by Garrick and his circle. Everyone has smiled to think of his playing Hotspur in a laced frock and a Ramillies wig. The effect must have been (though in one sense only!) more like that of a Shakespeare recitation than anything the spoiled and sated modern sightseers at His Majesty's could logically designate a theatrical exhibition. Not so venial an offence as playing Macbeth *temp.* George II was that of playing a Greek of the golden age, Lysander, in Home's *Agis*, dressed as a gondolier, as, we are told, Garrick did. If it were so, it was a grievous fault. It was the merest trifle then, though an indicative one, that, in Dance's portrait of Garrick as Richard III, that monarch appears with the star of the Order of the Garter which Charles I added to the insignia.

All the actors were in a tale. 'Gentleman' Smith (the original Charles Surface) complained of the shabbiness of his Richard III's hat, and asked if he could not have the one Powell wore as King John. Hale insisted on wearing a full-bottomed wig as Charles I. Henderson boasted of having played ten characters in one season in the same dress. They gloried in their anachronistic shame.

They had an inkling of humorous aspects of the situation. In the anonymous *Essay on Acting* (1744) ascribed, on internal evidence, to Garrick's pen, the writer comments on the inapplicability of Macbeth's saying to Banquo's ghost, "Never shake thy gory *locks* at me," when the ghost is wearing 'a neat Tye Wig,' and suggests 'Tye' being substituted, or, "if the word *Wig* is thought more Poetical, it will be equally good, as they are both Monosyllables." Tate Wilkinson, on the other hand, goes into the question with gravity. He is for 'strict propriety of habiliment,' but does not see his managerial way to it, because 'handsome women' will

never consent to appear 'in a farmer's daughter, witch, or servant maid,' without 'a French head, white silk stockings, and white satin shoes.'

The actresses never dreamt of spoiling their finery by falling, at the close of a tragedy, on bare boards. "Laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner," says Goldsmith in *The Bee*, "than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury Lane."

As the dresses, so were the scenery and 'props.' A stony indifference to archæology prevailed throughout stageland. Certainly, no one committed the crime of burying the play under a suffocating mass of decoration, though Cumberland wrote entreating Garrick to have his adaptation of *Timon of Athens* 'equipped with splendour,' and Loutherbourg received £500 a year as scene-painter to Drury Lane. When Garrick retired, his managerial successors offered Loutherbourg half his previous salary. He refused it, and invented the Panton Street Eidophusikon, that interesting panorama, lighted from above, before which Gainsborough sat, night after night, spellbound. To judge from W. H. Pyne's chapter in *Wine and Walnuts* on the Eidophusikon, Loutherbourg must have been a remarkable experimenter in scenic contrivances, including 'the picturesque of sound.' From our twentieth century conning tower we are probably a little too ready to suppose that during the eighteenth century the back cloth composed the stage picture, and 'two supers made a rabble rout.' Even then, there were critics to condemn the concessions made to the spectacular cravings of 'the many-headed monster of the pit.' Pope was one.

> "Booth enters,—hark! the universal peal!
> 'But has he spoken?' Not a syllable.
> 'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
> Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.'"

The instance betrays how unelaborate the appeal to the eye was, after all. Murphy quoted to Garrick a brother-dramatist who had complained of being 'fobbed off with a touched-up palm-tree,' and, on another occasion, Garrick tried to atone for a shabbily mounted play by making an opening in the back of his theatre, and showing (with disastrously smoky and cold-catching results) a 'real' bonfire outside in Drury Lane. New plays seldom had anything but stock scenery. A street, a bed-chamber, a parlour, a hall, a park with trees, a garden, these, in wings and flat, were the six general-utility sets, and so much the worse for any action that could not fit itself in with one or another of them. There were a few tricky devices to assist favourite bits of business. Garrick, as Hamlet, in the scene with his mother, in order, at the Ghost's entrance, to throw down his chair sharply, had one made with tapering legs placed so far under the seat that it fell at a touch. Also, there were incongruities, as where Quin as Falstaff, after the fight near Shrewsbury, instead of showing himself a warrior taking his rest on a felled trunk, sank into a crimson velvet *fauteuil*, with gilt claws and blue fringe, pitched conveniently on the battlefield. The cock in *Hamlet*, by the way, was a recognised piece of action, entrusted to a competent performer, and extremely critically received by the gallery.

Garrick, who, in the fashionable and *lettré* society he loved, was the life of pleasure and the soul of whim, became serious and strenuous from the moment he set foot in his theatre. In the general decadence just before him, artistes had been unpunctual at rehearsals and careless about their words. He put a stop to their dreaming idleness and jolly negligence. Goldsmith in *The Bee* makes the playhouse critic deride the dirty-shirted guards rolling their eyes round upon the audience,

instead of keeping them fixed upon the actors. There was no such want of discipline under the rule of 'the little great man of old Drury.'

Garrick advised Ned Shuter, whose low comedy he pronounced genius, to avoid being too comical. He knew that there is no more deadly sin in art, especially in the art of acting, than over-emphasis, and he knew how prone the true-born English actor is to it. Garrick was severely 'down on' the performer who was so silly, and so little an artist, as to laugh at his own humour, or at anyone else's, before an audience, thereby telling them it was not such and such a character, but 'the humourous negligent Mr. Wou'd-be the actor.' Garrick himself, once, and once only, laughed out of his part. It was at a wicked, sly whisper of Kitty Clive's. So wicked and so sly was the whisper that he was seized with such a violent attack of merriment he could not finish Lovemore in Murphy's *The Way to Keep Him*, but was obliged, after two or three efforts, to make his bow, 'amidst a roar of electrical laughter.' It is sad to think we shall never know what it was Kitty whispered.

An actor always made a parting bow. It was a rather begrudged gain for realism when he did not preface his purple patches of soliloquy by advancing to the centre with a bow and some arm-waving. Yet, in spite of it all, in comparing those times with ours, it is difficult not to come to one's grandsire's opinion that the Old Actors were in many respects better than the people we see to-day. At any rate, their method was more of an art, *i.e.* less a personal affair, an exhibition of always to be repeated individualisms. Study counted for more, and even second-rate players took their craft perfectly seriously. On the other hand, everything being mapped out, new parts lent themselves too readily to stock criticism. The audiences, in consequence, were

definite and explicit as to what constituted good acting. They required it straight and strongly underlined. The playgoing public, if small (Foote estimated it, in London, as twelve thousand), was exceedingly keen, and in every way stimulated by the répertoire system, which at the same time kept the actors in perpetual variegated practice, and permitted the manager a large range of fresh and untried pieces. Where there was no great effort or expense over staging, the acting was the thing people paid to enjoy and criticise.

Between the performers and the lookers-on there were more direct relations than nowadays. What Mr. H. B. Irving, in an article on Colley Cibber,[1] called "the kind of happy family feeling that naturally sprang up when two theatres were sufficient for the needs of playgoers," occasionally led to curious rencontres. That to talk to any person in the house is indecorous and unbecoming has been a stage maxim since the time of Thespis, but even that was sometimes set aside.

One of the quaintest of the customs was that of an actress mother leading on her 'debuting' daughter (usually as Juliet) bathed in tears. It is stated that when Garrick, in 1747, rose from a sickbed to play for Quin's already postponed benefit, his friendly letter to Quin was printed at the head of the playbills. "Gentlemen, it is not my turn to speak," said Mrs. Cibber, after a long pause, when one of the actors had hopelessly lost his cue. It is amusing to find how George II communicated to the audience in Drury Lane Theatre the news, just received by him in his box, of the victory of Culloden. "Animated with all that majestic grace which he so eminently possessed, he held out the paper, and with an ineffable smile of grandeur and beneficence, uttered the exclamation Oh!"

[1] *The Nineteenth Century*, September, 1904.

We can but hope it was during an interval that Boswell, one night, entertained the Drury Lane audience '*prodigiously*,' by lowing, in the pit, like a cow. "*Encore* the cow!" cried the galleries, till, finally, the Reverend Dr. Hugh Blair found it necessary to restrain his young friend's 'very inferior' imitations of other animals by the caustic recommendation, "My dear sir, I would *confine* myself to the *cow*!"

It must have been excessively difficult for performers to keep their tempers, and act on in an easy way, when 'half-eaten pippins,' 'suck'd oranges,' or, in the case of actresses, the rind, were being aimed at them as demonstrations of the gallery's disapproval. One actor, adapting Beatrice's pun, speaks of two or three *un*civil oranges bursting at once on his devoted head, and mentions that his nerves never could endure the sound of the cracking of nuts since a York audience once treated him for a whole evening with this sign of his incapacity to interest them. In the Macklin strike at Drury Lane in 1743, the disaffected brought pea-shooters to prevent walking on the stage. Even when inaudible for tumult, Garrick and his lesser brethren used, by 'respectful bows' and 'apologetic gestures' to attempt pacification in cases where we can only imagine a modern actor stating "in emphatic language what he'd be before he'd stand it." There was far more servility in a crude form then on the part of the servants of the public.

As regards the social position of the old actors generally, evidence is conflicting. The London patentees and Foote were expected to go to Court, and would on no account have missed a birthday. On the other hand, Arthur Murphy was denied admittance as a barrister by both the Middle and Inner Temple on account of his having been an actor; and the son of the architect of the Mansion House changed his name, when he went on

the stage, from Dance to Love, in order not to imperil the reputation of his relations. The brothers of this James Love, Nathaniel Dance, afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance-Holland, and George Dance, R.A., are now remembered for having painted portraits of Garrick and his associates! Foote, perhaps, had Love in his mind's eye when he made one of his puppets say, "As to player —whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; and so I resolved to turn footman." Then, as now, Philistia was invincible, and the foggy person of substance from the City feared artists, in whatever *genre*, and uttered contempt of them. Probably, each actor's social position was what he had the character and taste to make it, and varied *ad infinitum* with the individual. Colley Cibber justly says, in his *Apology*, that persons who might otherwise have been mercers or milliners, but, by dint of ability, became players instead, stood a much better chance of 'entering into Conversations' with the great than had they remained in the station to which their original fortune would have destined them.

KITTY CLIVE AND THE OTHERS

KITTY CLIVE AND THE OTHERS

IT was Samuel Johnson's opinion that though Mrs. Clive could not do half so many things as well as Garrick, yet what she did best, she did better than he. She was a better romp, for instance, than any the Doctor had ever seen in nature. Prodigious old flirt that he was, he liked sitting by her in the green-room. She was 'a good thing to sit by.' She was not, what he called Pritchard, an inspired idiot. She could understand him. Oh, rare Kitty!

"Dame Clive was not blessed with beauty," says a contemporary, but she had spirits, aplomb, a most sprightly impertinence, and was completely mistress of her *métier*. By all accounts, she was the greatest comic actress the English stage has seen. She could play equally to the round laugh or the quick-witted smile. Whatever comedy she undertook to vivify—and many of the comedies needed vivifying—she carried with a rush. She hit the average playgoer between wind and water, though, when she gave a country maidservant of her own a theatre pass, and asked her afterwards how she liked her on the stage, the girl answered in accents of acute disappointment that she saw no difference between her there and at home. Irish, like Peg Woffington, Catherine Clive brimmed with humour, and was the soubrette born, with much about her of what Mr. Arthur Symons calls the canaille attractiveness of Réjane.

In that trying ordeal, the speaking of prologue or epilogue, she was incomparable, and her arms a-kimbo style, familiar and by all means vulgar, in these frequently decidedly 'bragian' deliveries is dwelt on by the commentators. At whatever called for '*non chalons*' she showed genius. She was an unsuccessful playwright too, and wrote a comedy called *The Rehearsal, or Bays*[1] *in Petticoats*, and another called *Every Woman in her Humour*, respectively produced by Garrick in 1750 and 1760.

While freely indulging in the looseness of speech that pertained to her century, Kitty Clive, though a separated wife, is one of the few Georgian actresses whose character stands high. We may imagine her as a hearty, laughing (or, sometimes, frankly curst) creature, with an elastic mind, a clean, wholesome nature, and an honest heart. Even rivals had a good word for her. They knew her sincerity.

As has been hinted, she was credited with a peppery temper and a fishwife's tongue. The whole green-room dreaded her displeasure. She exhibited such fury towards Woodward, when, as Petruchio, playing to her 'Catharine,' he really threw her down, that the audience thought she meant to end the comedy as the tamer, and not the tamed. She was the one player Garrick feared, and for that he admired her the more. It is among the legends that he said to her, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other." He called her, in his petting way, Clivy Pivy, and did everything he could to disperse her nerve storms, or, if they broke, assuage them. Boaden's Garrick Correspondence gives an amusingly enraged letter from her, dated 1765, in which she begs that Garrick will do her the favour to let her know if it was by his order her money

[1] *i.e.* Bayes. See the Duke of Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, 1672.

was stopped last Saturday. She makes angry digressions. She has never envied her manager his equipages nor grandeur. She finds his dislike to her as extraordinary as the reason he gave Mr. Sterne for it. The friends, people of consequence, who were accountable for her entirely excusable absence from Drury Lane on the offensive Saturday, will be much surprised to hear how she has been treated. Garrick's reply is not given. Once, when, getting better of an illness, she sent him 'a violent scolding letter,' he congratulated her on this proof of her restoration—"I am very glad you are come to your usual spirits."

Clive retired from the stage at fifty-eight, while still in the prime of health, though no longer of figure. Horace Walpole wrote her parting epilogue. She, too, resided at 'Twitenham.' They were neighbours on the green, and, since she was a card-playing old lady, he called her, in his dainty way, his sister-in-*loo*. She worked him a carpet—with blue tulips and yellow foliage—for his Holbein Chamber. In 1791, six years after her death, he bought from the Berrys the house, adjoining Strawberry Hill, she had inhabited, which he sometimes called 'Little Strawberry' and sometimes 'Clive's den.'

When Clive entered into the aftermath of her correspondence with Garrick included in Boaden's collection, she had laid aside her too *prononcés* colloquialisms. Her D——ns, like Bob Acres', had had their day. Writing, in 1776, on Garrick's own approaching retirement, the winning and serious letter from which what follows is an extract, she was an old woman only in years.

"In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring every thing you did, and every thing you scribbled,—at this very time, *I*, *the Pivy*, was a living witness that

they did not know half your perfections. I have seen you, with your magical hammer in your hand, *endeavouring* to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own—I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you. By this your great labour and pains the public was entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine,—they did not see you pull the wires. . . . While I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery: and you know your Pivy was always proud: besides, I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.

"What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers of the patent! I thought I should have died with laughing when I saw a man-midwife [Dr. Ford] amongst them: I suppose they have taken him in to prevent *miscarriages*! I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan, as I hear every body say he is very sensible; then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly. Pray give my love to my dear Mrs. Garrick; we all join in that. I have since the snow been once out in my carriage; did you not hear me scream?"

She concludes by begging Garrick to reinstate Miss Pope, who has fallen out of managerial favour. Garrick did so, and endorsed the intercession, 'My Pivy, excellent!' It has been pleasant to dwell on Kate Clive. A strong, straightforward character. A good sort.

Garrick, it is clear, was a complete Conservatoire training, and more, for those who were fortunate enough to commence their stage career under his management. Mrs. Pritchard was one to whom, in the phrase of the Greek theatre, he taught tragedy. He took especial pains to make her read the letter naturally as Lady Macbeth. All but bowstringed as Johnson's Irene, she was, the robust Doctor remarked, a mindless woman. She is said to have read no more of *Macbeth* than her own lengths. Had she been less of a dunce we should hear more of her as a private character in the memoirs of her contemporaries. As it was, she was a divine actress, and, in her life, exemplary.

She was not exclusively a *tragédienne*. She was, for instance, 'most capitally great' as Beatrice, and played the part so perfectly to Garrick's Benedick that the two seemed no less than actually the originals of the one evenly matched couple in fiction. In every rôle she undertook, spiritedness and what a correspondent of Garrick's termed her 'fine, open, mellow variety' characterised the interpretation. No wonder Garrick, after her death, for her memory's sake, forswore the part of Macbeth.

Always a massive lady, as we see her in Zoffany's *Macbeth* portrait (facing p. 74), before she quitted the stage she became so inclined towards 'the *embonpoint*' that she could not pick up a letter off the ground, and there is a story of how she and Clive, whose case was similar, were nonplussed in Colley Cibber's *The Careless Husband* by one of them having to do so. At last, Pritchard (the mistress) said to Clive (the maid), "Well, Madam Pert, since you won't take up the letter, I must get one that will," and thereupon rang for an attendant. These dear, dead women were quick-witted, and, as their justification for continuing to act after their taper waists had thickened, we have Colley Cibber's eternal plea, "The short life of Beauty is not long enough to form a complete Actress."

Susanna Cibber, the best remembered of Garrick's tragedy queens, rather belonged to the classic, the Quin school. She was not a romanticist as Garrick was, had less nature than Hannah Pritchard. Her method was a high-pitched, sweet, plaintive recitative. Cumberland, as a Westminster boy, did not admire it. "It was like a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one sung to the same tune," he found.

Yet Mrs. Cibber possessed incontestable charm. Her Ophelia entranced the town, her Constance thrilled it. Though not a beautiful woman (someone speaks of her

'hatchet face') she was thoroughly and entirely expressive, an alabaster vase lighted from within. She breathed sensibility. The very names of her best non-Shakespearean parts, Calista, Sigismunda, Belvidera, suggest wet pockethandkerchiefs. In feature, she was so like Garrick she might have been his sister. David Williams, in his 'Letter to David Garrick, Esq.,' wrote, "The criterion by which I judge of an actor is the degree of power he has of making me forget that he is one. This Mrs. Cibber possessed in a greater degree than any one I ever saw."

Theophilus Cibber, the Laureate's disgraceful son, made Susanna Arne his second wife, and subsequently tried to sell her to a Colonel Sloper, who took the lady—she lived for the rest of her life under his protection—but did not pay the husband any *quid pro quo.* 'The' Cibber evaded a fitter destiny by being drowned with a fellowship of players crossing the Irish Sea in a storm. The third Georgian predecessor of Mr. Alfred Austin was unfortunate in two, at least, of his children, this scoundrel, and the unhappy Charlotte, Mrs. Charke, who concluded in a squalid lodging in Clerkenwell a career of ambiguous adventure, throughout the greater part of which she had figured as 'Mr. Brown.' Old Colley does not appear to have been weighed down by these family humiliations. He was a jesting veteran. When Horace Walpole said to him, "I am glad, Sir, to see you looking so well," "Egad, Sir," he replied, "at eighty-four it is well for a man that he can look at all."

Mrs. Theophilus Cibber held something of a salon at her house in Scotland Yard. There were to be met Thomson and Mason, the poets, and the eminent actors, and Handel, the master of music, and Burney, not yet the doctor of the same, and, of course, her brother, Tom Arne, who conducted the Drury Lane orchestra and was 'the only man' who wore 'a suit of velvet in the

MRS. THEOPHILUS CIBBER

AFTER PINE

dog-days.' It was to the last-named musician Garrick addressed the vivacious snub, "I have read your play and rode your horse, and do not approve of either," and endorsed his own copy of it, "Designed for Dr. Arne, who sold me a horse, a very dull one; and sent me a comic opera, ditto."

When, in 1766, Mrs. Cibber was laid in the North Cloister of Westminster Abbey, "Tragedy is dead on one side," exclaimed Garrick. Behind the scenes, he had found her the plaguiest of his ladies. She was, as we see by her letters, terribly persistent; nothing could divert her from her point. It need not surprise us to learn that she and Woffington held each other in the highest contempt.

Mrs. Cibber was incapable of humour, yet imagined farce, not tragedy, to be her strength. In this aberration, she resembled the majority of players, as well as numbers of other artists, Wilkie, for example, who believed that his true province was to paint portraits like Lawrence's. It need scarcely be said in flat words that the Drury Lane actresses were all, more or less, in love with Davy. How could it have been otherwise? They must have eaten their bread with sorrow when their little Roscius threw the handkerchief elsewhere.

A more forgotten 'playeress,' considered an astonishing creature in her time, was the wife, *en secondes noces*, of silver-tongued Barry. Anne Barry (*née* Street) used to say she played tragedy to please the town, comedy to please herself, and, in her case, conformably to the well-known aphorism, pleasure in creation made pleasure in contemplation, for the town blistered its hands with clapping her Rosalind. Garrick called her 'the *heroine of all heroines*,' but that, certainly, was in a letter to her middle husband, Spranger Barry, asking him a favour. Mrs. Barry died Mrs. Crawford.

George Anne Bellamy is the eighteenth century actress we may, if we please, know the most intimately, by reason of her having been so obliging as to publish an autobiography, in five volumes, called *An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy*, said to have been compiled for her by Alexander Bicknell, but obviously, except the mere pen work, her own. This autobiography, which cannot be recommended as a suitable gift-book in schools, affords most entertaining reading. The sense of humour on which the writer plumed herself does not prevent her from figuring as heroine in every one of the amazing incidents she relates.

George Anne was an illegitimate daughter of the Lord Tyrawley of whom Chesterfield, anticipating Sydney Smith on Rogers, said, in old age: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known." Born 'at Fingal,' and, by her father's directions, educated in a convent at Boulogne, she grew into a pretty, clever, self-reliant, and needle-tongued 'baggage,' with varied ambitions, and a turn for acting.

Her stage career began when Rich, for the sake of her mother, cast her for a part (Monimia in *The Orphan*) Quin thought preposterously ahead of her childish age —according to her own reckoning, eleven, but more probably about fourteen. She scored a triumph, and, as she came off, Quin, quite won over, caught her in his arms, and exclaimed, "Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee." After seeing her as Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield said, "I came to admire Garrick, but go away enchanted with Bellamy."

And then the delectable marvels of her costumes! 'Paris-dresses,' *soupir étouffé* lutestrings, pink-coloured Chambéry gauzes, foil, spangles, 'interwoven fast em-

broidery' (*i.e.* brocade)—the descriptions are sumptuous. Apart from the glorifying effect of fine feathers, she enumerates her means for the stage as follows: 'a figure not inelegant, a powerful voice, light as gossamer, inexhaustible spirits, some humour.' Her benefits were 'very brilliant; and lucrative to an excess,' and there can be no doubt that she was a 'fetching' actress, with something beyond 'Paris-dresses' to recommend her, or Garrick, with the galaxy he had to choose from, would never have played Romeo to her Juliet. The minx evidently possessed temperament (in the French sense), and, no doubt, acted, as she lived, with a flourish —*con brio*. At the same time, it is well to collate her accounts of the adulation her playing received with Boaden's statement that, as a general heroine, she was faint and inefficient.

From the outset, according to the autobiography, her private life was one continuous series of sensational episodes. A nun is bricked up, an Irish doctor is buried alive; George Anne, taking a country ramble alone, meets a glittering serpent in one field, and, in the next, a furious bull; she is abducted by an earl, and rescued by a long-lost brother. At one stage of her existence she resolved to be a female Newton, at another, a Madame de Maintenon. She was the intimate friend of a dozen women of rank, and, like Abington after her, their counsellor in the choice of their clothes; she presided over a 'Pharoah' bank, she acted as sub-agent for over ninety regiments on foreign service. As though she were a Royal Personage, the Park sentinels saluted whenever she passed, in gratitude for her having, by an outlay of £900, ameliorated the scamped contract clothing—it was the year of Minden—of their comrades in Germany. With her, as with Chaucer's Prioress, 'al was conscience and tendre herte,' while, as for 'innate

rectitude,' nobody ever practised so much as George Anne professed.

Being 'as much caressed in private, as admired in public,' the Bellamy's arrival at a house was a signal for rejoicing. At Donnallan Park, where she drove up unexpectedly, three boiled chickens, three roasted, three broiled, and a cold chicken 'pye' were at once ordered, as a *petit souper soigné*, for eight persons.

On the subject of beaux, her 'Daddy Quin' gave 'Pop' Bellamy advice, based on the principle of Nancy Howe's to Clary Harlowe—"Distance to the men-wretches is best," which it might have been well had she followed, but, being at heart a *femme galante*, she heeded it not. She was tremendously run after. For long, she would listen to no proposals but marriage and a coach, but, as time went on, reduced her demands. So plenary was her power to inspire a grand passion, that she describes how a lover with whom she had broken drew his hanger, and nothing but the presence of her tenderly frightened little son prevented his plunging 'the shining weapon' into her breast. Fox was a constant visitor at her house, and, though she vehemently denies the allegation, it was asserted that she was (as she puts it) 'the great Captain's Captain.'

When her own evil days fell, she got herself nominally appointed housekeeper to the reprobate old Count Haslang, the Minister from the Elector of Bavaria, because no servant of a foreign ambassador could be arrested for debt. But the Count died, and though some surviving acquaintances, aristocratic and otherwise, were long-suffering, a shilling would never stick to her palm. Hers was the progress commemorated by Hogarth. Racked with rheumatism, almost foodless, she, whose housekeeping allowance had been £2500, was dragged from her wretched bed to a sponging-house, and, gradually,

MRS. BELLAMY WAITING FOR THE THAMES TO COVER HER

the Rules of the King's Bench became her second home. Just as men who had made solemn engagements to 'marry her publickly' when their fathers died, had wriggled out of their vows, now her son's promises to assist her broke down under the influence of a mistress of his own. There came a night when Mrs. Bellamy sat on the lowest step of Westminster Bridge Stairs, resolved to put an end to herself. She was dissuaded, by overhearing the tribulations of one more unfortunate. We should be sorrier for her, reduced to these straits, after her folly, noise, and sin, were it not that an ineradicable tincture of posing pervades even her contemplated suicide. It is not known where the poor forsaken *belle amie* ended her days, but it was in the utmost obscurity—Tate Wilkinson seems to think, in prison.

Her 'Apology' belongs to the class of books, descriptive of past manners and men, posterity should not willingly let die. Abundant fiction mingles with its fact, but, after the passage of over a century, fiction, too, becomes valuable.

Of the various other ladies who acted in 'capital' characters, sometimes at the Old House, sometimes at the New, and had their names printed in enlarged type, little space is left to speak. Not one of them possessed very much interest of personality; not one, at any rate, embalmed it in autobiography.

There was 'accomplished Yates,' of whose Electra that eminent Grecian, 'Hermes' Harris, wrote to Dr. Hoadly: "For everything that was nervous, various, and true, I never saw her equal but in Garrick, and forgive me for saying I cannot call him her superior." Mistress Yates was the lady of the sky-aspiring coiffures, and she had so much regard to these erections, that when, as Constance, she had to suit her action to the words—

> "I will not keep this form upon my head,
> When there is such disorder in my wit,"

she did not, we learn, cast her 'head' upon the ground, but hung it carefully to her hoop. It is to be hoped the story is mendacious.

There was Mrs. Frances Abington, a better remembered name. Abington was the original Lady Teazle. She was of a short-faced, snub-nosed piquancy, 'not handsome, but very stylish.' Northcote called her 'the Grosvenor Square of comedy,' and said he was glad Hogarth did not paint her—"it would have been a thing to spit upon." Though a cobbler's daughter who began life as a flower-girl, she gave suppers to the smartest of people, including a maid of honour and the P.R.A. Like Lecouvreur and Clairon, she usually wore her dark hair unpowdered, and she set a fashion for robes loosely flowing, a winsome 'negligee.' She was a Spaniard with her fan, she made it a live thing. When she sat to Reynolds, she said to him (and it was no valueless hint for other sitters), "I always think upon the same subject when I sit, as I shall by that means be most likely to preserve the same kind of expression and countenance." John O'Keeffe (the author of 'I am a Friar of Orders Grey') says her manner was fascinating, and mentions that she had a pretty trick, in acting, of turning her wrist, and seeming to stick a pin in the side of her waist. This action of hers became the rage, and every tonish miss copied Abington's gestures, and tried to catch the graces of her fan. The 'Abington cap' was in every shop window. Garrick had an antipathy to Mrs. Abington, and roundly said, "She is below the thought of any honest man or woman. She is as silly as she is false and treacherous." In business he found her ultra-feminine, and to a maddening degree.

Mrs. Robinson—'Perdita'—was, in a sense, a pupil of Garrick's, for he coached her for Juliet, though she did not make her *début* till six months after his retirement.

". . . . THAT WORST OF BAD WOMEN, MRS. ABINGTON
(GARRICK'S ENDORSEMENT ON A LETTER FROM FRANCES ABINGTON)

Ill-starred Perdita. What a romance such a pen as Mr. George Meredith's could make of her history!

Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in London took place at Drury during Garrick's reign. She was Venus in his revival of the Stratford Commemoration, and, on December 29th, 1775, discharged the character of Portia —an abrupt rise, but Garrick was employing the unpractised girl as a nettle to sting refractory older actresses. On the playbill, William Siddons's twenty-year-old wife was anonymous—'A Young Lady.' She was entrusted with five principal parts during Garrick's closing season, but, in those early days, the Tragic Muse showed of what was to follow little but the majestic self-importance. When Lady Maria Waldegrave asked her what had been her impressions of Garrick, she made the expressive—and self-expressive—answer, "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose." *Inde iræ.*

Of all the members of Garrick's professional circle, Samuel Foote came nearest in general ability (though still 'worlds away') to being his equal. He succeeded in being his thorn.

Three years Garrick's junior, Foote was the son of a Cornish M.P. and the grandson of a baronet connected with the first Lord Rockingham. His gentlemanly blood did not prevent his being throughout life a person of egregiously bad taste. As a boy at Worcester School he kept the other boys from their work on Mondays, watching his mimicries of the little personal ways of whatever relations he had spent Sunday with. Turning to mirth all things of earth, he was a cynic, a farceur, at heart not quite a bad sort, but thickly overlaid with the habit of malicious comment, and a slave to his talent for parody. "Sir, it is not a talent, it is a vice." He himself, taught by years, said to young O'Keeffe, "Bottle up your wit."

It was from that singular lyceum, Macklin's academy of acting, that Foote made his entrance upon the stage. He had previously passed through Worcester College, Oxford, entered the Inner Temple, and agreeably dissipated his 'very genteel fortune.'

He never became a great actor. He was only first-rate in the plays he himself composed to display his mimetic gift. He was termed, in the dialect of his day, an exotic, very frequently 'a damned exotic,' for there was hardly a public man in England, Tom Davies says, who did not enter his theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of finding himself well trimmed, as the phrase went, in the farce he had come to see. John Forster conjectures that the Great Turk himself would have offered Foote hush-money. For some occult reason, Foote designated his entertainment 'Tea'—"Mr. Foote will give Tea," though, as a contemporary sensibly remarked, "I never could find out what analogy there was between tea and the talent of mimickry." The tea, as tea, was fictitious, and Foote's copyist, Tate Wilkinson, venturing on a similar announcement to the matter-of-fact people of Norwich, had to flee, almost for his life, when they found no cups and saucers forthcoming.

Foote "grimac'd his snarling Wit" at the Theatre in the Haymarket. It was a long time before he could get a patent, but when, hunting with Lord Mexborough, he broke his leg, the Duke of York was sorry for him, and procured him the right to open for four months yearly, and call his house a Theatre Royal.

At one period, when auctions were the fashionable mania, Foote made his stage an Auction Room at which he engaged to exhibit a choice collection of pictures. Such a witty and versatile auctioneer, with such perpetual merriment in his eye, had never been

SAMUEL FOOTE

"A LARGE, INEXPRESSIVE APOLOGY FOR A FACE"

"Foote's Prologue Detected." By Philo-Technicus Miso-Mimides. (1770)

seen outside. At various times, Foote tilted at all manner of contemporary hypocrisies, and his weapon of laughter was a Toledo blade. He exposed the tricks of portrait-painters and publishers, the ineptitudes of debating societies, *Pamela*-esque novels, 'weepy' comedies, the frauds of army contractors and borough-mongers.

It was, of course, vastly diverting to sit and see one's neighbour 'dressed at,' and Aristophanes played to magnificent business. His was a *succès de scandale*. His *Maid of Bath* was an audacious comedy *à clef* of the romance of Elizabeth Linley, the first Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan. Occasionally, somebody was intrepid or stupid enough to incur new and more envenomed ridicule by obtaining an injunction against the satirist. A wealthy Welshman, Mr. Apreece, was one who did; Faulkner, the Dublin printer who owed his prosperity to Swift, was another; while even Lacy was for appealing the licenser till his co-patentee gave more politic counsel. Samuel Johnson had a shorter way. He inquired, across Davies's table, what was the current price of an oak stick, and, upon being told sixpence, announced his intention of immediately purchasing one of extra quality at a shilling to have ready in case 'the fellow' attempted taking him off in connection with the Cock Lane affair.

One of the standing marks of Foote's satire was Garrick (to whom, in private life, he was wont to refer as 'that hound, Garrick'), his meanness, his mannerisms —the hesitation and 'eh—what? what?' for which, off the stage, the prince of actors was as renowned as George III—the whole gamut of gibes. When a lady asked Foote, respecting his Primitive Puppet-Show, if the puppets were to be as large as life, he answered, "Oh no, not much larger than Garrick." He was what the human boy would term 'a funny swine.'

Garrick, unfortunately, gave Foote far too much of his darling gratification of seeing his victim wince. The great player had not the simple secret by which the President of the College of Physicians, Sir William Browne, travestied by Foote in his *Devil upon Two Sticks*, baffled the tormentor by sending him next morning his muff, with a polite message to the effect that having observed he had omitted from his imitation this rather essential feature, he begged he would thenceforth avail himself of it.

Students of eighteenth century manners can never afford to neglect Foote's plays, *The Author*, *Taste*, *The Mayor of Garratt*, etc., for they give, in their own way, a panorama of the Georgian world. As a dramatic author, Foote ranks very considerably above Garrick, the skilful adapter. Garrick's writing is remembered because it was Garrick's; Foote's was a genuine contribution, and breathed true comic force. Foote produced a surprising bulk of work, containing an incredible number of references and inventions. He boasted that he had added sixteen new characters to the drama of his country, though his, properly, were not characters, but pegs for peculiarities. There is nobody in Foote's pieces to compare with Croaker in *The Good-natured Man*. For that, Goldsmith anatomised, not manners, but human nature.

The fact that Foote had to have his leg amputated —the depeditation of Foote, as Johnson termed it, and chuckled at the word he, the lexicographer and denouncer of puns, had coined—brings him, more than any action of his own, within the pale of our sympathies. However much the loss of the limb may have helped him 'to imitate George Faulkner to the life,' it was a pathetic sight, says O'Keeffe, to watch the poor jester leaning against the wall while his dresser separately

attired his cork leg (called by Foote his bottle-stopper) to suit the required part. The pluck with which Foote fought this, and, later, more retributive adversity, was something admirable in him. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked someone who referred to his leg, "did I ever say anything about your head?"

Like the man, Sterne, Foote went everywhere, though nobody had much respect for him. His trade was wit, and, as Johnson said of another *bel esprit* (whom Dr. Birkbeck Hill conjectures to have been Richard Fitzpatrick), it would have been as wild in him to come into company without merriment as for a highwayman to take the road without his pistols.

The talk, in Foote's company, turning one day on a lady with a variegated past, who had, in spite of it, married happily, someone attributed this consummation to her having frankly told her husband all that had happened. "What candour!" "What honesty!" "Yes," put in the irrepressible one, "and what an amazing memory!" Foote was a foundling hospital, a Sydney Smith, for fatherless quips, and more than half the sayings attributed to him were sayable, but probably never said, by this particular sayer. *Les bons mots se redisent.* What was told of another Samuel, 'melodious Rogers,' was told of him too, that when he was at a party, every other person manœuvred to leave the room after, and not before, him.

A marked illustration of the difference in disposition and breeding between Foote and Garrick is afforded by an account Cumberland gives in his autobiography of a visit he and the latter paid Foote at Parson's Green.

"We had taken him by surprise, and of course were with him some hours before dinner, to make sure of our own if we had missed of his. He seemed overjoyed to see us, engaged us to stay, walked

with us in his garden, and read to us some scenes roughly sketched for his *Maid of Bath*. His dinner was quite good enough, and his wine superlative. Sir Robert Fletcher, who had served in the East Indies, dropt in before dinner and made the fourth of our party. When we had passed about two hours in perfect harmony and hilarity, Garrick called for his tea, and Sir Robert rose to depart: there was an unlucky screen in the room, that hid the door, and behind which Sir Robert hid himself. Foote, supposing him gone, instantly began to play off his ridicule at the expense of his departed guest. I must confess it was (in the cant phrase) a *way that he had*, and just now a very unlucky way, for Sir Robert bolting from behind the screen, cried out, 'I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now with your leave I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine.'

"This . . . electric shock . . . which deprived Foote of all presence of mind, gave occasion to Garrick to display his genius and good nature in their brightest lustre; the infinite address and ingenuity, that he exhibited, in softening the enraged guest, and reconciling him to pass over an affront, as gross as could well be put upon a man, were at once the most comic and complete I ever witnessed — Diomed shielding Thersites from the wrath of Ajax."

There is a mellow, classic flavour in the sentence that acquaints us that "Quin, with a bottle of claret and a full house, the instant he was on the stage, was Sir John Falstaff himself." Quin showed each facet of the knight's character; in padding his body he did not forget to pad his voice; his unctuous humour shook audiences to a very fatigue of laughter.

Falstaff was Quin's masterpiece, but in the whole range of *l'homme sensuel*, Sir John Brute, Henry the Eighth, Volpone, the Old Bachelor, he was, according to all testimony, unapproached. His tragedy was altogether inferior. There, he mistook buskins for stilts, frowned, glared, keened his part, made pauses at the ends of his clauses—in short, imitated an imitation. He was the last, the Flambeau of the Old Guard, and Garrick early made

the Quin manner a survival and byword. O'Keeffe gives an instance in his *Recollections*—

"'Wignell,' said Garrick, 'why can't you say [in Dr. Benjamin Hoadly's *The Suspicious Husband*], "Mr. Strictland, your coach is ready," as an ordinary man would say it, and not with the declamatory pomp of Mr. Quin, playing tyrants!' 'Sir,' said poor Wignell, 'I thought in that passage I *had* kept down the sentiment.'"

There was something strong and solid about Quin. The public liked him, Garrick liked him, and, when, in 1746, he and Garrick played together in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, the interest and applause were unmeasured. It was like a galleon in contest with a little Revenge, and everyone was conscious of the inevitable hostility that yet had no ignoble meanness. Quin's manner inspired terror in the underlings of Covent Garden Theatre. If he spied one within two yards of the wings, he roared, "Get away, boy!" and struck his cane with such violence as to make any stage carpenter tremble. He was a *gourmand*, a real life Falstaff, noted for his curious claret, and for his convivial suppers, at which, broad as was his supposed taste, he is said to have encouraged (to use Landor's phrase) no conversation that made too free with God or the ladies. Hogarth's fine portrait of him, formerly in the Townsend Collection, and recently acquired by the National Gallery, suggests the double chin and general pursiness of the *bon vivant*. When, in the First Part of *King Henry IV*, he had to carry Garrick, as the dead Hotspur, off the stage, he used to whisper to him, "Where shall we sup?"

Garrick's naturalness making mouthing tragedy more and more out of date, in 1751, Quin, *æt.* fifty-eight, retired to his favourite city, the Bath—'the cradle of age and a fine slope to the grave,' as he designated it. In his case, the slope was extremely gradual, for he lived there sixteen years, in the best society, on an expenditure

of £200 *per annum.* He loved a haunch of venison, and, next to it, a John Dory. Readers of *Humphry Clinker* may remember that when Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, at her brother's table, invited 'Mr. Gwynn,' as she persisted in calling the ex-actor, to partake of the latter regale, he said he felt inclined to demand instead the cook's head in a charger for having mangled his favourite fish and 'even' sent it up without sauce.

Sir Henry Irving, within a year of his death, unveiled a tablet on Quin's house in Pierrepont Street, and, in recalling the blunt old fellow's generosity to Thomson of *The Seasons*, imitated his pausing utterance as though he had been his intimate. Quin had been patronised by Frederick, Prince of Wales, had given the royal children lessons in elocution, and had superintended their performance of his favourite *Cato.* When George III made his first speech to the Houses of Parliament, "I knew he would do it well," said Quin, "for I taught the boy."

It is an interesting fact that in his own day Spranger Barry was considered Garrick's one serious rival. For us, there cannot be a doubt but that Garrick, besides being an intellectual force off the stage, was an immeasurably more thoughtful artist, infinitely better able to grasp the interaction of passions. Is not Barry's name writ in water, and Garrick's in marble?

Bred up to be a silversmith in Dublin, Barry was a born junior lead. He was so very handsome that Lord Chesterfield, gossiping in a Bath Coffee-house with Gilbert Walmesley, prophesied that some widow would take him off the stage. Part only of the prediction was fulfilled when the six-foot Hyperion married Mrs. Dancer (*née* Street).

Over and above his advantage of exceeding good looks, Barry possessed, clearly, an extraordinary emotional gift. He exactly met and ministered to the prevalent

sentimentalism. In his mouth, balderdash appeared moving eloquence, he uttered it in such dulcet and harmonious notes. Thus, we read that when he played one of the frequent tragedies entitled *The Earl of Essex* (this one, by Henry Jones, the Irish bricklayer poet), and, in the character of Essex, pointed to his fainting Countess, and said, with his *voix d'or*, "O look there!" the whole pit of critics burst into tears as one man. We shall be less inclined to suspect this story of what was then denominated Zig zag if we call to mind what *larmoyant* days the three-bottle days were. We may notice, in all eighteenth century biography, that when any company of gentlemen "were all so much affected as to shed tears," it was usually soon 'after dinner.' Tears were in fashion, and it was easy to shed them copiously.

The melting climax was reached when Barry and Mrs. Cibber played hero and heroine together. They were the predestinate Romeo and Juliet, and, when Mrs. Cibber was ill, her lover not unreasonably refused to let Mrs. Ward, the 'half-baked pancake,' be his Juliet. Barry was the original Douglas, in the play that embalmed "My name is Norval." He presented the stripling shepherd (for which part his figure was 'too much') in a rich, puckered, white satin shape, concerning which identical get-up General Lambert in *The Virginians* vowed to Theo and Hetty that "it was the exact dress of the Highlanders in the late war."

The great parliamentary orators used to study Barry's acting for the secret of its noble pathos. His heart, says a chronicler, was his prompter, and, as he is said to have forgotten rules, and even forgotten vanity, in his stage *furor*, no doubt this was so. In 1758 and 1759, Reynolds, not yet knighted nor 'the President Reynolds,' painted him, and another work so little

characteristic of the master I never saw. Gout, that carried off Betterton, caused the death of Barry.

Henry Woodward was the most reliable of the Drury Lane seconds, and the least inclined to drift away periodically to the other house. Woodward was a comedian *pur sang*. He was the consummate Mercutio of the eighteenth century. His range is indicated by such characters as Bobadil, Petruchio, Parolles, the Copper Captain (Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*), Osric, Lord Foppington, the Beau in *Lethe*. Brisk, brilliant, brassy comedy parts were his walk, and there he was supreme. He infuriated Foote, the mimic, by mimicking him.

The most flamboyant buck in St. James's was a less elegant wearer of his clothes than Woodward, when, fashionably lisping "Capot me!" or "Repique the rascal!", he tripped in with his bagwig, muff, sword, red heels, *ailes-de-pigeon*, solitaire, bergamot-box, and rings, the wired pleats of his coat very much stuck out, and a small cane hanging to his fifth button. His fault was a tendency towards overacting, which Garrick did his best to chasten. The subaltern would accept his captain's hints meekly, but sometimes reverted to the corrupt reading. On such occasions, at rehearsal, it was on this wise—Garrick, *loq.* "Bravo, Harry, upon my soul, bravo! Why now this is —no, no! I can't say this is *quite* my idea of the thing. Yours is, after all—to be sure rather—ha!" Without bullying, Garrick had a wonderful knack of keeping his troupe in order.

On the stage, Woodward's vivacity was amazing; in society, he was 'serious and stupid.' He composed as well as played in pantomimes, and a pastoral entertainment, irreproachable, but dull, by him, is to be found at the end of Mrs. Bellamy's memoirs. It was creditable to him that, like Robert Browning, he could not sleep

o' nights if he had the smallest bill owing. "His dinner, good or bad, would not digest, unless he was certain it was paid for." This made it the harder that, in 1758, he should have lost his £6000 of Drury Lane savings in a co-managership with Barry in Dublin. At the age of sixty-three, Woodward died from injuries caused by his jumping on to a table as Scrub in *The Beaux' Stratagem.*

Something three parts priggish and one part Peck-sniffian clings to the memory of the elder Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley, and 'sole manager of the Irish stage.' Yet Mr. Sheridan senior (also known as old Bubble-and-Squeak) was, of course, a man of ability, and a considered actor, though in the pompous, inflexible style, and, both in Dublin in 1745–46, and at Drury Lane, fourteen years later, he and Garrick, playing together parts of equal consequence, drew crowded houses. Like Macklin at his British Inquisition in Hart Street, Tom Sheridan gave lessons in oratory. Also, it will be remembered, he issued, in 1762, proposals for the publication of a pronouncing dictionary (it was published in 1780), and thereby brought on his head some of the severest strictures Johnson ever lavished upon any man. *Lexiphanes Major* could not stomach the Irishman's vanity and quixotism.

Another offence to Johnson was Sheridan's presentation of a medal to John Home 'for having enriched the stage with a perfect tragedy.' He had promised him a night's receipts, but, finding Dublin would only stand two nights of *Douglas*, gave him the medal instead. Johnson, who hated to be reminded that old Sherry held a government pension as well as himself, was frightfully indignant at his presuming to give anybody a medal for anything. "A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. Sheridan had no right to give a

stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin." Thus, the Doctor.

On the minor players, who yet drank of the honey-draught (as one of them called it) of applause, it is impossible to dwell. There was Powell, esteemed next best to Garrick and Barry, who died (in 1769) aged thirty-four, of 'company, villainous company.' There was Mossop, one of the many Irishmen who have turned actors, Mossop, who fancied because he was an actor he could be a manager, "fell a victim to grinning poverty," and, but for a relative's eleventh-hour intervention, would have been buried at Garrick's expense. There was Henderson, 'the Bath Roscius,' on whom Garrick's mantle was said—by fools—to have fallen. There was King, the incomparable Lord Ogleby of Zoffany's splendid painting in the Garrick Club dining-room. There were Baddeley, who bequeathed to Drury Lane the Baddeley cake, and O'Brien, and Jack Palmer, and Weston, over whose Scrub, in *The Stratagem*, Lichtenberg was well-nigh as enthusiastic as over Garrick's Archer, and Gentleman Smith, and plain Smith, and Parsons and Dodd, Elia's 'wasp and butterfly of *The School for Scandal*,' and Bensley, and Quick, who was particularly excellent 'in misers,' and many another. Garrick they served, and of his train were they.

MRS. GARRICK

MRS. GARRICK

THERE is no foundation in the ascertainable facts of Garrick's career for the story which forms the plot of that unfailing load-stone of Snaresbrook, Penge, and Ealing, *David Garrick*. T. W. Robertson's comedy is a Britannic version of De Melesville's *Sullivan*, but its root idea, a stage glamour deliberately destroyed, has been referred to various actors besides 'Doctor Davy'—to Talma, Kean, Nance Oldfield, and Anne Bracegirdle—and dramatised again and again. It has been suggested that the Ada Ingot of the comedy may have been la Violette, afterwards Garrick's wife, herself; but, though the courting of Mrs. Garrick appears, at any rate, to have commenced with a proper modicum of impeded smoothness, owing to rather inappropriate aristocratic prejudice on the part of her guardians, it is extremely unlikely that, valuing her and himself as he did, Garrick simulated drunkenness in order to disenchant her.

No dramatist, no novelist could easily devise episodes more picturesque than were the actualities of Mrs. Garrick's girlhood. They open with a mystery. She was 'the reputed daughter' of a Viennese citizen, of the name—unhappily no more high-flown—of Veigel, for which her baptismal one, Eva Maria (she was, and remained, what was then called a papist), already somewhat atoned, till she herself gracefully Frenchified Veigel into Violette. While a young girl, she became

a dancer, and an extraordinary one. She was no mere *prima ballerina assoluta* of the Opera, but danced in a monarch's saloons and with the Imperial children of Austria. A half-length portrait of her, formerly attributed to Boucher, now hanging in the Stratford Shakespeare Memorial gallery, in which she wears an elaborate brocaded dress, with light leaves guivering in her *toupée* of powdered curls, shows her to have been a slim sylph, not quite a beauty in face, though 'prettish,' to use a word of the time, and enchantingly graceful.

After this proem of empyrean dancing, the Violette was suddenly sent away by 'King Maria Teresa' to England under a suitable escort—to remove her out of the sight of the Emperor, it is delightfully darkly insinuated. At all events, at the attractive age of twenty-one or thereabouts—she was born in 1724—she came from Vienna to London with letters particularly commending her to the attention of the Earl and Countess of Burlington. Another heightening touch is added to the young dancer's story by the fact that she travelled—like a Shakespearean heroine—in boy's clothes, for her greater security.

Arrived in London, Mademoiselle Violette took up her abode in that stately pile, then recently reconstructed, in Piccadilly,

> "Possessed of one great hall of state,
> Without a room to sleep or eat,"

which, later, gave place to the buildings that are now the scene of our artists' annual exposure, but was then the residence of the architect Earl of Burlington. She became, possibly, the *gouvernante* companion of his surviving daughter, subsequently Duchess of Devonshire, and, certainly, the pet of his eccentric and artistic countess.

MRS. GARRICK

Besides being an architect, the third Lord Burlington was a zealous patron of art. He tried to persuade the civic authorities to a design by Palladio for the Mansion House, but they declined on the ground that Palladio was a papist, and not a freeman of the city.

In London, Eva Violette danced in pastoral and heroic ballets at the Haymarket Opera House and Drury Lane Theatre, where her devoted protectress, the Countess, used to wait for her at the wings with a pelisse. William Wentworth, fourth Earl of Strafford, mentions her in a letter[1] written on March 27th, 1746, as follows: "She surprised the audience at her first appearance; for at her beginning to caper she shewed a neat pair of black velvet breeches with roll'd stockings, but finding they were unusual in England, she changed them next time for a pair of white drawers." An adaptable disposition, from the outset! Walpole pronounced her dancing perfection, and 'dapper George' went twice to see it. She was the fashion. In private life, her modest manner and pretty impulsiveness, her slight foreignness—in accent, always more than slight—her quiet sense, her discriminating taste in people, won her the most advantageous acceptance.

Among touches of romance not to be omitted it is recorded that, being taken to the Tower to see the prisoners, she implored, and was accorded, the life of a boy, appropriately named Wilding, who lay sentenced for having been out in '45, while in the first notice we get of her acquaintance with Garrick, he is dressed in woman's clothes in order, without compromising her, to slip a love-letter into her sedan—a Rostand-like incident, which must have taken place in 1747, two years or more after the actor's rupture with Peg Woffington.

[1] Quoted in *Pryings among Private Papers*. By the Author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, 98. 1905.

The fact that Mlle. Violette resided at Burlington House gave some colour to the popular supposition that she was Lord Burlington's natural daughter, and a contemporary actor and theatre manager, Charles Lee Lewes, relieves an otherwise tedious autobiography by embroidering on this *motif* a circumstantial and not uninteresting narration concerning her mother, whom he unflinchingly states to have been a young Florentine lady of family. The same enterprising writer makes a considerable amount of 'copy' out of what may well have been the fact, viz. that 'Signora Violette' adored Garrick before he discovered any distinguishing preference (to talk Eighteenth Century!) for her. It is not difficult to imagine that when, from her place in the boxes, the ardent young thing watched the 'well-look'd,' gifted, applauded Roscius, and saw, in the great moments of the scene, 'the God within him light his face,' she so far enacted the experience of Ada Ingot as to fall rapturously and deeply in love with him.

Long, according to Lee Lewes, Eva Violette 'let concealment,' and pined, and nearly died. In this extremity, her sorrowing guardians, who had in vain fed her on eggs whisked in chocolate, called in one whose name strikes oddly across so Watteauesque a love affair, Dr. Mead, that 'very top Physician' and bibliophile, the friend of Newton and of Bentley, who, said Johnson, "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man." The eminent leech shook his bushy wig, and pronounced the disorder beyond his power, 'or even that of medicine,' to remove. Upon this hint, Lady Burlington sought the confidence of her *protégée*, and the council ended with the Earl, her husband, opening to Garrick 'the negotiation of Hymen.' Previously, Lady Burlington (still, according to Lee Lewes) had sadly assured Eva Maria that Garrick was 'a young

fellow above her shot,' a statement opposed to the observation of Walpole and others, who report Garrick as held for some time at arm's length.

1747 was the year in which Garrick became co-patentee at Drury Lane, and there is no obvious reason why the patroness of Mademoiselle should have thought him not quite good enough for a girl who was herself a professional dancer—not even an actress. He was the idol of the public and one of the most talked-of people in London ; he was no '*poor* player ' (as Reynolds reminded Dr. Goldsmith) but already—at thirty—a moneyed man ; in fact, to use a phrase of Lady Sarah Lennox's, he might fairly have considered himself a fine catch for any Miss, even were she an earl's natural daughter. Lady Burlington probably assumed more reluctance than she felt. We learn nothing as to this knotty point from the Garrick Correspondence, published or unpublished. We only know that two years after making her acquaintance, on June 22nd, 1749, at 8 a.m., David Garrick was married at Dr. Francklin's Chapel in Queen Street (the modern Museum Street), and afterwards at the Portuguese Embassy, to Eva ' Violette ' (who wore a cream-coloured embroidered silk apron edged with guipure, now the property of a friend of the writer's), on which occasion Lady Burlington presented the bridegroom with a Prayer-Book, in which he wrote—

> "This sacred book has Dorothea given,
> To show a straying sheep the way to Heaven ;
> With forms of righteousness she well may part,
> Who bears the spirit in her upright heart."

In spite of these amenities Garrick could never get on with ' My Lady.'

From the moment ' Philomel ' appeared in the guise of Eva Violette, *ces dames*, Cibber and the others,

perceived that thenceforth they would be nothing more than the 'curious chanters of the wood.' In his wife was embarked Garrick's whole freight of love.

Besides the settlement he made upon her of £4000 (a substantial addition to her separate income of the interest on a mysterious £6000, annually paid over to her by Lord Burlington's son-in-law, the fourth Duke of Devonshire), his wedding present consisted of a silver tea-kettle and 'cadet,' a gift of happy domestic augury. Their honeymoon over, the wedded pair took up their residence at 27, Southampton Street, Covent Garden (the house has, since 1903, borne a tablet), where they remained till 1772, when they moved to the Adams' newly built Adelphi Buildings, 'warehouses laced down the seams,' according to the Gothic Horace, and, certainly, never wholly satisfactory as residences, seeing that the muddy Thames frequently flooded the cellars. Garrick self-complacently chose the part of Benedick for his first reappearance on the stage after his marriage.

His wife's titled connection probably helped the actor in society, besides securing for her, who might have been the artist's encumbrance, the impracticable little brown hen-bird, a share in his most fashionable invitations. Eva Garrick never had to suffer Mrs. Nollekens' galling experience that whenever persons of rank noticed her, it was only with the distant condescension of, "I hope Mr. Nollekens is well?" With marriage, her days of dancing in public ended, though the spirited grace with which, twenty-one years later, she trod a minuet was universally remarked at the Stratford Jubilee masquerade. By resisting all temptations to espouse an actress the actor-manager avoided the shoal indicated in the theatrical announcement, '*Ma femme, et cinq poupées.*'

The long eighteenth century presents no single picture more serenely bright than the home life of the

Garricks. Theirs was an interior such as Mr. Dendy Sadler paints—where, without children, a Darby and Joan sentiment is all the earlier manifest—and it affords, for the chronicler, a refreshing contrast to the loathèd stage, as it must most signally and inexpressibly have done even for the actor whose heart and happiness were so much in his work. Not one letter between Mrs. Garrick and her 'Davy' can be cited to evidence the sympathy and affection that existed between them, for the reason that during their thirty-one years' union he was never a day absent from her. They were like Shelley's lovers, they never said "good-night."

In Southampton Street, as, later, at the house in the Adelphi, Garrick was too near 'the Lane' ever to feel free from its perpetual bustle and intrigue, letters and petitioners. In 1754, he wisely purchased a 'box,' close to the Thames, on Hampton Common, which he refronted, added to, and made *une maison* (like printer Plantin's) *propre, commode, et belle*.[1] The house still stands—a long, narrow, drabbish structure of brick and stone, with a 'grand portico' and a pediment, close beside the London road to Hampton Court. By the kind invitation of its present occupier, Sir J. Clifton Robinson, the writer has recently visited Garrick's Villa. It is interesting from being little modernised. The low-roofed entrance lobby with its corner cupboards flush with the panelling is the same as in Garrick's day, and so is the medallion decoration of the staircase. The large upstairs drawing-room presents what must be a comparatively rare complete specimen of eighteenth century taste in its canvas-hung walls painted with subjects *à la chinoise*—pagodas, junks, and parasols—in colours now dark from bitumen, while the round-topped doors are encircled with

[1] Garrick's Hampton estate included 'the two islands or aytes on the river.'

trellises in painted and gilded plaster. Among dwelling-places of distinguished men of the past none should be surer than Garrick's of the immortality that records full of pleasantness ought to ensure. His villa had all the urbanity — 'the dalliance and the wit' — of Holland House, without its formidableness.

Madam Garrick was an enthusiastic planter, and, since it was an era of gardens, we may believe she made hers look pretty. In gardens, under the influence of Shenstone, Akenside, and Thomson, the formal had given way before the desire to domesticate 'landskip.' Groves had become glades, walls had been superseded by ha-has, and every ten-acred plot had its 'rural vistos' and its 'swelling banks.' In Garrick's *Lethe* there are allusions to the contemporary taste for ornamental 'wild' gardening — the serpentine walks and 'capabilities' of suburban Edens. It was, at first sight, troublesome for Mrs. Garrick that the high road ran between the villa and her river lawn. Garrick wanted to bridge the road, but 'Capability' Brown dropped in (probably from Hampton Court, where he was head gardener) and made a great suggestion. They must tunnel underneath. "David! David!" commented Dr. Johnson radiantly, "what can't be over-done may be under-done." So a tunnel ran under the highway to the part of the garden where that renowned, and still intact, toy, Garrick's octagonal Shakespeare Temple, took the place of an ordinary 'summer-shed.' It was there that the wine used to be carried out after dinner, on sunny evenings. Young Harry Angelo, the famous fencing-master's son, spending his August holidays from Eton with the Garricks, thought it first-rate sport to throw his hat at the swallows as they skimmed through the tunnel that, to-day, the Hampton Court electric tram whirs over. In Cradock's 'Strictures on Landscape

View *of the* Seat *of the late* DAVID GARRICK Esq^r *at* HAMPTON,
with the Temple *of* Shakespeare.

Gardening,'[1] 'Mr. Garrick's polished ground at Hampton' figures among the remarkable gardens of England.

The Temple was adorned by the unconvincing, but graceful—did not Garrick pose for it?—statue of Shakespeare by Roubiliac that, bequeathed by Garrick to the nation, now stands in the entrance hall of the British Museum. Garrick, who proved a critical and exacting client, paid his sculptor in ordinary three hundred guineas for it. Concerning this marble, Grosley, in his '*Londres*'—I quote from Mr. Austin Dobson's *Vignettes*, 3rd Series — made Garrick say, "Je dois tout à Sakhespéar: *si vivo & valeo, suum est;* c'est un faible têmoignage d'une reconnaissance sans bornes!" In the Stratford Gainsborough portrait (see pp. 81 and 328), so familiar through Valentine Green's 'mezzotinto' translation, a Garrick of heroic height stands embowered under the trees of Wilton Park, elegantly caressing what he would have called a 'busto' of the Bard on a term. It was, by the way, rather the thing for visitors to Hampton to 'drop' a verse in the Temple (see *The Annual Register* for 1758, p. 432) coupling, eulogistically, the names of Garrick and Shakespeare.

Among the many portraits of Garrick, the most agreeable (apart from artistic interest), and even touching, are those that depict him with his Eva, from the tightly executed representation by Zoffany, now at Stratford, in which a bland-faced gentleman sits playing piquet with an alert lady who shows the spectator an incredible hand of hearts, to Hogarth's lively picture, now in the Royal Collection at Windsor, in which Mrs. Garrick, dressed in bright yellow, playfully bends over the ultra-absorbed author-actor, and, in the interests, presumably, of his repose, steals his quill out of his hand. Henry Angelo mentions, in his *Reminiscences*, that she was ever

[1] *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs*, by J. Cradock, i. 58.

ready to take off her lace apron, and fondly spread it over his head after dinner, if peradventure he slept. In another conversation piece, by Reynolds, this happy pair are seen as plump, middle-aged folk, sitting on a garden seat, Garrick just closing a book from which he has been reading aloud; in another, the well-known Hogarth, Mrs. Garrick is seated among the company in the Drury Lane green-room; in another, by Zoffany, she is pouring her husband a dish of tea on their own 'enamelled lawn.' The last picture recalls the description of the two by 'the celebrated Hannah More' as 'laughing over their tea under their walnut-tree.' We may take it for granted that the wife was never ruffled by the protest hurled at poor Peg, "The tea, Madam, is as red as blood." Old times are changed, and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick now drive in and out to Hampton in their coach and four. A judicious amount of parade is part of an actor-manager's business. "How much is added to the Lustre of Genius, by the Ornaments of Wealth!"

A great many of the portraits were painted for love. They must have become all but a burden. Gainsborough complained that his—of Garrick alone—was disgracefully skied, 'only to consult your Room.' Nathaniel Dance (afterwards Dance-Holland) who was avaricious, and—or the anecdote lies—highly ungentlemanly, told Garrick he thought, after all, he must sell the portrait of him as Richard III he had just painted, to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who had offered a hundred and fifty guineas as against Garrick's hundred.[1] Garrick bit his lip, but acquiesced. Mrs. Garrick was sadly disappointed. A space on the wall had been cleared. "Think no more of the picture, in a short time you shall see a better one there," whispered her husband, and, next morning, when

[1] 'Rainy Day' Smith records higher sums, 200 guineas and 300 guineas, named to him by old Mrs. Garrick.

she entered the room, her own counterfeit presentment greeted her, in a tall, framed mirror, that had cost more than the agreed price of Dance's painting, put up in the place prepared for the latter. Garrick had a pretty, stagy way now and again, in private life, and so had Mrs. Garrick. 5 (now 4) Adelphi Terrace, decorated by Antonio Zucchi, 'Miss Angel's' second husband, gave the portraits no chance. The front rooms were too light, and the back rooms were bleak and cellar-like. There was only one really good room in the house, the front drawing-room. All the same, the site was highly esteemed; so much so, that, when the houses were first built, there was a lottery to dispose of them among a favoured few, Garrick being one.

With landscape-gardening, collecting had recently come into fashion, and Garrick's Villa, then known as Hampton House, was filled with gilt leather 'skreens,' japan, Dresden, bits of blue, and rare books, 'stupendously bound.' Garrick's bookplate represented a bust of Shakespeare, and, below, the motto, more practical than elevated, "*La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt. Menangiana.* Vol. iv." A Chinese coffee-pot belonging to Garrick, who left it to his friend, Ralph Bigland, the Gloucestershire historian, was sold at Gloucester in 1904 from the Frocester Manor collection. Garrick was the soul of nattiness and house-pride, and, as long as he lived, everything was exquisitely kept up. A statement in *The Times* of April 12th, 1830, that "the chairs, sofas, and chandeliers" in the villa "were unworthy a common tavern of the present day," probably only reflected the degraded household taste of 1830. It was after glancing round the treasures of the Hampton abode that Johnson restated, in his detached, capacious way, the eternal verity concerning the camel and the needle's eye.

"Ah, David," said he, "it is the leaving of such places that makes a deathbed terrible."

Garrick, characteristically, attended many more sales than he bid at. We learn from Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* that, at the Fleetwood sale, there was a curious old play—and Garrick was a notorious collector of old plays—that sold for twenty-seven shillings, and "was the only one Garrick did not possess," yet he only lifted up his histrionic hands and eyes at the extravagant price, and was not the purchaser. Burlesque auctions of books were among the parlour tricks with which he used to delight the Burneys.

In spite of her velvet-glove manner, Mrs. Garrick was popularly held to be a home ruler. The Manager had a temporising way of saying, "I'll speak to Mrs. Garrick," which was everlastingly quoted, and his excuse for being less ready with half-a-crown than some of his hangers-on would have liked, that 'Mrs. Garrick kept the purse and he often went about for weeks together with not ten shillings in his pocket' gave another opening for belittling anecdote. Most probably, 'the Queen' (as Sir Joshua's friend, Fitzmaurice, called her) was known to exercise a beneficent despotism, or Johnson would not have observed, "*He* durst not do such a thing. His wife would not *let* him!" when the hyper-respectable Garrick remonstrated with him for indulging in the celebrated nocturnal frisk with 'Beau' and 'Lanky.'

Mrs. Garrick loved a bargain. Garrick used to chaff her about a certain auction she went to with her maid, where she bought a quantity of table linen, and then, not quite liking to give the well-known name of 'Garrick,' there, gave instead, 'Potty Brice.' She intended to say 'Betty Price,' the maid's name, and the girl herself, amid a general titter, had to supply a more correct and less Germanic rendering. Mrs. Garrick never learnt to

speak English like an Englishwoman; Lord Lyttelton's sobriquet for her was 'Pid-pad,'—her way of pronouncing 'pitapat,' and, most probably, like the officious Moser at the first Academy dinner, she spoke of Boswell's Mentor as 'Toctor Shonson.' We know that she said to Fanny Burney, at Mrs. Ord's, "Do I see you once more before I *tie*, my *tear* little spark!" Nevertheless, she prided herself on her English, and was so indignant with the too informative Dr. Monsey for putting her right over a word when they were out driving that she would not speak to him again all day. Garrick, coming home to dinner, observed these strained relations. "Hey-day!" exclaimed he, "what, have you two lovers fallen out? Sure something terrible must have happened." When the matter was related, he had the boldness to side with his visitor, and even to tell the story of Potty Brice—points which serve to show on what excellent terms he was with his wife.

We read that Garrick only once in his life appeared on the stage 'overtaken'—no slight proof of the self-control of so great a diner-out, in 17—, when gentlemen went habitually with vineleaves in their hair—'jolly with the bottle,' as they euphemised it, and when a guest's refusal to 'fuddle himself through complacence' (as Fielding puts it in his great *Essay on Conversation*) was counted by many hosts as an insult. Of this type of entertainer Garrick evidently was shy, and said as much, or Murphy would not have written to assure him that Thrale's, where he 'stood engaged for Wednesday se'ennight' was 'a very easy house,' where he 'need not apprehend drinking.' As a matter of fact, however, Garrick made a rule of not dining out before he played. He told Percival Stockdale he did not dine at all on those days, but only ate some light pudding at two o'clock, or took a crust of bread and a glass of white

wine. On those days, moreover, he wished to see nobody, while, similarly, in the green-room, during a performance, he 'avoided social intercourse at the intervals of dialogue.' Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, became seriously estranged from Garrick in consequence of a rule the actor adopted in his later years to receive no letter or note in his dressing-room just before appearance.

The Hampton libations were moderate, even on guest-days. We hear of Lichfield ale in conjunction with 'a splendid entertainment,' but when that *gourmet*, Quin, came, Garrick would send him into the cellar to bring up, with due solemnity, his special Burgundy. A great wine. Regularly once a week, by the way, Mrs. Garrick, in affectionate memory of her Germanic origin, gave *sauer kraut*.

Miss Lætitia Hawkins, the daughter of Johnson's vilipended biographer and Charles Burney's unsuccessful literary rival, gives, in her *Anecdotes*, a good deal of more or less acidulated gossip about her Thames-side neighbour, Garrick. She describes him on one occasion hurrying over to Twickenham, in deep dejection, to consult the magistrate, Sir John, her father. An enemy had spread a report that Mrs. Garrick was about to leave her husband on account of his infidelity. No wonder the little man was upset. Mercurial being that he was, he became, before long, considerably more cheerful, and gave the Hawkinses life-like imitations of the way in which each of the Twitnamshire magnates would spread the sad intelligence, winding up with "the click of encouragement with which one gentleman would set his horse off again when he had disburdened his mind." It was Horace Walpole, of all people, who called the village in which he himself lived, 'untittle-tattling Twickenham.'

Garrick was no dresser, and, when someone came to the house, and saw him in the stable-yard mending the

wheel of his chariot, with an old scratch wig on, he was taken for his coachman. He positively rejoiced in this 'frightful scratch,' 'which nobody but himself could dare to be seen in,' and dropped over from Adelphi Terrace to those charming Burneys', in St. Martin's Street, wearing it, to the grinning amusement of the barber (then operating on Dr. Burney), whom he gravely asked, taking hold of the said scratch, "Pray now, Sir, could you touch me up this old bob a little bit, Sir?" On ceremonious occasions and for portraits, Garrick wore a wig with five curls each side. He brought the make into fashion, and it was known as the Garrick cut. Van Nost's bust of the actor was, by the way, in every barber's window, as a block for wigs.

In 1762, 'Roscius' had to resort to regular horse exercise, and was constantly to be seen, in his dark blue coat and small cocked hat laced with gold, riding 'a pretty pony' between Hampton and London. Though Garrick *said* all dogs were alike—'tenderness without ideas'—the Garricks loved dogs, and various contemporary memoirs contain allusions to Dragon, their Hampton house angel, to whom Hannah More addressed an ode. Mrs. Garrick's lap-dog, Biddy, was a constant playgoer, and always wagged her tail when Garrick came on the stage, no matter how much disguised. She made the Grand Tour with her mistress in 1763–65. 'Mrs. Biddzy's husband,' Sweet-lips, was another pet.

Garrick, in his last hours, told a friend he was not sorry he had no children, for, had they proved unkind, he could never have supported such a trial. Unlike Foote, who professed a veneration for Herod, he liked to see children about him. His high spirits made him rollicking company for them. His 'lovely half,' too, could always be young with the young. In a letter of 1770, Garrick writes: "The children [probably his brother

George's] with the great child (my wife) at their head, are all dancing and making such a noise, I can no more."

Garrick was very good to his brother George's children, and in Angelo's *Reminiscences* there is a pleasant story of how he and Mrs. Garrick came to Eton to give the two Etonian nephews, Carrington and Nathan, and also Garrick's friend Angelo's son, Henry Angelo, who tells the tale, a day off. They went over Windsor Castle, and finished up with a stunning blow-out, denominated, in reminiscence, 'a liberal treat,' at the Christopher, and recitations (David Garrick's) at dessert. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Garrick did not forget to tip the three boys a guinea apiece, whereupon young Angelo—with a nice boy's blush, we may be sure—handed his guinea back, stammering out that his father had made him promise never to accept money from anyone. His chivalrous obedience pleased Garrick. "I shall remember you for this," he said, and Harry was ever after in high favour.

Miss Hawkins says that when she was a small girl she used to be alarmed by Garrick's frown and impetuous manner, and contrasted him unfavourably with Johnson, who "was slow and kind in his way to children" (whom he called 'pretty dears,' and supplied with 'sweatmeats'), though the fact that Johnson kept little Lætitia standing first on one foot and then on the other till she was weary would not suggest that he retained any very Stevensonian sympathy with the nature of early youth. It was Garrick who used to chirrup *Old Rose and Burn the Bellows* as a duet with Colman's little tiny boy, Garrick to whom Dick Burney would run as soon as the door of the Queen Square breakfast-room opened and disclosed a visitor who at once called the child his 'bright-eyed beauty,' and, adds Fanny the chronicler, played with him with so much humour that she, for one, could see he was

DAVID GARRICK AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

DANCE DELINT., MARCH 16, 1771

"Mr. Garrick always considered it the best likeness ever made of him"

Note by W. E. Image, of Herringswell House, Suffolk, who married Kitty Garrick's Goddaughter

'extremely, nay passionately' fond of children. The fact, by the bye, that so many Burney and other anecdotes describe Garrick as at his gayest when paying what Madame D'Arblay, in her Johnsonese period, denominated 'very matinal' visits, proves that he was far removed from the type of actor that only comes to life at 8 p.m.

Stage folk have always shown a predilection for silver Thames, and, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the lovely reach between Hampton and Richmond was a particularly theatrical locality. There was Garrick at Hampton; Clive, Abington, and Pritchard at Twickenham; Bellamy at Richmond; and Woffington at Teddington. Colman, too, lived at Richmond.

The Garricks were surrounded by neighbours even more personally interesting. The Abbot of Strawberry was a visitor Madam could safely invite to meet any of her duchesses from town, for, though, for his part, Horace *le Fainéant* never could forget Garrick was self-made and a player, he might be depended upon to be original, quaint, diverting, while yet, in opinions on action, sound and high-minded. Lady Suffolk, dishonourably renowned, lived at Marble Hill, the mansion built for her by George II. Lord Mountrath was at Twickenham Park House, with a wine-cellar stocked by Swift, and a garden laid out by Pope. Samuel Scott, 'the English Canaletto,' and Hudson, the painting-teacher of Reynolds, both had houses in what Miss Hawkins might well call 'elegantly-inhabited' Twickenham. Reynolds built himself an out-of-town residence (Wick House) just beyond the Terrace, Richmond. The neighbourhood only just failed of including Dr. Johnson. Is not that singular and fruitless application he made in 1776 for apartments in Hampton Court written in the book of his life? Richard Owen Cambridge, Walpole's (and Mr. Austin Dobson's) Cambridge the Everything, was another

member of this cosmopolitan riverside community. At Cambridge House, in the meadows near Richmond Bridge, Garrick, 'the first man in the world for sprightly conversation,' as Johnson, in one of his deliberate moments, called him, was a frequent guest, and, while meeting there half the lions and lionesses of the day, still found his host so like-minded a husband with himself as to declare, "There is no sight so pleasing to me as seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter a room; and that after having been married to her for forty years."

It must not be represented that the Garricks only consorted with 'paying' people. One of Garrick's most amiable characteristics comes out in a letter he addressed to General Fitzwilliams, almost pestering him to exert his influence to obtain 'a small addition' (refused as a personal present from himself) for the old Vicar of Egham, Mrs. Garrick's gardening ally. "Any small preferment would make him look with pity on the Archbishop of Canterbury," writes Garrick, and goes on to give an affecting little description[1] of this Rev. Thomas Beighton that might well relate to a more immortal contemporary cleric, one Dr. Primrose.

Garrick was continually doing kind things for small people. Thus, among the multifarious subjects of the Garrick Correspondence, we find a letter of 1765, thankfully acknowledging his efforts on behalf of a married young man, an actor's son, ordered for execution for stealing a silver cup from a public-house. And, parenthetically, how sharply the incident brings us up, through all their gloss of polish, against the barbarity of the times! Also against the irrational survival of privilege —a petition signed by a nobleman could alone save the youth. Garrick interceded, represented, obtained the momentous sign-manual, and the poor boy was reprieved.

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 190, 191.

The Garricks were inveterate gadabouts. A candid friend—Lord Camden — accused them of being 'two restless people . . . always upon the stretch for conversation, and strangers to the pleasure of one day's solitude.' It is at least certain that both—to adopt Browning's fine phrase—were friend-making, everywhere friend-finding souls. They held to Johnson's opinion regarding invitations, that, however harassing when they arrive in dozens, "how much worse would it have been, if we had been neglected."

In his *rus in urbe* Hampton existence, Garrick, in the meridian splendour of his reputation,

'Great without patron, rich without South Sea,'

must have spent leisure hours as free from serious care as have fallen to the lot of any man. He had a keen spirit of enjoyment—how otherwise could he have been an actor?

That venal placeman, the Right Honourable Richard Rigby, writing to him from Mistley Hall, near Manningtree, describes the Hampton villa as 'the place in the world for true taste, good fare, and good company,' and Dr. Johnson, in 1776, spoke of Garrick as living (from the Bolt Court standpoint, *bien entendu*) more like a prince than an actor, and acutely added that had he not fixed upon himself in early life the charge of avarice he would long since have been reproached with luxury and with living beyond his station. Yet the Garricks were not unfrugal, as is evidenced by a remark made by John Hoadly, LL.D., Master of St. Cross, Winchester, who predicts 'a damnable hash' on September 2nd, since they are 'entertaining a great man' on the 1st. The easy, jolly, *tant soit peu* Rabelaisian letters of Dr. John Hoadly, who boldly avowed that he loved 'street humour, or any true humour, better than wit,' come, in the Garrick Correspondence, as agreeable breaks between the grumblings

and grievances of *MM.* Murphy, Cumberland *et Cie.* Hoadly stood to Garrick in the relationship of an old crony, and Garrick used to call him Hoadly Poadly, as he called Clive, Clivy Pivy, another friend, Haly, Haly Paly, and signed himself, Davy Pavy. It was his little language.

The Garricks' garden-parties ranged from an evening fête—with coloured lamps—to a hay-making that included a race of local old women. Occasionally, the guests failed to catch the fun intended in efforts of the latter class, and Malone recorded an occasion on which Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Beauclerk looked on coldly (as well they might) while an old man and a youth competed as to which could sooner empty a basket filled with stones. In London, Garrick liked asking people singly to breakfast, when his 'nymph' (Mrs. Garrick) attended to the wedding present kettle and 'cadet,' or frothed the chocolate, or, if the visitor were a theatrical applicant, posted herself behind the double green baize door that led into the adjoining parlour to listen to his essays in recitation. On Sunday mornings, Garrick held a sort of *levée*, and Northcote told Hazlitt a story of how Benjamin Wilson, electrician and painter to the Board of Ordnance, took his little daughter to the Adelphi Terrace one Sunday, promising he would give her the sight of the greatest stage-player in the world. The consequence was that when they were in the midst of the fine company assembled, the child ran up to him, and audibly inquired, "Father, father, be all these folks here all stage-players?"

We may be sure that however splendid and variegated the company, Mrs. Garrick was found by one and all very ready at the necessary conversation. *Sweet* Mrs. Garrick, as everybody called her, knew the true feminine art of keeping up the enchantment of life. With 'intellects' sufficiently masculine to be interested in whatever

MRS. GARRICK AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

DANCE DELINT., MARCH 16, 1771

interested her companions, she was not one of the tiresome clever women who are all asterisks and epigrams, nor was she of a studious and argumentative turn, disposed to dwell upon the subject of the Arian heresy, which Johnson rightly considered would be 'very troublesome' in a woman. Garrick's helpmate was a delightfully dependable, gracious creature, with smiles and tears near the surface, and purring, petting ways.

Mrs. Piozzi, writing, in 1789, of the unforgiving Blues, goes on, in her animated, metallic fashion—

"Mrs. Garrick, more prudent than any of them, left a loophole for returning friendship to fasten through, and it *shall* fasten; that woman has lived a *very wise life*, regular and steady in her conduct, attentive to every word she speaks and every step she treads; decorous in her manners and graceful in her person. My fancy forms the Queen [Charlotte] just like Mrs. Garrick; they are countrywomen, and have, as the phrase is, had a hard card to play; yet never lurched by tricksters nor subdued by superior powers, they will rise from the table unhurt, having played a *saving* game."

This, it should be remembered, is a 'character' of Mrs. Garrick seen through the spectacles of a lady socially eclipsed by her marriage with the music-master, and disposed to reckon others as, like herself, on the defensive. Mrs. Garrick's conduct was tactful by nature rather than from diplomacy; what, indeed, had she to be specially diplomatic about? That hers was an age of character-mongering, when people met almost confessedly to size up the absent, and such a question as "Pray, what was your opinion of Lady Ladd?"[1] would provoke replies as merciless as they were discerning, is abundantly illustrated in Fanny Burney's Diary.

To her husband Mrs. Garrick was infinitely more than to the outside world. His radical sweetness of disposition was trammelled by a singularly nervous temperament, and

[1] Lady Lade, Henry Thrale's sister.

over this she exercised the most soothing influence. "I keep my ill-humours at home, for my wife alone," said he. "She is bound to them, and so reconciled by long use that she can go to sleep in the midst of a good scolding, as a good sailor can while the guns are firing."

Garrick was the whole and sole occupation of Mrs. Garrick's life. No wonder that, in 1779, directly after she had lost him, Lady Sarah Lennox wrote pityingly of her to Lady Susan O'Brien, the actor's wife (born Fox Strangways)—

"I believe that if it is possible to give the name of love to an attachment at the end of above 30 years, she was in love with her husband. To nurse him when he was sick, & admire him when well, has been her employment so long, that she must now feel the most forlorn & helpless of all creatures . . . business she cannot have, for both her houses in town & country are so compleat she has not a chair or table to amuse herself with altering; half or 3 parts of her income are appropriated to keep up the houses, so she has nothing upon earth to do but to *vegetate*." During the forty-three years of her widowhood, Mrs. Garrick, as a matter of fact, let the Hampton villa lapse from its previous condition of apple-pie order into serious disrepair.

Four years after Garrick's death, a letter from Sir William Pepys to Hannah More contains this pathetic postscript, referring to a visit Pepys had been paying the widow at Hampton—

"While I retain my sensation of tenderness I shall never forget the tone of voice in which I was shewn *The dear horse*, or the attention to the Memory of its Master which suggested the thought of providing a companion to make its latter days less solitary."[1]

But Garrick is not yet dead, nor have we even traced him through some of his fullest years.

[1] *A Later Pepys*, ii. 226.

GARRICK IN HIS GREEN-ROOM— SLINGS AND ARROWS

GARRICK IN HIS GREEN-ROOM— SLINGS AND ARROWS

GARRICK is credited with having had a terrifying green-room manner.

> "The gentlemen stroll'd here and there
> Till Roscius came, and took the chair,"

says, concerning the Drury Lane Company, a contemporary poem, 'intituled' *Garrick's Looking Glass: or, The Art of Rising on the Stage.*

Cumberland, in conversation with Rogers, compared Ralph Griffiths to the keeper of a bridewell, because he edited *The Monthly Review*, and the similitude would equally have fitted Drury Lane Theatre, where actresses, no less than actors, when they became too unmanageable, discovered in 'little Davy' an unexpected backbone of severity. John Moody, hunting round the provinces, in 1772, for promising recruits, reports significantly to his master "[Mrs. Hartley] is ignorant and stubborn: the latter might be got the better of at Drury Lane, and the former amended."

Garrick himself, writing to Hogarth, described his managership as "the care of a large family, in which there are many froward children." In that large family there was perpetually to be taken into account the certainty of this one's spleen and that one's vapours. Whether it was Barry, hoarse and in the gout, Mrs. Cibber, troubled with her stomach complaint, or some-

body else, invalided by 'the' rheumatism, or fevers, both miliary and tertian, or by envy and hatred feigning these corporeal complaints, there was always a jibber in the team. If Barry absented himself from rehearsal, it was tolerably certain that, next day, Quin would not attend. Nor did the spare-horses—walking ladies and gentlemen—fail to contribute their quotum of cussedness, as the following, recorded by Samuel Ryley, indicates:—

Stone to Garrick. "Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*, and swears, Damn his eyes if he'll play to-night. I am your's, W. Stone."

The Garrick Correspondence abounds in glimpses of the petulance and pretensions of actors. "It is a shame and a reflection that my abilities should be excluded from the public," wrote one David Ross, against whom the Drury palace gates were temporarily closed, to David, King of Drury, and Ross's heart-burnings resembled those of a whole clan of his like. Garrick was inured to the announcement, "I shall retire from the part," followed, after two or three days' cooling, by a peremptory claim to resume it. No minds are "so soon hurt on the least frivolous occasions as those of the theatre," says Tate Wilkinson; and, elsewhere, speaking of Mrs. Glen who was subject to fits on the stage, he adds that many theatrical ladies and gentlemen were subject to them off the stage. "I have sometimes been so affected myself," says he, with a grin.

It is clear that Drury Lane's tempestuous petticoats, from 'that mixture of combustibles,' Madam Clive, downwards, led Garrick rather a life. When they could not get at him personally, they teased him with letters directed to his country house, till "'e'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me,'" he complained, and, addressing

one of them, Mrs. Palmer, wrote, the day after a Good Friday,

"I flattered myself that I should yesterday have been freed from any business of the Theatre on account of the solemnity of the day, and I little expected that Mrs. Palmer would have broken in upon it with a letter of altercation."

"I must desire every lady for the future, who shall be pleased to give her sentiments upon stage affairs, to address themselves to Mr. Lacy as well as myself, otherwise I cannot take any notice of them."

As his manner of referring to Good Friday exemplifies, Garrick always took high ground. His modesty never embarrassed him in uttering creditable sentiments, nor prevented him from expressing them grandiloquently. One of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy, and the intimate of half a dozen Right Reverends and Very Reverends, he had an instinct for propriety and appropriateness, and, no doubt, made—what he became in 1776 (to the mighty diversion of Mrs. Clive, who 'schreem'd')—as perfect a churchwarden as he would have made an ideal J.P. A mode of reading the Liturgy of the Church of England, 'so as to give the service the glow of animated devotional piety,' was promulgated as his. He was an essentially decorous person, and the extreme bohemianism of the stage of his day found no participant in him. He would have been *froissé* by the scene that scandalised the eccentric old Duchess of Queensberry, once Prior's Kitty, when, being inadvertently ushered into the Covent Garden green-room, she beheld a table covered with mutton pies, and surrounded by a profane and volatile company, with, in their midst, Peg Woffington, brandishing a pot of porter, and crying out, "Confusion to all order. Let Liberty thrive."

Garrick had no roseate prepossession in favour of actors in private life, and not many of them, except Foote and Quin, who went everywhere, spent week-ends

at Hampton. Late in Garrick's career, he wrote to advise Henderson to mingle with good talkers, and avoid solely consorting with the player tribe. Their conversation he characterised as too often 'poor, unedifying, common-place gabble.'

Mrs. Siddons recorded, not in an entirely unprejudiced way, the 'fulsome adulation' that courted Garrick in the green-room, and this comes out strongly in his correspondence, where we meet with numerous minor actors of the servile and hungry type. They wallow in gratitude for benefits already received. "Your letter has given me such spirits, that I have eat two rolls this morning, and swam a league at sea," writes 'Gentleman' Smith. The absurd Ross, being dropped by Colman at the other house, in favour of a man "who never spoke one line naturally in his whole life," implores Garrick to take him by the hand and place his abilities, on which he still harps, in the light he thinks best suited to them. James Love makes abject apologies for something he "had wrote unguardedly." Francis Aickin adopts so craven a tone that Garrick can only endorse his communication, 'A penitential letter.'

Garrick is credited, only too truly, with having swallowed flattery with a conjurer's avidity. An amusing story, discovered by the writer in an ancient newspaper—a quaking bog enough, as evidence, runs as follows—

"When Packer was young and engaged at Drury Lane Theatre at a low salary he was one day attending the rehearsal of a new play, at a time when Garrick was occupied on the stage in an interesting scene, and accidentally let fall his hat; a circumstance which much disconcerted the Manager, who on such occasions considered the smallest interruption as a very great crime. At the end of the scene he strutted in great wrath up to the offender, and was proceeding to pronounce the dreadful sentence of dismissal from the theatre, when Packer,' in humble guise, besought his attention for a moment.—'Indeed, Sir,' said he, 'I am not morally responsible for this act.—My

1. BEARD. 2. BADDELEY. 3. MRS. GARRICK. 4. UNKNOWN. 5. WOODWARD. 6. AICKIN. 7. MACKLIN. 8. "GENTLEMAN" SMITH. 9. MRS. YATES. 10. MRS. ABINGTON. 11. O'BRIEN. 12. DAVID GARRICK. 13. G. GARRICK. 14. HOGARTH.

told the Playgoers' Club that every actor-manager was the embodiment of meekness, humility, and self-effacement.

Garrick's scintillating, piercing eyes, the lustre of which unexaggerating Fanny Burney was sometimes 'really not able to bear,' were dreaded by offenders and the timid. His restless managerial mannerisms—hums and haws, and "hey, why now," "yes, now, really I think," etc., must have been disconcerting. We are given to understand that he did not disdain the artifices whereby other monarchs foster their courtiers' dependence on their smiles. We read of his studious non-recognition in the street of an actor out of favour, of his taking pains at rehearsal to make such a wretch unhappier by galling speeches, a continual frown, or supercilious laughter—"he would not condescend to settle the business of a scene without some mark of cool disgust." Intermittently, he would exercise, sayeth the deponent, that magical 'good-humour' of his which made the world all sunshine. Three kinds of memory are specified, good, bad, and convenient, and he is credited with the last.

Many spiteful asseverations of a similar kind proceed from Tate Wilkinson and Tom Davies. The latter, Garrick's first biographer, the husband of the 'very pretty wife,' told Dr. Johnson he left off being an actor on account of Garrick's temper. But poor Tom's nerves, it must be remembered, were not strong; he became confused for the whole evening when he saw Churchill in the pit, and testimony from him, one way or the other, is not particularly valuable. Beauclerk said (*à propos* to somebody this disaster had befallen), that he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies. The best thing we know of Davies is that Greatheart Johnson had a tenderness for him. He even wrote the first sentence of his *Memoirs of David Garrick*—no very inspired contribution.

In direct opposition to the statements made by small detractors, Mrs. Clive did homage (see p. 116) to Garrick's administrative sagacity and extraordinary patience, and another tribute, illustrating his friendly kindness to beginners, may be condensed from some quaint pages in the *Memoirs* of Tate Wilkinson himself, descriptive of episodes at Portsmouth. We see in what follows the intense gratification a young actor felt at being socially recognised by Garrick—

"On July 23, [1759] I acted Hamlet. As I was paying attention, in the fifth act, to Mr. Moody's Grave-digger, the manager plucked me by the sleeve, and said, 'Mind what you do, for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!'—It rather alarmed me; but having time before my entrance to reconnoitre, and not finding any likeness, I looked upon it as a joke. . . . The next morning I was waked by a messenger from the Fountain Tavern, with Mr. Garrick's invitation to breakfast. . . . I hastily equipped myself, and entered the room that great personage then graced, made my bow, and received a very hearty and friendly meeting . . . we were the most cordial, good, easy acquaintance that can be imagined."

"After breakfast we walked on the ramparts, and then went to the dock-yards; he was in such good spirits that he ordered a bottle of hock to be made into a cool tankard, with balm, &c. The heat was his excuse for so extraordinary a draught for him before dinner. . . . Whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw off acting and dignity, and was not surrounded by business to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving, and delightful companion. . . . He told me he was on a visit at Dr. Garney's, a gentleman of eminence who lived about eight miles from Portsmouth. Mrs. Garrick was there, and had sent him as a messenger, and Dr. Garney's compliments and her commands to insist that I would fix my own day, and give them the pleasure of my company, which visit they would all return: So, Tate, says my kind Mr. Garrick, mind you are well provided. This obliging invitation I gladly complied with, dressed in my best, and even of that he took notice, and said all was well except my buckles, which being large, and low on the instep, he observed were like a sailor's. I did not want for lace to make me a gentleman."

"Mr. Garrick received me at the Doctor's more like his son than a common acquaintance. Nor was Mrs. Garrick a jot less kind; she

met me as if a beloved relation had just arrived from the East-Indies. She was in truth a most elegant woman :—grace was in her step."

"My entertainment for the day (for I was at Dr. Garney's before twelve) was as if calculated to please a man of fashion. Mr. Garrick took me (for two hours) to every part of the house and garden worth observation, and to the high top of an observatory built by the Doctor for study, curiosity, and prospect. Mr. Garrick ran and skipped about like a lad of twenty. . . . After tea, coffee, &c. we finished the evening with playing at bowls on the green."

An agreeable conversation piece. When Wilkinson went off in his chaise, at ten, Garrick affably bespoke *Barbarossa* for the following Friday, with his visitor in the title-part. Next morning, to the young spark's chagrin, Mr. White, the local Garrick of the Portsmouth company, would have no such arrangement. "Why is Mr. Wilkinson to appoint a play for this Mr. Ga—ick?" Matters were patched up, it was arranged that *The Beggar's Opera* should precede an exotic exhibition by Tate, *scuola di* Foote; and all the genteel people of Portsmouth, hearing Mr. Garrick and his lady were to be there, crowded to the theatre. It was an immense relief to Wilkinson, when, half-way through the second act, the Garney party appeared, for both performers and audience (!) were accusing him of having collected them 'by way of a hum,' and Mr. White was furious at having played so much of Macheath, and Mr. Ga—ick not present. We may assure ourselves that, precisely as was the case when Mr. Vincent Crummles and his Company in their turn performed at Portsmouth, from the instant Garrick entered the house, "everybody played to the London manager."

The farce ended, the monarch player came round to insist on his *protégé* supping with his party at the Fountain. He also engaged Moody for small business at Drury Lane. After supper, at half-past twelve, the ladies were for retiring, whereupon the great little man

borrowed Tate's 'large handsome sea-captain's cloak' to escort Mrs. Garrick up the street—they were to sleep in Portsmouth—and, on his return, commissioned the flattered youth to procure him just such another roquelaure before leaving the town—it would save him many a sedan between Southampton Street and Drury Lane.

The frame of mind in which the narrator of this went to sleep that night we can imagine, in view of the fact that to be seen publicly walking arm in arm with Garrick made an actor in a middling line a man of consequence for days. This one was young, he was raw—just before, in relating how some benevolent person sent his coach to take him an airing after an illness, he exclaimed, 'Oh gemini, a *coach*!'—and he had suddenly been lifted into the Olympian circle over which Mr. and Mrs. Garrick presided! Tate Wilkinson counted no gossipy detail beneath his notice, consequently his voluminous memoirs have few *longueurs*.

It was frequently said of Garrick that he carried prudence to an extreme, and there was a good deal of malevolent folly talked about self-interest being his sole motive of action, as though he would have been more respectable had he made his theatre a failure. He had crowds of dependents, and his success meant their welfare. "I have known *one little man* support the theatrical world like a David Atlas upon his shoulders," Sterne wrote to him in 1762. In that year, there were a hundred performers at the Old House. Modern commentators, on the other hand, feeling unnecessarily bound to represent Garrick as an almost faultless man as well as actor, have been too sugared in their references to the magnanimity which made him subordinate every other consideration to the prosperity of the theatre. He himself irrefragably said, when, in one of his prologues,

he was excusing himself for giving in to the public taste for pageants and 'the vaulting Turk,'

"Our first great ruling passion is—to eat."

He made it the law of his life to please, at all events, before the curtain. Invariably to please on both sides is what no manager could ever hope to do. Certainly, Garrick made large profits in a theatre that ruined one lessee after another of those who preceded and followed him. Mention, moreover, should not be omitted of the dozens of actors, including Foote, his prime asperser, who were pecuniarily indebted to Garrick. 'The stingiest man of his time' as they called him, was, as Dr. Johnson testified, the most liberal in England. Friendly sentiments are not always the sequel of obligation.

Undoubtedly, Garrick was a sagacious man of business, a politic man of the world, a man of great natural amiability, and he found—and made—life an affair of perpetual compromise. He would have applauded Bishop Blougram's views as to cabin furniture. Sooner or later, he quarrelled, unfortunately, with most of the people with whom he was professionally associated, but, in all his quarrels, he was the easiest of enemies to appease — 'free from implacability,' says his first biographer, whose character touches often remind us how frequently he was privileged to 'sit under' Dr. Johnson.

There is no need to bother ourselves with a recital of Garrick's interminable unpleasantnesses and misunderstandings with more or less obscure persons. Somebody hinted to him something somebody else had hinted about him, his hyper-sensitiveness—the actor's flaming vanity —was set tingling, and an angry correspondence ensued. What a pity it is that those angry correspondences of eminent men deceased have not been, without exception,

interred with their bones! It is at least permissible on the commentator's part to forbear to dig the dust. There can be little doubt that the harassment of perpetual contentions was one of the causes that wore Garrick out before his time.

His anxiety to please, to stand well with people, not only led him into making half-promises—temporising evasions—which afterwards rose and gibbered at him, but the impulsive style of letter and personal interview with which he treated strangers—literary or histrionic applicants, frequently misled them, and pickled a rod for his own back in the future, when the once gratified, but now exasperated, suitors were looking for deeds. They had gone away to build Alnaschar's dreams on what he intended as airy civilities. Garrick was apt to pay people in a largesse of words, and afterwards rue his precipitancy, or, as it sometimes was, his inability to say 'no' till driven into a corner. In *Roderick Random*, Smollett (who afterwards repented, and made a handsome *amende* in his History of England) gave, in the character of Mr. Marmozet, an impersonation of these faults of Garrick's, exaggerated to caricature. After all, the charges against him only amount to saying that he was more diplomatic than straightforward, or—put mildly—that self-preservation was an afterthought with him, and, since precisely the same charge has been brought against every theatre manager that ever lived, there is perhaps no need either to labour the point or to place Garrick in any special Malebolge on account of it.

For the dispersion of bores and the importunate Garrick employed two formulæ, "Mrs. Garrick is waiting" and "You will remember Tuesday." Both fell short of the inspired valediction invented by Robert Browning, "I mustn't monopolise you." Jackson, the Edinburgh manager, describes Garrick's dismissal of a

theatrical candidate to have been after this fashion—"Upon my word, Sir, you have got merit.—And your conception—I like that last speech very well, exceedingly well indeed, Sir—Your voice too—I really think—But for this season I can assure you I am quite full—Leave your address with my brother George, and if any vacancy happens, you shall hear from him." No wonder if the aspirant, with the rosier portion of such a speech sounding in his ears, winged his way down Southampton Street, elatedly deciding that "should the infallible Pope Garrick quit the stage," he would "in a few seasons be able to supply the vacant chair."

Garrick always desired to *act* well his part, to justify himself on the surface in the eyes of impartial lookers-on. To them he played as to a gallery, and, as a result, we find how half-hearted, sometimes, were his offers of service to those who, like Macklin, for instance, had chosen to break away from him. Garrick lacked the simplicity of his friends, Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. He was not so great a man.

In our degenerate times, when an isolated hiss is beginning to be considered a grave breach of the politeness due to the performers, it is hard to realise the immense anxiety felt behind the curtain, *temp. Georgius Secundus*, to ward off 'the most disagreeable of all sounds,' as Mrs. Bellamy, in her Apologia, terms hisses. As often as not, the whole pit would indulge in these signs of disapprobation from the most frivolous and variegated motives. Thus, in Fielding's *Pasquin*, Fustian complains,—

> "One Man Hisses out of Resentment to the Author; a Second out of Dislike to the House; a Third out of Dislike to the Actor; a Fourth out of Dislike to the Play; a Fifth for the Joke sake; a Sixth to keep all the rest in Company," etc., etc.

The danger of a universal hiss—especially where

'Dislike to the House' was indicated—was its proneness to develop into rowdyism of a pronounced kind, including the hurling of serious projectiles, eggs, onions, and the oft-quoted Cha—ney oranges, no matter of 'chasing' on these occasions, when ladies of fashion in the 'railed in' pit, reluctant Danaes to the golden shower, had to keep ducking their heads to evade an ill-aimed missile. In Dublin, a hail of potatoes signified the wrath of the gods.

A manager never quite knew, when he entered his play-house in the evening, if, before he closed, there would not be a demolition of his property for which he would get little or no redress. Tom Sheridan, certainly, was offered—and refused—a pension of £300 a year in compensation for the havoc wrought, in 1754, in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, upon his refusing to allow Digges to reiterate some lines in Miller's *Mahomet* capable of an Anti-Courtier or Nationalist interpretation.

The indemnity offered to Sheridan was unique, while riots, on the contrary, were periodic. Theatre rows then somewhat resembled the election rows our grandfathers tell us of. The signal—after the ladies had been formally requested to withdraw—for the mohocks and their hired bruisers to commence operations was a lighted candle snatched from one of the sconces and flung upon the stage. Slash, went the curtains, and crash, went the benches. "The linings of the boxes were cut to pieces," says *The Annual Register* (vi. 58) in describing the 'Fitzgig' riot at Covent Garden Theatre in 1763. Scenery, looking-glasses, chairs, and all other valuables were wrecked.

In spite of his popularity, Garrick could not evade riots. The occasion on which the lordly footmen pelted the players with halfpence has been already referred to, but that was comparatively trivial. In Foote's *The Minor*, Shift, candle-clipper at the King's Play House,

Drury Lane, is hit in the eye with a crab-apple 'apply'd' by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland because he hated the French. This gibe refers to a riot that occurred in Garrick's theatre in 1755, respecting 'The Chinese Festival,' a spectacle on which Garrick had lavished 'a massy sum.' The anti-Gallican rioters insisted, as Foote indicates, on the withdrawal of certain specially imported and exorbitantly expensive Swiss and Italian figurants, because England was on the eve of war with France, and all foreigners were French spies. For five nights, Garrick's supporters, the gentlemen of the boxes, sword in hand, charged 'the bludgeon men' in the pit. We gather that no blood was shed, so, no doubt, they all thought it capital fun. Not content with breaking everything breakable in the theatre, the mobility, after receiving the management's assurance that the unpopular entertainment should not be repeated, trailed away to Southampton Street, and broke Garrick's windows as a delicate epilogue to the heavy loss they had entailed on his theatre. A few nights later, when Garrick reappeared as Archer, he was greeted with cries of 'Pardon! pardon!'

The hooligans expected him to go down on his knees. It was a critical moment. This time, at any rate, Garrick was no coward—perhaps, because his customary policy of conciliation had no time to get uppermost. With his foot on his native heath, he rose to the height of impersonation, and was less David Garrick, accommodating and pliable, than the consummate actor of some gallant and dignified character. He came forward under the girandoles, and, with all the self-restraint for which he was noted, expostulated with the disturbers of the peace, winding up by stating in a firm voice an inalienable resolve that, unless he were permitted

to perform his duty that night, he was 'above want, superior to insult,' and would 'never—never appear on the stage again.' He was in a strong position, he made the most of it, and, as he concluded his manly and temperate remonstrance, the house "broke into such a universal applause as shook old Drury."

Eight years later, the half-price riot,[1] directed by Garrick's malignant libeller, 'Thady' Fitzpatrick, threatened such serious developments that Lord Mansfield, before whom some of the offenders were brought, at the instance, not of Garrick, the greater sufferer, but of Beard of Covent Garden, told Fitzpatrick that if a life were lost, his own would be forfeit. In objurgating eighteenth century savageries, it should be remembered that the worst riot in stage annals took place in 1849, in New York, as a demonstration against Macready.

Not only did Garrick inhabit a whispering gallery in the home circle of his theatre, but he was perpetually plagued by satirists. It was an age of scurrilous pamphlets, full of proper names with stars in the place of vowels, and there was no reason, of course, why Roscius should escape slander any more than his greater contemporaries. On the theory that people shrink less from an imputation of vices than of their diminutives, his well-known weaknesses—self-advertisement, finessing, morbid solicitude to know what was being said of him—unfortunately made him a pat subject for pasquinades of a stinging kind.

It was less an evidence of obliquity than a tribute to eminence that the grim Junius addressed one of his newspaper Letters to him. Like others of the Letters of Junius, this specimen strikes a modern reader as impudent and bouncing rather than particularly incisive. "Mark me, vagabond! Keep to your pantomimes," and "It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared

[1] Referred to on p. 92.

to interfere with Junius" are not sentences calculated to do a well-established actor any grievous harm. Garrick's offence had been repeating to one of the King's pages, for the King's ear, the intelligence William Woodfall had given him that Junius's philippics were at an end. The reply Garrick sent, *viâ* the father of Parliamentary reporting, was more civil and explanatory ('Mark's way') than the masked ruffian deserved . . .

"I am told in most outrageous terms, and near a month after the supposed crime was committed . . . that if the vagabond does not keep to his pantomimes, every hour of his life shall be cursed for interfering with Junius. Is not this rather too inquisitorial for the great champion of our liberty? Now let us examine into the dreadful cause of this denunciation.—Mr. Woodfall, the first informer, informs me in a letter in no wise relating to the subject, without any previous impertinent enquiries [Junius's phrase] on my part, or the least desire of secrecy on his, that *Junius would write no more.* Two or three days after the receipt of yours, being obliged to write a letter upon the business of the theatre to one at Richmond, and after making my excuses for not being able to obey his Majesty's commands, I mentioned to him that Junius would write no more . . . so far was I from thinking there was a crime in communicating what was sent to me without reserve, that I will freely confess, that I wrote no letter to any of my friends without the mention of so remarkable an event. . . . I beg you will tell all you know of this matter, and be assured, that I am with great regard for Junius's talents, but without the least fear of his threatenings,—Your well-wisher and humble servant,

"DAVID GARRICK."

Garrick carefully attended to the latter half, at any rate, of the maxim of Sophocles' Ajax to treat a friend as though he might one day be an enemy, and an enemy as though he might one day be a friend. In the case of Churchill, whose panegyric of his acting in *The Rosciad* he had laughingly ascribed to a wish to get on the Drury Lane free list, he was terribly upset when 'the Bruiser,' who had no appreciation of lightness, 'fulmined' (in *The Apology*) a reply to the 'vain tyrant's' charge. Here was

a valuable ally, converted, by an untoward accident, into a foe! Far from smiling at the seriousness with which the critic took himself, and cursorily commending him to the Author of Evil, Garrick, as his manner was, 'approached' him, through a friend of both, Robert Lloyd, author of *The Actor*, a poem of some merit. Garrick's letter was brilliant, but that he troubled to indite one at all is a little regrettable. He was never prepared, in slang phrase, to stand the racket. He was too unfailingly addicted to the olive-branch and the flag of truce. Also he suffered from being one of the people who feel they have a gift for letter-writing.

His smaller assailants were legion. As Macaulay puts it, "there was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens, and the polecat John Williams." Paul Hiffernan of Grub Street, failing to coin his thoughts—he is credited with having coined the word 'impecuniosity'—tried what could be made out of 'criticising' Garrick. Even Foote warned Garrick against him, as 'a literary footpad,' but Garrick was intimidated, or cajoled, into giving the wretched creature a kind of retaining fee. There was Dr. John Hill, erroneously credited with Mrs. Glasse's *Art of Cookery*, who dispensed quack tinctures and elixirs, netted £1500 a year by 'literature,' and found it paid to style himself 'Sir' John Hill, in the same way as a Mrs. Somebody, mentioned by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, travelled about Europe in particular comfort, by dint of terming herself 'Lady.' Hill 'went for' Garrick in *The London Daily Advertiser* as Fitzpatrick, the ringleader of the half-price riot, 'went for' him in *The Craftsman*. There was no vestige of the decency of debate about these scalp-hunters. Many of them simply wanted to have their silence purchased.

In theatro sedet atra cura. At the same time, too much can easily be made of Garrick's supposed tortures.

A man can stand many petty attacks and vexations who is making a large income, who is the petted favourite of troops of aristocratic friends, who is the idol of thousands of playgoers. I frequently recall a sentence Garrick wrote to Murphy, in 1773, "I am too old *and too happy* to love altercation."

After all, the professed 'gentlemen of the pen,' as he euphemistically termed them, did not give Garrick a tithe the uneasiness his brother-artist and familiar friend, Foote, gave him. Being so abominably clever, Foote knew precisely what would rankle. Mrs. Garrick confessed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Northcote's hearing, that Foote's digs and distortions were a real trouble to her husband and herself. Sir Joshua, in his benign, invulnerable way, replied that they ought not to be disturbed, "as it evidently proved Foote to be the inferior, as it was always the lesser man who descended to envy and abuse." In fairness to Foote it should be said that he, on his side, was painfully jealous of Garrick.

"The poison of the honey bee
Is the artist's jealousy,"

wrote William Blake, one of the most original men of the generation after these restless souls.

"Mr. Foote was a man of wonderful abilities," said Garrick, "and the most entertaining company I have ever known." Yet when he and Foote were maintaining one of their intermittent periods of goodwill, he was never quite himself in the other's presence. The boisterous rudeness of Foote's buffoonery, and the apprehension of having it at any moment turned against himself, quenched Garrick's *finesse d'esprit*. He was so much the more civilised of the two, so much more a gentleman in grain. "Garrick," said Dr. Johnson, "is under many restraints from which Foote is free."

GARRICK'S CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS

GARRICK'S CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS

GARRICK had none of the good fortune of Richard Burbage in finding a series of new and magnificent plays awaiting his interpretation. He had not an Otway, nor a Congreve, to write for him, as Betterton had. Drama was at a low ebb between 1741, when he first took possession of the stage, and 1767, when Dr. Oliver Goldsmith wrote *The Good-natured Man*—which Garrick refused, at least, took no pains to retain.

Playwright and player should, properly, no doubt, be coeval, just as, to the audience in the theatre, given favourable circumstances, they appear coequal. When we look on at some poignant scene, exquisitely played, we experience an illusion that we cannot tell whether it be author or actor who has done most, and take refuge in much such an identification of the two as Rossetti arrived at in the case of Love-Lily:

"Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought."

No one could have received this impression during a representation of the majority of the pieces in which Garrick performed. Something, of course, must be allowed for fashion in appreciation and in emotion, and the pit that wept so copiously over *The Earl of Essex* would certainly have found Bernard Shaw inelegant, Maeterlinck 'Gothique,' if not *fogrum*, and Ibsen 'Cursed Prosy.'

Making all allowance for changes in taste, it is lamentable that some of Garrick's greatest successes outside Shakespeare should have been scored in contrived and saltless comedies and frigid *trash*edies. It is more lamentable that his judgment should have been so vitiated by the rubbish he somehow managed to vitalise that he failed to associate with his name the supreme *genre* excellence of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He fell, two or three times very deep, into the manager-actor's inevitable temptation to accept or reject a play according to whether he sees a leading part with plenty of *panache* for himself in it.

Between Vanbrugh and Cibber's *Provoked Husband* (1728) and Benjamin Hoadly's *Suspicious Husband* (1747) only one play appeared that contained wit enough to keep it sweet. The curiously pessimistic *Beggar's Opera* occupied the imaginations and exercised the ethical opinions of people for an extraordinary number of years. *The Beggar's Opera* was, in part, a *revue*. It satirised Italian Opera, and was, at any rate, supposed to satirise Walpole and Townshend. In the next generation, it was twisted into satirising Lord Sandwich for im-'peaching' Wilkes to the House of Lords, in the matter of the *Essay on Woman*, while No. 45 of *The North Briton* was agitating the House of Commons. The play is all along linked with history.

Originally acted sixty-three times successively (which was considered—*O tempora!*—a most phenomenal run) it spread over the British Isles, and was reacted again and again. It ruined Italian Opera; its leading actress became a duchess; its lyrics were printed on fans, its scenes on fire-screens. In 1759, when Miss Brent was the exponent of Polly, it secured another 'record' of fifty-two nights. It inspired Lillo's *George Barnwell*; and—longo intervallo—*Jack Sheppard*, in which Mrs.

Keeley was so victorious, was its lineal descendant. In the case of the latter piece, the sentimentality fostered by its idealisation of a felon was considered injurious to the morals of the rising generation, and the Lord Chamberlain put a stop to all plays upon the subject. Practically the same thing happened twice to Johnny Gay's masterpiece. The first time, *Sa Singularité* the Duchess of Queensberry was forbidden the Court for protesting against the prohibition of its sequel, 'Polly'; on the second occasion, the outcry levelled against it resulted in an application from the magistrates of Bow Street to request the Managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden 'not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society.' Garrick characteristically consented, Colman refused.

Mrs. Clive—no Puritan—stigmatised *The Beggar's Opera* as a most harmful play. Burke strongly objected to it, not because (as Reynolds represented—to evidence the crotchets of men's judgments) he could see no merit in it, but because he held the spirit that would treat crime with levity disastrous to good citizenship. That wayward fellow, Hazlitt, took a diametrically opposite view. He thought the acting of *The Beggar's Opera* a certain number of nights year by year had done more towards putting down highway robbery than all the gibbets ever erected. All plays, with the solitary exception of Shakespeare's, are bad to read, and eighteenth century plays the most so, but, even at our distance of time, the romantic glamour of Captain Macheath is ascertainable, though so little does Gay represent crime as a profitable profession in his Newgate opera that it is hard to believe any Sixteen-String Jack can have taken to the road a day earlier from seeing it. It would be much more reasonable to trace a national taste for fighting to the tin soldiers of the nursery.

Every dramatically disposed idiot in England pelted

Garrick with manuscripts, not once, but again and again, for the 'damned dramatist' was almost always 'a *revenant*.' Garrick employed Laureate Whitehead as his sifter, but went through a great number of the submitted plays himself, reading them in his chariot between Hampton and London. Dulness is a word that inadequately describes many of the tragedies he not only read, but consented to put in rehearsal. Their 'sheer longinquity,' as Mr. Meredith says of the Book of Egoism, "ages the very heart of us at a view." Their titles—such titles as *Regulus*, *Boadicea*, *The Banishment of Cicero*, are indicative of the absurd remoteness of their 'interest.' Who could work up to any lively sensation over personages named Zamti, Timurkan, and Mandane? Nor had these Orientals even the lees of their original discoverer Dryden's 'energy divine' to recommend them. Mrs. Thrale's friend, Dr. Delap, that undaunted[1] dramatist, deciding, rather than miss representation, to 'make a general rout and reform' in his play ('leaving out all the flat parts'), communicates his improvements to Garrick at portentous length, studded with such grotesque sentences as "Iolaus, who had been dispatching Hyllus, returns," "Hyllus, who has killed Eurystheus and rescued Demophon's son, comes in, and is upon the point of killing Demophon, *till the matter is explained*."

Such dramas may have been perfectly moral—and it is noteworthy that Georgian ladies did not need to go masked to the theatre, like the Caroline dames—but they were atrociously dull.

"We cannot blame, indeed,—but we may sleep!"

Goldsmith ridiculed them happily. From them, he says,

"I learn several great truths: as, that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain;

[1] See *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, i. 224-26, ed. 1904.

that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist heaven's will, for in resisting heaven's will, heaven's will is resisted: with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking."

It is not surprising that even a Garrick found it necessary to introduce Scaramouch and Harlequin from time to time. As Molière said (anticipating Johnson's weighty line), "I am manager of a theatre. I must make some money, as well as correct and instruct." Garrick was constantly insisting to these drear-hearted dramatists that the plot, the 'fable,' was the backbone of a play; that it was at least essential a play should have a plot, and of strength well maintained till the final curtain; that an ensanguined discourse was not a tragedy; that languor was a fatal defect; and, lastly, that "English names and an English story lapped round the very hearts of an English audience."

Moncreif, the perpetrator of *Appius and Virginia*, tried to reason him out of one, at least, of the above convictions. Garrick said Virginia was killed too early, and the fifth act only consisted in talking this catastrophe over. "Weel," retorted the tenacious author, "and, if such a thing had happen'd at Charing Cross, don't you think that all the coffee-houses in London wou'd have been full of it?"

In the case of the *naïf* Scot and other outraged authors, their argumentative capacity, as evinced in their letters, is out of all proportion greater than any dramatic capacity evinced in what it sounds like irony to call their plays. Yet Garrick acted in these impotent compositions, and shone in them. His mellow art put significance into their polysyllabic rhetoric, and it may even be feared he secretly liked the plays best that owed everything to his acting. He objected to Racine as an acting dramatist because 'he says everything, and leaves the actor nothing

to do,' and is credited with having remarked concerning his French contemporary, Préville, "His genius never appears more to advantage, than when the author leaves him to shift for himself." Such comments are significant. To an actor the dramatist's part of the business is no more than the skeleton text. As a rule, the public would take anything from Garrick, but once or twice, as was the case with Ralph's *Astrologer*, even he could not give the piece a fashion, and a second night proved so frosty that the few persons present had to be dismissed.

We can only regret that the age which witnessed the birth of the novel produced no resplendent persons of the drama. Had it been given to Addison to dramatise, instead of embalming, Sir Roger de Coverley, had Fielding launched Parson Adams into a play worthy of him, Garrick would have found superb opportunities in both.

On the day Arthur Murphy's adaptation from Voltaire, *The Orphan of China*, was first put up at Drury Lane, its splenetic author was dining at the Rose, close by, with Hogarth, Foote, and the ubiquitous Sir Francis Delaval, when a note arrived from Mrs. Cibber to inform Murphy she was offering up prayers for the play's success, hearing which Foote observed that since Mrs. Cibber was a Roman Catholic it was natural she should pray for the dead. Though his *Grecian Daughter* survived well into the nineteenth century, Murphy's tragedies are inferior to his farces and comedies. Of these, *The Way to Keep Him* proved a great success with Garrick and Clive as the original Mr. and Mrs. Lovemore. The piece was, indeed, 'so very well-wrote' that it earned the dubious guerdon of becoming a favourite with amateurs. Fanny Burney, at her Worcester uncle's, was one of the many nervous Mrs. Lovemores of the back drawing-room. Though Murphy borrowed his plots from the French, he showed himself something more than the mere free

translator. "I don't know," said Johnson, "that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatic writers; yet at present I doubt much whether we have any thing superior to Arthur."

'Arthur,' a lamb with Johnson, was a gadfly to Garrick. No one, says Wilkinson, with malicious glee, could so 'teaze' Garrick's 'soul and gall his gizzard.' A sadly large section of the Garrick Correspondence consists of the combative letters ('illiberal wranglings,' Garrick justly called them) of Murphy *Agonistes*; they are all so much alike that the student retains little more than two general impressions, the first, that whether the play under discussion was rejected, accepted, or managerially 'mangled,' Murphy wreaked upon Garrick his unique talent for ragging, the second, that the fiercest of his letters were written when he was on visits to the native land from which, like most of its men of genius, he was usually an absentee. Throughout his Familiar Epistles I have been unable to trace more than a single twinkle of humour, Irish or otherwise, and that occurs when, writing of *The Grecian Daughter*, he complains, "that damned fellow Shakespeare has forestalled all my good thoughts."

The one work of Murphy's which is still read—if any of it is read at all—is his *Life of David Garrick*. Published twenty-two years after Garrick's death, it is far less racy in phrase than Davies's memoirs, and its persistent softening of his own quarrelsome relations with his biographee gives it an air of worthlessness.

It was reserved for Rogers, who knew Murphy long and intimately, to make the best vignette of him *cum* Garrick. He depicts him talking about the 'mean, sneaking little fellow,' and suddenly throwing up his eyes and hands, and concluding, "But on the stage, Oh my great God!" It was the old man's *cliché* whenever the dead master was named.

Another regular member of the Drury Lane staff, though not, like Murphy, in the double capacity of actor and play-writer, was Richard Cumberland, D.C.L., and Cumberland, for the sake of his autobiographical memoirs, is the most prepossessing of Garrick's dramatists. Everyone curious as to the private lives of the later eighteenth century should read Cumberland's *Memoirs*. It is a book, like Tate Wilkinson's and the diverting Bellamy's, crammed with interest from cover to cover (as reviewers used to say), and the wonder is that, with the exception of a solitary reissue of Cumberland's *Memoirs* in 1856 in Philadelphia, no publisher has ever thought any of these works worth reprinting.

Cumberland was a born narrator, and, whether he is describing how he, his 'dear woman and the little boys,' made the thirty-six hours' crossing to Ireland, seated in their chariot lashed on deck, 'to save the nauseous smell,' etc., etc., or whether he is giving an account of the habits and customs—not forgetting the bed-hangings—of that tenth-rate Mecænas, George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, with whom Browning parleyed so unflatteringly, the reader cannot choose but wish to go on reading.

It would be less safe to allege that 'Cumbey,' to borrow Dr. Johnson's abbreviation, was a born dramatist. He had been a Wrangler and a Fellow of Trinity. He also wrote *A Few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ*, a tract which, in manuscript, almost persuaded Foote to be a Christian. If Foote was an infidel, as Johnson said he was, "as a dog is an infidel," the carrying through of such a conversion would have been highly creditable to Cumberland.

Cumberland swam into Garrick's ken about midway in the latter's career. The account he gives of the launch and unlooked for prosperity of his second, and

best comedy, *The West Indian*, has been rather recently quoted in a charming work, *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century*, by 'George Paston'—how he expected so little in the way of profits that he offered to barter them beforehand for a copy of an Andrea that hung over Garrick's mantelpiece, how Garrick made suggestions towards the improvement of the play, but misdoubted the aspect of the pit before four lines of the prologue had been recited, and told Cumberland he feared the snarlers would very soon be up to their larks, then how, after the author's nights, the Drury Lane treasurer came to Cumberland's house in Queen Anne Street with a huge bag of gold which he spread out on the table, refusing his usual fee, finally, how Mrs. Cumberland, entering shortly after, dipped into the heap to the tune of twenty guineas, which she there and then presented to the children's nurse—'a tribute justly due to her unwearied diligence and exemplary conduct.' The Miss Cumberlands grew up to be (in 1779) the 'flashers' of Brighton. Fanny Burney objected to them as a *staring* family.

Cumberland was for ever insisting upon his intimacy with the right people. He boasted that he "lived with Johnson, Garrick, Dodington, Soame Jenyns, and Sir William Pepys." As a matter of fact, neither the Gerrard Street set nor the 'Lytteltonians' allowed him to get beyond the fringe of their circle, and Mrs. Montagu would have none of him.

Though there was less of the Grub Street Hibernian about his epistolary manners than about Murphy's, Cumberland, too, was an exasperating, hyper-sensitive creature, apt at brewing teacup storms. He was the original of Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary, Fanny Burney said he changed countenance at either seeing or hearing of any writer whatsoever, and Garrick used to call him, what Melford in *Humphry Clinker* called

Matthew Bramble, a man without a skin. In the same well-known sentence referred to elsewhere in this volume, in which Garrick animadverted on Cumberland's complexion, he stated that his plays "would never do if I did not cook them up and make epilogues and prologues too for him."

A writer in *The Edinburgh's* precursor, *The Monthly Review*, for July, 1786, says of Garrick, "If he accepted a play, by his friendly criticisms the piece was often made better; if he rejected it, he convinced the author, by giving his reasons, that he had read the piece." But Garrick frequently did more for a promising piece than offer friendly criticisms. He spoke of a very little retouching, a few stage-tricks, urged that the play was deficient in bustle, or somewhat lacked the spirit of dialogue, the *vis comica*, the vein of pleasantry — and thereupon half rewrote it.

It is a fact of interest that he had a literary as well as a histrionic finger in a great many of the plays he billed for Drury Lane. The barren rascals of stage authors, when they got wind of his fertility, used shamelessly to apply to him for the very plots and subjects of their unwritten dramas. Not the least Francklin of them but thought he had a right to take up Garrick's time. If, after all, their plays failed, they rounded upon him with the assertion that his malicious alterations were the cause. Every disappointed dramatist in turn jumped to Samuel Crisp's conclusion that the reason of his non-success was that Garrick's soul was little.

Among the lesser folk who supplied the actor with his raw material—some of it very raw—was the Dr. John Brown, who, after producing his 'Estimate of Manners,' by no means the least acute and valuable of eighteenth century 'documents,' committed suicide because he could not reform the Russian Empire. Of

Brown's principal heroic tragedy Gray observed, "*Barbarossa* I have read; but I did not cry; at a modern tragedy it is sufficient not to laugh." It was fairly general in those times for a dramatist to publish his play in book form simultaneously with its stage appearance, a practice which soon afterwards fell into disuse, till revived of recent years. £100 to £150 was the sum the bookseller-publisher gave for copyright. The profits of the third, sixth, and ninth, or third, *eighth*, and ninth nights (when the piece was so fortunately long-lived), constituted—after deducting a charge of £73, 10s. for the use of the house—the author's payment from the theatre. Compared with the current rates for other literary work, a successful dramatist drew a real prize in the lottery, and we can scarcely be surprised at the desperate manner in which *strugforlifeurs* endeavoured to get their productions popularised by the prince of players. It should, *per contra*, be mentioned that acting rights were practically unknown. Failing a printed (or a purloined) copy, any poor devils in the country theatres could vamp a new play they had seen or played in, and even call it by the name of the original. Tate Wilkinson describes how he set to work on Sheridan's *Duenna*:

"I locked myself up in my room, sat [*sic*] down first the jokes I remembered, then I laid a book of the songs before me, and with magazines kept the regulation of the scenes, and by the help of a numerous collection of obsolete Spanish plays I produced an excellent opera."

Edward Moore, the elegant author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, is a name dramatically rather better worth recalling than 'Estimate' Brown's. Moore wrote, expressly for Garrick, a *prose* tragedy on gambling, in which Garrick, as Beverley, was declared to be 'most wonderful.' The harrowing pathos of the last scene of *The Gamester* afforded such an opportunity to a capable

actress in the part of the ruined man's wife, that once, when Mrs. Siddons appeared in it, Charles Young, who was playing with her, became so choked with emotion that she had to whisper, "Recollect yourself, Mr. Young!"

Reference has elsewhere been made to the successful production at Covent Garden of one of Garrick's rejected, *Cleone*, by the 'Master Robert Dodsley,' who started life as a footman and ended by 'drinking wine out of authors' skulls' as a prosperous publisher. Johnson's Imperial Tragedy, *Irene*, one of Garrick's accepted, which Fanny Burney found 'though not a good play, a beautiful poem,' may be described as a *succès d'estime*, for the customary reason that it escaped catcalls. In 1749, Johnson had not yet the ear of the nation. Two nights longer of existence were accorded to another piece that for all that fell frost-bitten. This was *Virginia*, by the Burney family's close friend, Samuel Crisp, the permanent 'P. G.' at Chessington Hall, near Epsom. The failure of *Virginia* seems rather pathetically to have helped to wither Crisp's hopes for active life, though by no means to the extent Macaulay's brief for that point of view would indicate. (See the very able Preface to *The Early Diary of Frances Burney*, by Annie Raine Ellis, 1889.) 'Fannikin' Burney described her 'Daddy' as 'the ever charming, engaging, beloved Mr. Crisp,' and to be thus esteemed should surely have been happiness enough for any elderly, unattached dilettante. There were so many clergymen among the dramatists that Murphy may almost be excused for tacking a 'Reverend' to Crisp's name in his Life of Garrick, though the same plea does not exonerate David Baker of the *Biographia Dramatica* for dubbing him 'Henry' instead of 'Samuel.'

That more than commonly anæmic tragedy, *The Brothers*, by *Night Thoughts* Young, was produced by

Garrick, but the audience gave it so faint a reception—'it was only fit to make an ice-house of a theatre'—that Young, who had promised the (three) author's nights' proceeds to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, very magnanimously made up the expected sum of £1000 from his own pocket. In spite of *Night Thoughts*, the Rev. Edward Young, D.D., was not a gloomy person in everyday life. He gave his parish, Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, an assembly room and a bowling-green.

Genuinely successful in the region of comedy were Hugh Kelly, with his *False Delicacy*, which ran a neck-and-neck race at Drury Lane with *The Good-natured Man* at the other house, and—fine feelings being in fashion and the play in the most approved 'handkerchief' strain—was translated into French, German, and Portuguese, and George Colman, 'the elder,' Covent Garden Manager 1767–1774, who was Garrick's collaborator in *The Clandestine Marriage* and *The Jealous Wife*, pulling by far the stronger oar. Even as a play to read to-day, *The Clandestine Marriage* is alive and interesting.

Garrick's theatre sometimes suffered through his feeling obliged to accept plays pressed on him by aristocratic friends. The days of the patron were nominally over, but authorlings, aware of the Manager's '*tendre*' for coach company and people of condition, practised on his weakness. Henry Fox and Walpole, at dinner with him at Holland House, talked him into reversing his decision against *The Orphan of China*. Crisp's *Virginia* would never have been taken but for the Countess of Coventry, the diviner of the Gunnings, bringing the MS. to Southampton Street 'with her own almost sculptured hand.' Garrick, though outwardly he went on silver slippers and walked the streets with applause, found his

felicity more than a little fretted by authors of all grades—

'Some known to famine, some to fame.'

In Hogarth's picture, there lies beside the Rake, at the penultimate stage of his Progress, a letter signed 'J. R . . h' (Rich of Covent Garden) consisting of these words: "S^r. I have read y^r Play & find it will not doe." Play-writing was a recognised resource of prodigal sons.

Even 'the cohort of the damned' was less persistent and less rancorous than the mimiambic poets whose work Garrick shunted altogether. Consistently overrating themselves, these gentry hated to have the light let in. In a speech on 'Pitt's Parish Defence Act,' Sheridan told the House of Commons an amusing story of Garrick and one of them, reported in *The Times* of March 7th, 1805:

"I recollect an anecdote . . . of a man whose public and private character was such that I should not be ashamed to mention him in any place. I mean Mr. Garrick. He had a Scotch friend named Macrea, who was known among his companions by the appellation of honest Johnny Macrea. Honest Johnny came one day with a Tragedy, in four acts, and presented it to Mr. Garrick, who, after looking it over, found it so execrably stupid, that he gave it him back, and told him that he had no talents in that way. Well, next year Johnny came again with a Comedy in five acts. That too is declined. 'Why, this is vera unkind, Douvid,' says Johnny, 'did na ye tell me that my genius did na lie in Tragedy?' 'I did, but I did not say it lay in Comedy!' 'Why then, mon,' cries Johnny, 'where the De'el can it lie?' (prodigious laughter)."

One day, Garrick would receive a letter, several pages long, from an Eton master, named Graham, turbulently pleading against his dismissal of *The Duke of Milan, a Tragedy*. This Graham, by the way, was the gross person, who, in the company of Johnson and Goldsmith, issued a post-prandial invitation, which Goldsmith inadvertently accepted, to be stunned by the rejoinder,

MRS. COWLEY, WHO WROTE "THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM"

"No, no, 'tis not you I mean, Doctor *Minor*; 'tis Doctor *Major*, there." On another date, Garrick was being pestered by the writer of an adaptation called *Dido*, an unblushing dunce, who, finding the Manager inaccessible to the argument that he had submitted the MS. to eleven competent critics, "And what was their judgment?" "Why, diametrically opposite to yours," began abusing him like a pickpocket, and threatening legal proceedings. In consequence, it is to be feared, of Mr. Joseph Reed's bluster, *Dido*, altogether against Garrick's better judgment, did not remain dumb.

The refusal of a play was almost uniformly treated as the deadliest of insults. Even dear, amiable Reynolds turned huffy for awhile with Garrick for cold-shouldering a nephew's offering. The result of a study of the playwright's acrimonious letters in the Garrick Correspondence is a conviction that it is impolitic in a Manager to praise —to his face or his friends—any living author, since such praise instantly sets the hive of the said author's dramatic ambitions swarming.

It must be conceded that Garrick kept his dramatists dangling in a torturing manner. Davies, in his biography, says he was apt to be too soon struck with anything that offered to his mind. He gushed—then, on reflection, repented, and wanted to withdraw. "This failing brought much vexation." Garrick was painfully aware that the man to whom nature had denied the power to write a likely play might yet sting with an essay, or bite with an epigram, and this was another reason why he practised a half yea and half nay policy, which, in the majority of cases, he had afterwards to regret.

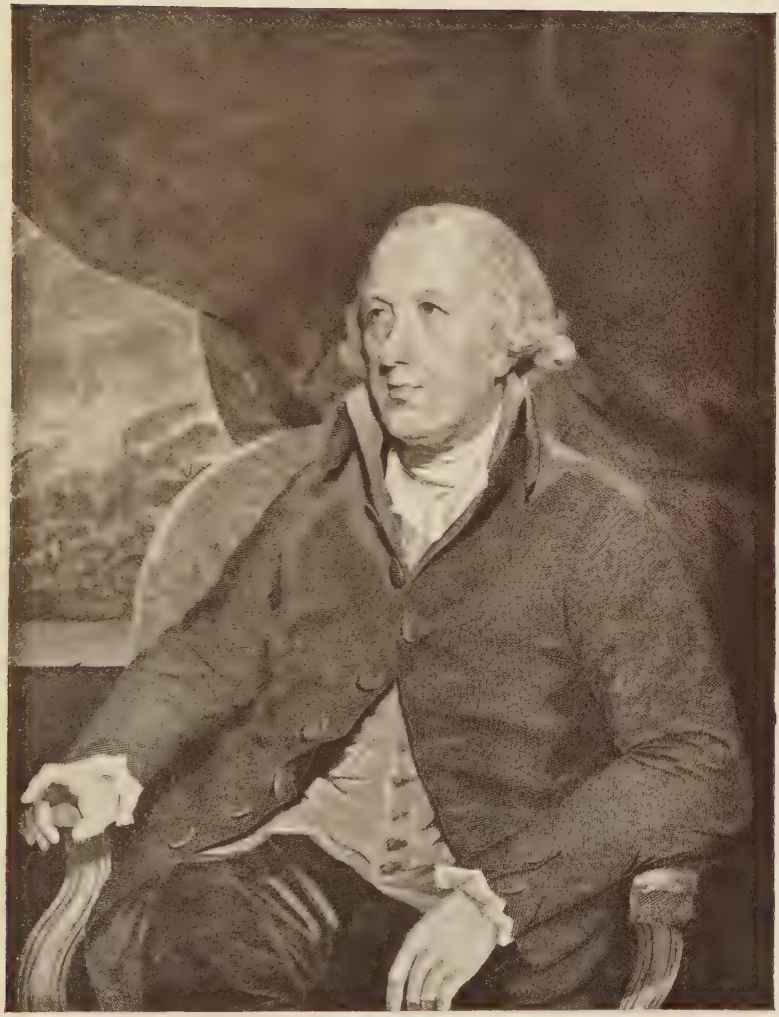
Lady dramatists grew on every bush. The best was Frances Sheridan, the delightful wife of 'old Bubble-and-Squeak.' Her greater son was indebted to her invention

for the first sketch of his Mrs. Malaprop, the Mrs. Tryfort of her *Journey to Bath.* Garrick said Mrs. Sheridan's *The Discovery* was one of the best comedies he knew. In 1763, he took Sir Anthony Branville in it, the last new part he ever played. His laughter-exciting *coup* as Sir Anthony was to utter the most impassioned speeches with the driest face and voice. Read to-day, *The Discovery* appears to need whatever Garrick did for it. Mrs. Sheridan's greatest success (next to being the mother of Richard Brinsley) was her novel, *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph,* in high compliment to which Dr. Johnson said to her, "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

There was an Elizabeth Griffith,[1] celebrated in verse by no less an organ than *The Monthly Review,* though in a job lot, it must be confessed, with eight other Muses. Mrs. Griffith, collaborating with Mr. Griffith, wrote *A Series of Genuine Letters between Henry and Frances,* a book Fanny Burney—at sixteen—vastly preferred to *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Mrs. Griffith was for ever importuning Garrick to produce her stage works. So was Mrs. Cowley, the authoress of *The Belle's Stratagem.* So was Madame Celesia; ditto, Mrs. Pye; ditto, ditto, Mrs. Latter. In his poem, *The Sick Monkey,* Garrick describes the genus thus ungallantly:

> "those
> Who show their genius in their dress,
> Whose inky fingers, unpinn'd cloaths,
> The slip-shod shoe, and snuffy nose,
> Denote their wit, and sluttishness:
> Who with a Play, like pistol cock'd, in hand,
> Bid Managers to stand:

[1] Not to be confounded with the wife of the proprietor of *The Monthly Review,* the Mrs. Griffiths who revised and corrected Goldsmith, besides feeding him on gruel.



THE REV. JOHN HOME, AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS"
("MY NAME IS NORVAL")

'Deliver, Sir,
Your thoughts on this
Before you stir'—
'*But, Madam*—Miss'—
'Your answer strait;
I will not wait'—
''*Tis fit you know*'—
'I'll hear no reason,
This very season,
AY or NO.'"

Usually, the applicant tried to strengthen her coaxing appeal by references to the needy state of her family, her fond anxieties as to her 'little cherubs,' etc., after the *Ewig-Weibliche* pattern. Garrick grimly endorsed one of Mrs. Griffith's suppliant letters:

"I see your tears, and hear your sighs,
Which ever female craft supplies,
To move a hard obdurate block."

Garrick declined *Douglas*, by the Rev. John Home, for the natural human reason that Mrs. Cibber's part in it would be superior to his. Even the temporary success of *Douglas* is an additional proof (on the principle of '*Parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi*') that the art of tragedy-writing was in abeyance during the eighteenth century. Over *Douglas* braid Scotland (with the exception of the Presbytery of Haddington, which prosecuted Home in the Church Courts) clapped its wings, and, encouraged by Hume, crowed defiance to yon Wully Shakespeare. Caledonia was very much Caledonia in those days, when Dr. Johnson gave over going to Dr. John Campbell's parties lest Scotchmen should say of his best pages, "Ay, ay, he has learnt this of Cawmell." South of Tweed, opinions were diversified as to the merits of *Douglas*. Gray said the author had retrieved the true language of the stage. Goldsmith ridiculed it; Tom

Sheridan thought it perfect; Johnson called it bosh, or words to that effect.

Home bore no malice against Garrick for rejecting his *Koh-i-noor*, but offered him subsequent tragedies, which Garrick accepted, and, when the Manager told him a comedy, submitted in 1773, was incorrigible, out-Davided David in his own line of horrified surprise, by writing, "If Shakespeare's statue at Hampton had pulled off one of his marble slippers, and hit me a slap in the face, I could not have been more astonished than with your letter." Home was familiar with little Roubiliac's garden god at Hampton. On one occasion he and some brither Scots, Robert Adam (Garrick's 'first of men'), Robertson, the historian, and Wedderburn, the political 'ratter', undertook to go down and teach Garrick to play golf on his own lawn. They arrived with their clubs, but, except that somebody drove a ball into the Thames, their exploits are unrecorded, and History is silent as to whether they lofted over the Shakespeare Temple hazard or played round it. They do not appear to have infected their host with the last infirmity of noble minds.

GARRICK AS AUTHOR

GARRICK AS AUTHOR

THERE can have been scarcely a moment of his waking day in which Garrick was not in full activity. We fondly fancy the eighteenth century as the time before King Leisure died; but Garrick, assuredly, was not one of his subjects. He was always bustling, always keeping up or pushing on ahead. He had the more arduous share of the Drury Lane management, he acted three nights a week—with a constant change of bill, dined out perpetually, paid calls, frequented the parks—was socially in evidence from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, yet contrived to spend a sufficient number of hours at his scrutoire to maintain, without secretary or type-writer, a wide, diligent correspondence, consisting, for the most part, of letters of painstaking length and deliberation. And somehow he found time to execute everybody's commissions, down to 'procuring to be set' to music, by Charles Dibdin, 'a little epigrammatick song' of Boswell's on matrimony. Garrick was one of the busiest and promptest men of his time. Apart from his specific genius, his tireless vitality is simply amazing. How did he bring everything in?

In addition to his other labours, we have to take into account the mass of literary work he got through for the stage and printing-press. The fact of his belonging to the literary class was always insinuated to him as a special compliment by his friends. According to Murphy, he wrote eighty prologues and epilogues,

besides turning out pieces and adaptations 'enough'—as Judge Jeffries said of Baxter's works—'to load a cart.'

With the exception of his youthful work, *Lethe*, a farcical sketch with little pretence at 'fable,' it is extremely doubtful whether Garrick produced one completely original play. He lifted his plots from the French—or the English; he was a clever adapter, and, with practice, became a particularly adept one. It is, by the way, a curious note of the period between 1740 and 1770 that French plays were then more decorous than the island article. Mme. Riccoboni, writing to Garrick from Paris in 1768, says: "*On ne supporterait point ici l'indécence de Ranger. Les très-indécens Français deviennent délicats sur leur théâtre, à mesure qu'ils le sont moins dans leur conduite.*"

Garrick's pieces 'need not detain us.' The four liveliest and most rattling are *The Lying Valet*, *Miss in her Teens*, *The Irish Widow*, and *Bon Ton*. Of the last, O'Keeffe writes:

"Garrick's farce of 'Bon Ton,' or High Life above Stairs, I never liked much. It was written as a set-off to the other [the head master of Merchant Taylors' *High Life below Stairs*], but bears too hard against the upper classes. . . . The satire . . . is more poignant than any that appears in the comedies of Colley Cibber, Congreve, Farquhar, or even Shakspeare."

It is odd to imagine Garrick, of all men, bearing too hard against the upper classes, but an inspection of the farce proves that its satire was not calculated to alarm patrician susceptibilities by any crudities of realism. There was little a girl could not take her eighteenth century mother to see in the pieces Garrick wrote. They all end well, and the author gives evidence of a definite desire to

"reclaim our youth
And set the passions on the side of truth,"

as the Bishop of Gloucester (Warburton) complimented him on doing. In *Harlequin's Invasion*, (1759)—which included a little known fact—as 'Heart of Oak,' the famous sea song, 'Hearts of Oak,' Garrick stooped to pantomime. For another December he made a levy upon Swift, in a *Lilliput*, played by children he was training, among whom Miss Pope 'commenced actress.'

It may have been observed that little space was devoted in the preceding chapter to the literary votaries of Thalia. Till Goldsmith and Sheridan arose, there had been for some years no comedians as reliably good all round as Garrick (especially when collaborating with Colman), and Foote. Garrick accepted many a bad tragedy, but, when it came to his own line of comedy, he rejected the best that ever came his way.

Rather carrying out Goldsmith's—and Voltaire's—contention that the rage for Shakespeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben had spoilt the market for new and original dramatists (for Whitehead, Francis, Glover, Mallet, *et hoc genus omne*), a verbose bore, John Cleland, urged Garrick to emulate Shakespeare, and produce a tragedy, but Garrick had too much sense to try the experiment. His *métier* was to fake, not emulate, Shakespeare.

It was in Garrick's version of *A Winter's Tale* that Perdita up to date, for whom 'O, Proserpina,' was not enough, introduced the song containing the unlucky line,

'They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.'

on which, when it had been misquoted to him by Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Samuel Johnson had a word to say. "Poor David! Smile with the simple; what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it?" The great Moralist, for his part, preferred to feed with the rich, and held precisely definite views as to what

sort of a dinner was fit, and what was not fit, 'to *ask* a man to.'

Walpole, when he had written his one play, replied to flattering ladies who whispered 'Drury Lane,' that Garrick let 'nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffered him to alter their pieces as he pleased.' Like the affronted author in *The Rehearsal*, he rejoiced that *he* wrote for persons of quality who understood what flame and power in writing was, and did not need to expose *The Mysterious Mother* to 'the impertinencies of that jack-anapes.' *The Mysterious Mother* was *lancé* in 'another guess' fashion. It was not vulgarised by association with the actual stage, but was issued from the Strawberry Press in an edition limited to fifty copies, and Lady Di Beauclerk made seven 'sut-water' illustrations for it, which hung on Indian blue damask in a hexagon room specially erected in the '*château de Straberri*.' Eighteen years later, at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Fanny Burney, being in waiting, met with a loan copy of the Horatian tragedy lying on Queen Charlotte's table, which the Queen graciously lent her. When she returned it, with indignant earnestness she besought her royal mistress never to look into such a horrible story. So much for superfine Mr. Walpole and the associations of the Indian blue damask.

In spite of the above, it was the fashion to describe Garrick as a fine judge of literature, 'as well as one of our best authors'—the particular words are Wilkes's, but equivalents may be found *passim*.

Boswell's moral patron, speaking from the diviner mind, gave generous praise to Garrick as a writer of prologues. "Dryden," said he, "has written prologues superiour to any that David Garrick has written; but David Garrick has written more good prologues than

Dryden has done. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such a variety of them." His whilom preceptor's praise of his prologues, carried to him, by busy Bozzy, to Beauclerk's, where he was supping, made Garrick as visibly happy as the ridicule cast on Perdita's lyric had visibly 'riled' him. The Manager for whose opening Johnson had composed the finest prologue in the language could appreciate the value of the old lion's commendation.

The making of prologues and epilogues was a distinct 'walk.' These rhymed appendages of drama were in their nature *vers d'occasion*, vehicles for seasonable allusion. Sometimes, a prologue contained a string of compliments to the hero of the hour. Cumberland won a favourable introduction to Garrick by his happy reference, in a Covent Garden epilogue, to

> "the celebrated strife,
> Where Reynolds calls the canvas into life,
> And 'twixt the tragic and the comic muse,
> Courted of both, and dubious where to chuse,
> Th' immortal actor stands."

Garrick, after his foreign tour of 1763–65, first reappearing on the stage in no backward response to a royal request, compared himself, in his prologue, to a veteran soldier—

> "Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
> For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
> Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest;
> 'Tis for my KING!—and, zounds, I'll do my best!"

Occasionally, a prologue was a lecture on manners. Once or twice, it was an epitaph. It was not infrequently a war-cry to t'other house. In Johnson's hand, the Thing became a trumpet. Nine times out of ten, the prologues deserved to be what they proved, 'temporary

poems'—to use one of the definitions Johnson, in the Dictionary, gave of the word 'grubstreet.' Garrick reeled his off with the utmost ease, but, far from being slovenly, they were, without exception, sprightly, spirited, and to the point. It was all knack with Garrick. The epilogue was usually spoken by the pertest actress available, and had to be of *sauce piquante* all compact. "Was a Lucretia the heroine of the tragedy, she was careful in the epilogue to speak like Messalina," said Charles Reade, with an artist's disdain for such incongruousness.

To the modern mind many of Garrick's prologues seem nothing short of vulgar in their determination to 'fetch' the gallery. Some are beneath all dignity autobiographical; others, unworthy bids for applauding grins, as where, in the character of a 'Country Boy,' in the Prologue to *Barbarossa*, Garrick came before the curtain with the words:

> "I could for ever here with wonder geaze,
> I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!"

But perhaps more than half the blame should be laid on the general bad taste, in many directions, of the age. Except in his special art, a man can scarcely be expected to be so far ahead of his time as to risk failure or flatness through omitting its current methods of advertisement.

Let it not be forgotten that we owe one of the humanest of our familiar quotations—

> "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind"—

to the last prologue Garrick wrote for himself, spoken at his farewell. Almost as good as that was the prologue he composed a year later for the comedy—by Mr. Sheridan, Jun.—he always called '*The School*.'

In his private capacity, Garrick had scribbled occasional verse from the early day when he confessed

to his 'Pappa,' enclosing a 'Satire on the old inhabitants of Lichfield,' that he had 'a little smattering that way.' In maturer years, he was ever ready to tune his vocal skill, and rhyme 'lilies' to 'Phillis,' or any other flower to any other 'fair, but frozen maid.' He was good at fables, strong on charades, a dog at a *jeu d'esprit*. "He excelled," says the excellent Boaden, "in the light measure of Prior." Even the elegant pen of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams was not more elegant. In the case of the well-known lines to 'lovely Peggy,' it was long uncertain which of the two gentlemen was their author. A stanza like the following is engaging in its true Garrick blend of pleasantry and politeness. Among the actor's poetical works it is described as 'Sonnet, left on the Dutchess of Devonshire's Breakfast-table, in consequence of calling on her Grace at Noon, and finding she had not left her Chamber.'

"'Past One o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.'

What makes thy looks so fair and bright,
Divine Aurora, say?
—'Because from slumbers short and light,
'I rise to wake the day!'
O hide, for shame, thy blushing face!
'Tis all poetic fiction!
To tales like these see *Devon's Grace*
A blooming contradiction.
The Old Watchman of Piccadilly."

Garrick's congratulatory verses on Johnson's Dictionary (1755), where he imagines his friend pitted against the dictionary-making *Académie française*, end upon a happy bluffness:

"And Johnson, well arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more!"

When Garrick was staying with Ralph Allen at Prior

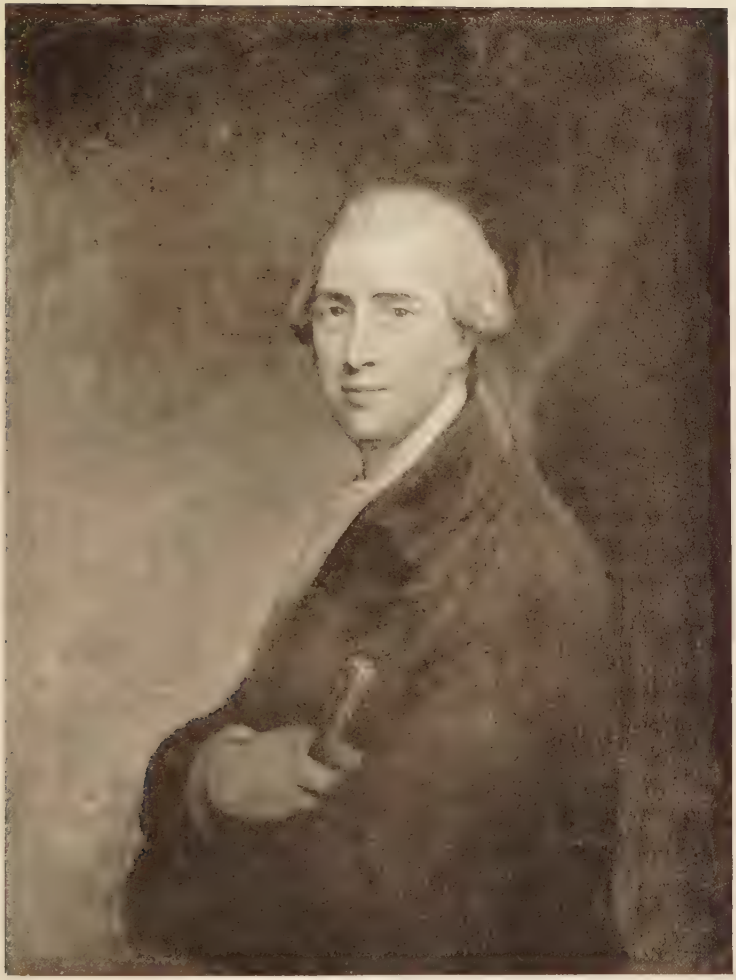
Park, Bath, he was, of course, asked to put a little something (subject, *Charity*) into the famous and beribboned Frascati Vase at Bath Easton. One of his 'petit extempores' was not only in, but on, that Grecian Urn, for it ran thus:

"The Vase Speaks.
For Heaven's sake bestow on me,
A little wit, for that would be,
Indeed, an act of charity."

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Miller did not confer the first prize on him for this somewhat daring criticism of his *convives*. His participation in her fortnightly diversion laid him open to being called—by Dr. Johnson—a blockhead for his pains. Johnson professed a poor opinion of his old pupil's Latinity, and, judging by his standards, the actor was, no doubt, *modicè doctus*, though he loved the classical tags we nowadays take so much pains to avoid, and knew how to make every syllable tell. The big man paid him at least one remarkable compliment, when he told him, in his jocose, wilfully unflattering way, that he had cited him in the Dictionary. [See the words, 'giggler' and 'nowadays.']

It is to Garrick's credit that he put on very little 'side' on account of his talent for society verse. He did not think himself a born poet in consequence, nor reverse, while repeating, the case of Molière, who is said to have considered his literary gifts less important than those he exercised as actor and manager.

Quin died at Bath, and Garrick's epitaph on him—not the lyric about embalming him 'with turtle fat and Bordeaux wine'—may be seen in the Abbey in which there is such 'snug lying'; his prose epitaph on Holland, the actor, can be read (in exceptionally bright weather) high up by the west door in Chiswick Church; while, outside, in Chiswick Churchyard, we may still plainly



A "GARRICK" BY GAINSBOROUGH

decipher his not inadequate inscription over 'HOGARTH'S honour'd dust,' an inscription Johnson revised, and then returned with the sage comment, "Thus easy is it to find faults, but it is hard to make an epitaph." Foote the Scoffer, when feasting on the firstfruits of £100, lent him, without security, by Garrick, said that Garrick's poetics were so bad—*and David so fond of writing*—that if he went off first the thought of an epitaph by him would add a new terror to death. Foote might have spared himself; his grave in the Westminster West Cloister lies undistinguished by any kind of memorial. Among the provocatives of *Retaliation*, the one 'grave epigram' (Burke's pun) that has outlived the touch of Time was Garrick's impromptu,

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

probably the best-known couplet in existence on a writer, though Piron's

> "*Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien,*
> *Pas même académicien*"

runs it close.

Garrick's compositions, in whatever *genre*, possess the merit of being clear, natural, and easy. Like Bonnell Thornton's periodical, they have 'just views of the surface of life, and a very sprightly manner,' though there is nothing earth-shaking, nor Johnsonian, nor even imaginative about them. What Boswell foolishly said of Goldsmith—that his mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil—applies genuinely to Garrick as an author.

Garrick's ode on the death of the Prime Minister, Henry Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle's brother and predecessor—

> "Let others hail the rising sun,
> I bow to that whose course is run"—

exhausted four editions in less than six weeks. Of his verse inspired by contempt or vexation, the neatest specimen is the quatrain dashed off for the benefit of 'Sir' John Hill, just after that quack's farce, *The Rout*, had been presented:

> "For physic and farces,
> His equal there scarce is,
> His farces are physic,
> His physic a farce is."

Less commendable was *The Fribbleriad*, designed to punish Fitzpatrick for having attempted to write Roscius down "in a certain weekly paper still existing, if it may be called existence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by those last resources of hungry ingenuity, falsehood and defamation." It was a pity that Garrick, writing anonymously about himself, did not keep clear of such phrases as 'our Stage Hero,' 'the little fashionable Actor,' 'the Puppet Hero.' In an after mood of regret he pleaded that he used them to confirm his anonymity, but he might have foreseen how soon that would wear thin, and the bad taste of self-laudation grin through.

There is an established tradition that Garrick was indebted to himself for the fine flower of his press notices. He was systematically persecuted by a cabal of newspaper scoundrels of the Fitzpatrick and Kenrick types, and, granted his in some ways quite Whistlerian disposition and his proneness to 'tricks that are vain,' it is highly probable that he kept the ball rolling. It has always to be borne in mind that no feeblest member of a third-rate theatrical company ever prayed more ardently to be made conspicuous than Garrick did. To this thirst was due that undignified production, *The Sick Monkey*, a fable modelled on La Fontaine (but 'what worlds away'!), which Garrick issued anonymously, in

1765, to herald his return to London, after his eighteen months' rest cure abroad. The poem, besides being unsuited to modern ears polite, gives a depressing idea of the humour of the period. It was intended as an assurance of successful relations at last established with the critics and criticules, but went off with no bang. Garrick was the sick monkey, and, as his biographer, Davies, says, the idea was his usual one of blunting ridicule by anticipation of it.

Except in the form of letters, Garrick left no occasional prose under his hand and seal. An able and sympathetic notice of the acting of Préville is one of the few extant pieces which may be almost certainly assigned to him. Another is the *Essay on Acting*, issued in 1744, where we find the author, in quite a Garrick humour, making frolic suggestions for the better staging of *Macbeth*, as follows:—

"*The Banquet* itself, which is suppos'd to be a *Royal* one, should not be compos'd of a few *Apples*, *Oranges*, and such like Trash, but of *hot* costly *Viands*, and large Pyramids of wet *Sweetmeats* and *Savoy Biscuits*; this would cast an inconceiveable Grandeur upon the Scene, and add greatly to the Horror of the Ghost.—*Macbeth* says, *To Night we hold a* SOLEMN *Supper*, Sir; which *Solemnity* should be preserv'd, by having several *Bishops* and *inferior Clergy* at the Table."

It was in this vein that Garrick, many years later, used to run on when he was with his giggling young adorers of the *casa* Burney. One of the secrets of his unparalleled fascination was his willingness to be himself, *i.e.* the actor, in all places. Not reckoning that quaint *farçeur*, Mr. Toole, who was always ready to play the fool delightfully, the modern actor, when he is a gentleman, drops the actor off the stage: this would have been altogether outside Garrick's instincts. His exuberance demanded a constant outlet and a perpetual audi-

ence, were it only Dr. Burney's maid, Betty, standing by Miss Charlotte at the street-door with the broom in her hand, "whose *cockles* were so tickled" by the caller's droll attitudes and way of expressing himself, she "burst out a laughing!—upon which he fairly caned her up a whole flight of stairs, desiring at the same time to know what she laughed for?" His endless variety of comic badinage rang all the changes on lofty bombast, ludicrous obsequiousness, anger, deafness, stammering, now a sarcasm implying a compliment, and, next, a compliment archly conveying a sarcasm. No one wanted to sit down to cards after the door had opened to admit Garrick. No one could be dull where he was. There can never have been his equal for annihilating the horrors of a wet Sunday.

Mimicry and acting are by no means synonymous, and not every good actor is a mimic. The mimic disarms, but the actor sympathises, and consequently gives, not only the manner, but the mind, with which, for the time, he identifies his own. The mimic works from outside, the actor from within, and a clever mimic is apt to be a superficial actor because he cannot see below the surface into character. Garrick possessed the smaller, the uncreative gift, as well as the higher one. His recitations and drawing-room turns—what he called his rounds, have already been spoken of, and it is clear, as we see by the instance of Dr. Burney's housemaid, that he did not reserve his imitative entertainments for "*uomini a' quali si conventa di fare onore.*" An actor in grain, he delighted in any sort of applause, and, at poor William Fitzherbert's,[1] when he was wanted indoors, was found outside in the yard reducing a black boy to convulsions of mirth by his lifelike reproduction of a

[1] The Commissioner of the Board of Trade who hanged himself behind his stable door.

turkey-cock and its ways. "Massa Garrick do so make me laugh: I shall die with laughing." When he went to Queen Anne Street (now Langham Street) the six little Cumberlands used to be drawn up in an infantry row for an 'undescribable' treat—Mr. Garrick's mimicry of turkey-cocks, peacocks, and water-wagtails. 'The British Roscius' could imitate everything on earth that had life. In *The Jessamy Bride* Mr. Frankfort Moore gives a brilliant impression, too good not to be true, of his hoaxing a party of his most intimate friends by appearing as Goldsmith's 'cousin, the Dean.' The reverse of Foote's, Garrick's mimicries were like the airs on Prospero's island, they "hurt not," and never made anyone his enemy. No chronicler states whether he ever tried his hand at Thrale, whose wife wrote of him, "He is a man wholly out of the power of mimicry," but his rendering of Johnson's "Davy is futile," was specially admired. It is scarcely surprising that the arch-holder-forth did not, for some time, want Garrick in 'The' Club. "He will disturb us by his buffoonery."

Dr. Monsey, the physician to Chelsea Hospital, was fond of telling the story of how, one day in Ludgate Hill, Garrick, whimsically inclined, suddenly left the companions with whom he was walking, crossed to the middle of the road, looked up into the sky, and said several times aloud, "I never saw two before." Very quickly a crowd collected. Several persons asked him what he saw. He made no answer, but repeated the same words. A man then observed that the gentleman must see two storks, as they are rarely, if ever, seen in pairs. This contented the multitude, till someone else said, "Well, but who sees one besides the gentleman?" Upon this, Garrick affected (we may imagine how admirably) an insane stare, cast his eyes round the people, and found a way to get clear of those who might be

beginning to 'smoak' him. In his own Strand neighbourhood, his gallery gods used to 'crowd about him in narrow streets, dirty crossings, and awkward nooks and corners,' says David Williams in a pamphlet letter addressed to him.

In 1756, Garrick confided to Warburton his design of writing the history of the English stage, but the idea ended '*in fumo*,' and Garrick continued better employed in making stage history than in chronicling it. That projected great work, *The Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, an Encyclopædia which was to pour guineas into the pockets of Goldsmith (as general editor) never reached fruition. Garrick's name was down for the article on Acting—would we had it! Johnson was to take Ethics; Reynolds, Painting; Dr. Burney, F.R.S., Music. Burney the indefatigable got as far as the rough draft of his paper, and read it to David before eight one morning, but the enterprise was cut short by Goldsmith's death in the following year.

The 'biographical, anecdotical memorandummer' (I quote Fanny Burney), touring with Johnson in the Hebrides, found at Inverary a letter from Garrick, which he describes as a regale as agreeable as a pine-apple would be in a desert. Though Garrick's letters were not invariably of this pine-apple order, there is something distinguished in almost every letter he wrote. Even the poorest is written in the wide and reasonable spirit which was in his case nature, even if nature to advantage dressed.

'THE CLUB' AND THE LITERARY SET

'THE CLUB' AND THE LITERARY SET

RECORDS of Garrick's more intimate association with men of light and leading outside 'the profession' belong, as would be expected, to his later period, after he had fully acquired, with fame, confidence, and had earned some true leisure. A slight survey of the distinguished society, at first sufficiently known as The Club, next designated — at about the date when it ceased to be determinately literary—the Literary Club, and, nowadays—for it still flourishes—called again by its original appellation, is essential to our realisation of Garrick in his enjoyable relationships with the *âmes d'élite*.

Reynolds founded The Club in 1763, and it began its meetings in February, 1764, when it consisted of eight members—Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Langton, Beauclerk, Hawkins, Dr. Nugent (Burke's father-in-law), and Reynolds himself; or nine, if Anthony Chamier, then Secretary of the War Office, beloved by Reynolds, was included from the start. They had power to add to their number, and, at the second ballot, in 1768, it was decided to augment it by two, Samuel Dyer, a modest *littérateur*, whom everyone liked, having previously been admitted as a tenth member. The primal idea of The Club was that it should consist of a few men of such calibre, that, even if only two turned up, each should be abundantly satisfied with his evening.

Goldsmith urged further expansion. He said the members had now 'travelled over one anothers' minds.' This was an observation calculated to give Johnson 'fits,' and so it did; but the urbane founder agreed with Goldsmith.

By 1773, when Garrick was nominated, there were twenty members. In 1777, The Club was increased to thirty, and thenceforward became what Johnson, restive under the preponderating influx of 'bottomless' Whigs into a small society, said it was now desirable it should become, a 'miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men, without any determinate character.' Since 1780, down to the present day, The Club has comprised thirty-five members, with the resolution never to exceed forty. Among the ordinary (!) members during the last generation it is not uninteresting to recall the names of Gladstone, Tennyson, Huxley, Lord Salisbury, Lord Dufferin, Lord Acton, and W. E. H. Lecky.

The Club was a supping (later, a dining) society, and met, originally on Mondays, at seven, at the Turk's Head Tavern, Gerrard Street, Soho (till the death of the landlord, in 1783), each member taking his turn in the chair. After the Dean of Derry had presented the members with a hogshead of claret, they were not above voting, when it was nearly out, that he should be asked, by the disinterested hand of Sam Johnson, to send them another. The Club fulfilled the definition of a club in Johnson's Dictionary—'an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions,' and, although the lexicographer himself said of it that everything might be learned by the conversation of the company, the impression we receive from the curiously slight and occasional reports Boswell and Langton have given of its symposia is not that the members were particularly Olympian when they collected round 'the brown table'

on their Monday evenings to eat stewed veal and pullets, and drink Dean Barnard's claret, but that they were extremely happy and *dégagés*. They made bad puns, and egged one another on to make worse; they delivered mock charges to new members; they encouraged Goldsmith to sing 'An Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket'; they spent a quite unconscionable amount of their time in inquiring into the contents of the tavern larder. They were giants at play, and their toast was '*Esto perpetua*.'

There was an assumption of corporateness on the part of The Club that affects us by the sheer pleasantness of its humour. The Club proposed, for instance, going down to Lichfield *en bloc*, to act *The Beaux' Stratagem* there in honour of Johnson and Garrick, whereat Goldsmith, the best poet, the best dramatist, the best novelist, and the best essayist of the decade in which these words were uttered, delightedly declared he was the very man for Scrub, the low comedy tatler and fool. When, in 1786, Dr. Burney allowed his daughter to be spirited away from her friends, and immured in the Windsor 'monastery,' William Windham cried he would set The Club upon him, adding, "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will eagerly assist."

On one point, the crime of non-attendance, The Club was, very properly, rigid. Two attendances in five weeks were the minimum permitted, and, in 1768, the Hon. Topham Beauclerk was temporarily expelled for remissness, even though he had as his excuse his recent marriage to Lady Diana Spencer (the second Duke of Marlborough's eldest daughter), sometime Viscountess Bolingbroke, a *divorcée* on his account.

Garrick's admission to The Club was not altogether an easy business. Colman, the Covent Garden Manager,

had been pointedly preferred five years before him, and, altogether, there had been the monition of a black ball —and a single black ball excluded a candidate—rather than a fanfare of acclaim. Most probably, the suggestion of opposition emanated from Garrick's old schoolmaster alone, but he overbore the meeker men, and, to some extent, turned into a monarchy what should have been a republic. Johnson could have wished to keep one last sanctuary undisturbed by the gay and galling presence of the little player-man who had been beside him at the starting-gate, and cantered in so far first at the post. This was not what he said, but how he felt. Garrick, for his part, should have known better than to say, when he first heard of The Club, "I like the notion. I think I shall be of you," a remark, proceeding from a member of the 'dancing dog' profession, that could not fail to stir the worst passions of the 'dear violent Doctor.'

For nearly ten years Johnson opposed Garrick's election, yet, when he died, he imposed a year's widowhood upon The Club, during which no successor to him was to be elected. His conduct towards Garrick in connection with Gerrard Street was illustrative of his entire attitude towards him. There is a good deal in Reynolds's idea (see Appendix B), which Boswell corroborated,[1] that, for old sakes' sake, he looked on 'his little David' as his property, to be eulogised or lapidated as the humour happened to take him. And Garrick's recorded behaviour to the despot makes for Sir Joshua's view. It was illustrated at the dinner-party at Boswell's, where he "*played round him with a fond vivacity*, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health he then seemed to enjoy." Is there not

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 622.

something here of the attitude of the timid type of schoolboy in the presence of his esteemed preceptor?

It was only once in a blue moon that Garrick rounded on Johnson. One night, however, when Johnson was indulging, *more suo*, in prolonged 'rhinoceros' laughter over some small matter that tickled him, but nobody else, Garrick, 'in his significant, smart manner, darting his eyes around,' exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!"

In spite of objections, Garrick, warmly supported by Goldsmith, and favoured, finally, by the dictator himself, was elected to The Club, and became a very popular member. Who could resist his genius, his spirits, and his desire to please?

On the same night, the Earl of Charlemont was proposed, as was also the husband of Mrs. Vesey, the lady who was so very much of a 'Soul' she often could not remember a thing so sublunary as her own name. There would have been more excuse for her forgetting her husband's baptismal appellation of 'Agmondesham.'

Vesey was recommended to The Club by Burke, as being a man of gentle manners, whereat Johnson interrupted, "Sir, you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough."

The same spring that saw the elections of Garrick, Lord Charlemont, and Vesey, witnessed also those of Sir William Jones, the Orientalist, and Boswell—the latter's after a most persistent canvass. Boswell was beside himself with elation at getting in. It was for him Johnson, in the following year, coined the word 'clubbable'; yet several of the members would have liked, had they dared, to have kept him out. Once in, however, he and they soon got into 'good social plight,'

to borrow one of his own expressions. His palpable follies raised the rest of the company in their own esteem, and his intrepidity of talk, whether he understood the subject or not, unloosed any more reserved tongues.

Between 1764 and 1784, the year of Johnson's death, between thirty and forty members were elected. Among them were Fox, Sheridan, and Windham, Adam Smith and Gibbon, Dunning, the great lawyer, whom Gainsborough found "the only man who talks as Giardini plays, putting no more motion than what goes to the real performance," and Lord Stowell, who could drink any *given* quantity of wine, Sir Joseph Banks, the traveller and man of science, Sir Robert Chambers, who, in '73, 'went a Judge' with six thousand a year, to Bengal, and Dr. Burney, F.R.S. A rich assemblage—the fine flower, say, of the Athenæum Club, an *Académie* in itself! Nor were half a dozen peers and three or four bishops lacking to give a flavour of hereditary prestige and sound religion. There was nothing vagabond about the supping club that met at the Turk's Head. It is worth knowing that, seventeen years after its foundation, it was strong enough to reject a Lord Chancellor (Garrick's friend, Camden) and a lord spiritual, Beilby Porteus, Bishop of Chester. Pervading The Club was a subtle, but certain, sense of equality between brains and rank, and it was this that made it the novel historical phenomenon it was. Of such diverse intellectual elements was it composed that, as Boswell said, a teaching University might have been fully manned from The Club alone.

If we accept *Ursa Major* as the principal planetary body of the Gerrard Street system, we must regard 'our good Edmund' as its far-shining meteor. For Burke the sublime and beautiful all the other lights

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE

of that little universe had an almost worshipping reverence.

Every one of his associates dwells on the 'magnificence' of Burke. He was lustrous without being metallic, he wound into a subject, Goldsmith says, like a serpent; he was at once serious and genial, he browbeat no one, and he was almost as willing to ring the bell (so he put it) to a friend as to pour forth his own encyclopædic amplitude.

Burke was a man of glamour, a pard-like spirit, and must be placed, in the ideal community—not The Club—with Socrates, Shelley, Newman, and the few more of whom the world can only be proud, never worthy.

Down at 'our ale-house in Gerrard Street,' as Beauclerk, who had a light touch, called The Club, 'Mund' Burke was on the most cordial terms with the three men, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, who were nearest his own size. Matched with the massive understanding of Johnson, or the sovereign mind of Burke, Garrick was a small terrier running with a mastiff and a bloodhound, though often, in sprints, the terrier was at least as alert and quick as his bigger brethren. In Garrick's company, Burke was at his happiest, and his warm-hearted letters to him contrast oddly, in the Garrick Correspondence, with two or three curt and distant notes from Johnson.

In 1769, under the same spell as other people, Garrick lent Burke £1000 to help to pay for the Beaconsfield estate, but the loan made no difference in the perfect freedom of their intercourse. 'Farmer' Burke remained Garrick's same 'Carissimo mio Edmundo,' who, in 1765, wrote to him from Gregories, "In all sadness we wish, Madam Burke, all with us, and myself, most hugeously to see you," called him, anent his verses,

"You little Horace, you *Lepidissime Homuncio*," offered him early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and clabber milk, and signed himself 'most sincerely and affectionately' his. In the last pages his failing hand wrote, he referred to his ever dear friend Garrick, then eighteen years dead, and said he was the first of actors because he was one of the deepest observers of human nature.

The lovable image of Goldsmith pervades The Club, and its brightest memories mingle inextricably with his name. Boswell's phrase about 'honest Goldsmith talking away carelessly' almost equals Griffiths' description of him as the 'not unuseful assistant' of the Monthly Reviewers, what time he was boarded in by Mrs. Griffiths on a starvation diet.

Goldy was born to be quizzed and utilised by the dull. His Irish brogue provoked their grins, his incorrigible habit of giving himself away by ready words and unready thoughts supplied them with numberless occasions for belittling report. That wise observer, Reynolds, was of opinion that he purposely affected silliness in order to 'lessen himself,' *i.e.* make himself not feared nor envied, but liked, a very thinkable refuge for sensitive amiability.

"Prithee," said Johnson—finding Garrick and Murphy at one table—"don't talk of plays; if you do, you will quarrel." He knew the tendencies of managers and dramatic authors. In spite of the relations between Garrick and Goldsmith being intermittently strained by dissonances incident to their respective callings, the two men owed each other many a merry, unembarrassed hour both at The Club and with the well-beloved Horneck-Bunbury group at Barton. The self-styled 'gooseberry fool' was exactly framed to stimulate Garrick's droll inventions, and we know how they could keep the

Suffolk party in fits of laughter over their combined presentation of 'Signor Mufti,' which, however, performed at Beauclerk's, only bored Walpole. "How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?" Horace was so darned superior.

Garrick was continually chaffing Goldsmith. When Goldsmith strutted about, calling attention to the ratteen, satin-lined suit and bloom-coloured stocking breeches—brand-new that day, but soon threadbare in story—it was he who struck in, "Come, come, talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst . . . eh? eh?"

However often he may have 'got home on' Goldsmith in the tierce and carte of table-talk, all he ever had wit to say dwindles compared with Goldsmith's lantern portrait of him and his player-soul in *Retaliation.* (See Appendix A.) It was not at The Club, but at one or more of the dining parties at the St. James's Coffee-house that the various shallow epitaphs on Goldsmith were produced which incited that chrysolite of unembittered character-drawing.

When the *schöne Seele* quitted earth, Boswell, for a moment serious and adequate, wrote to Garrick, "Dr. Goldsmith's death would affect all the Club much. I have not been so much affected with any event that has happened of a long time." The Westminster Abbey epitaph, the work of Johnson, contains one all-embracing line—

"*nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*"

Reynolds, whose social mission it was to put the best construction on everybody's sayings and doings, was the very person to sustain a club. People knew they could depend upon him—he was the same all the year round, as a friend expressed it—and, altogether, in spite of his pupil, Northcote's, occasional slurs, no one ever stood in greater danger of the woe pronounced

against those of whom all men speak well than the 'dear knight of Plympton,' as Dean Barnard called him in the pretty poem he wrote on the most prominent members of The Club. It is pleasant to think of Reynolds at the Turk's Head table, surrounded—as where was he not? by his sitters—with his trumpet to his ear, for there he must rarely have needed to shift it in order to defend himself from coxcombs.

The members of The Club were fairly outspoken with one another. Witness the opinion expressed to Reynolds by Goldsmith (who, by the way, was Honorary Ancient History Professor to the R.A.) of the former's overcharged portrait of blameless Beattie, with his *Essay on Truth* under his arm, and, at his side, Truth, the Angel, overpowering three demons with the physiognomies of Voltaire, Hume, and—it was thought—Gibbon. "It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character," said Goldsmith, indignantly, "to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last for ever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture, to the shame of such a man as you." Yet the lines devoted to Reynolds in *Retaliation*, the last Goldsmith lived to trace—ending on the unfinished half-line,

"By flattery unspoiled"—

are pure panegyric.

If Reynolds's deafness helped him, as Goldsmith says it did, to his suave equability, one can only admire him the more for making so sweet and unusual a use of such adversity. It is a matter for wonderment that he could find time for all his work and play, including the fixed engagements in Gerrard Street, and his own perpetual dinner-parties at 47 Leicester Fields, those dinner-

parties where, amid all that was first-rate in the company and the wit, glasses and knives were hard to get, and the *habitués* were known by the vehemence with which they called for bread, beer, or wine during the first course, knowing that these commodities would be unattainable later.

Dr. Burney was another busy worker who made time to come to The Club, though he was in general no evening rapper at people's doors. "If my father was disposed to cultivate with the world, what a delightful acquaintance he might have!" wrote the daughter who was as proud of him as he of her, but, with six children to support on music, Burney's leisure hours were few. His vitality was extraordinary. He went about giving lessons from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m. (only eating sandwiches between house and house in the coach), then wrote till four the next morning, and rose again at eight. A wearing time-table—yet he lived to be eighty-eight.

Everyone loved full-minded Burney of whom Murphy said that he was at home upon all subjects, 'and upon all so agreeable.' The musical doctor was so facile, gay, and sweet that 'the first Being of the Society' cried aloud, "I love Burney: my heart goes out to meet him!" He was one of the five authenticated persons[1] of whom the despot was ever known to beg pardon for a rudeness.

The very names of Reynolds and Burney seem to smile from the page as we read. Goldsmith was more overflowing with human kindness, but Goldsmith was ill-proportioned and unpractical, Burke was loftier and wider, but Burke went to pieces over the French Revolution, Johnson, the most heroic figure in the Long Gallery of the eighteenth century, was shackled by

[1] The others were Reynolds, Goldsmith, Dr. Barnard (the Provost of Eton, not the Dean of Derry), and a printer's compositor.

prejudice and deformed by caprice. Level-headed, polished, constant, Reynolds and Burney were the two serene stars of the galaxy.

In 1771, a presentation copy of Dr. Burney's *Present State of Music in France and Italy* went to Garrick, who had aided in its progress. The help had been of the nature of foreign introductions. Regarding music, Garrick was an outsider. He kept perfect time in dancing—dancing as lightly and nimbly as he fenced deftly, and with such infinite grace that for his great farewell he chose *The Wonder*, in which a country dance was the final 'feature'—but ear had been completely denied him.

There was one person who marred the clubbable one's Monday evenings—Gibbon. The "*fellow*" . . . "*poisons our literary Club to me*," poor James confessed to his friend, Temple. From the recorded opinions of other members of The Club we receive no corroboration of such deep dislike, though it is not hard to believe that the historian of the Roman Empire was sometimes rather trying in that little commonwealth. He must have had a tight, hard, self-complacent way with him. How otherwise could he have provided in his will—"that my funeral be regulated with the strictest simplicity. Shall I be accused of vanity if I add that a monument is superfluous?"

It was Gibbon who drew up the ultra-dignified form of notice of election to The Club, to be signed by the chairman of the evening, which is employed to this day—

"SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour to be elected a member of The Club.—I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient, humble Servant, ——"

In a letter, dated 1776, Boswell summed up The

Club's two great rationalists in his inimitable fashion, as follows:—

"The Dean of Derry, who is of our Club as well as Gibbon, talks of answering Gibbon's book. I think it is right that as fast as infidel wasps or venomous insects, whether creeping or flying, are hatched, they should be crushed. Murphy says he has read thirty pages of Smith's 'Wealth,' but says he shall read no more: Smith too is now of our Club. *It has lost its select merit.* He is gone to Scotland at the request of David Hume, who is said to be dying. General Paoli had a pretty remark when I told him of this: '*Ah! je suis fâché qu'il soit détrompé si tôt.*'"

Very few notes are obtainable of Adam Smith's deportment in The Club. He and Boswell's 'illustrious Friend' did not greatly love each other. Johnson was constitutionally incapable of appreciating a mind that found its expression in *The Wealth of Nations*. Sir Walter Scott's story, recorded in the Croker Correspondence, of 'the classic dialogue' that occurred at Glasgow between Smith and Johnson, must, unhappily, be discarded. Its place and date do not bear the shrivelling rays of Historical Research. Besides being phenomenally absent-minded, Smith was reserved. He had no inclination to give up to a party what was meant for mankind. He told Reynolds he made it a rule, when in company, never to talk of what he understood. Garrick, after listening to him for a time, as to one of whom his expectations had been raised, whispered to a friend, "What say you to this? eh? *flabby*, I think."

The Hon. Topham Beauclerk and the man with whose name his own will always be spoken, Bennet Langton, supplied The Club, in its innermost circle, with direct links between the literary class and the aristocratic class. Beauclerk had a king's blood in his veins—he was a grandson of the first Duke of St

Alban's, and "Langton, Sir, has a grant of freewarren from Henry II." The two were close friends—butterfly and bookworm, the man of breeding and the man of parts, and together they worshipped Johnson, and live in his fame.

Langton, according to a capable observer, "was six feet six inches high, very meagre, stooped very much, pulled out an oblong gold snuff-box whenever he began to talk, and had a habit of sitting with one leg twisted round the other, and his hands locked together on his knee, as if fearing to occupy more space than was equitable."

Langton paid exceedingly long morning calls, but his hosts never wished them shorter. Besides possessing what Wraxall called 'a most classic and cultivated mind,' he was a person of delightful manners. At his country seat near Spilsby, Johnson loved to stay, and be made much of, and have everything handsome about him. There was one drawback. Langton and his wife (she was one of the three extant, and eventually remarried, Countesses Dowager of Rothes) showed too great a partiality for the constant presence of their children. Johnson, like most grown-up visitors, would have preferred the little darlings in the background. It must have been to Langton, who had four sons, that the reprover of folly, remembering his own childish sufferings as a Prodigy, said, when invited to hear two of the boys recite Gray's 'Elegy' alternately, "No, pray, Sir, let the dears both speak it at once; more noise will by that means be made, and the noise will be sooner over."

When Langton died, in 1801, at Southampton, he was interred in St. Michael's Church there, with Johnson's celebrated wish, "*Sit anima mea cum Langtono*," on a marble tablet near the spot.

Johnson told Boswell that the quality of all others

he most envied was the ease of Beauclerk. Beauclerk warded off from The Club any shadow of heaviness. So rakish was his reputation that when Garrick heard of his becoming intimate with Johnson, he said, "What a coalition! I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Round House." 'Beau' had a power of caustic comment—he may have inherited it from his great-grandfather, Charles II—just on the hither side of maliciousness, which his fastidious good breeding held back from becoming insolence. He was no puppy, though, as Wilkes said, 'shy, sly, and dry.' "See him again," he advised when Langton 'enthused' about a well-known wit he had met for the first time, and, when Boswell was charitable enough to urge that, after all, 'Shakespeare' Steevens was a man of good principles, "Then he does not wear them out in practice," was Beauclerk's solvent repartee.

The pen would gladly linger over traits of Beau and Lanky. No geniuses, but gentlemen to the backbone, they seem to share somewhat the same moral atmosphere as the men we meet in the pages of Mr. Anthony Hope. Like his Lord Bowdons and Ashley Meads, they did nothing in particular, and did it very well.

Besides a 'box' close to Garrick in Adelphi Buildings, Beauclerk had a fine house at Muswell Hill, with a library—afterwards moved to Thanet House, Great Russell Street, that was sold, the sale occupying forty-nine days, at his death, 'greenhouses, hothouses, observatory, laboratory for chemical experiments [the enumeration is Boswell's] in short, everything princely.' In his last days, Beauclerk became a morose invalid, and all his friends commiserated his wife, Lady Di. When he died, he left her, they said, '£1000 a year—*and liberty*.'

Among the less representative members of The Club,

mention may be made of a reprobate one, Hawkins (not yet Sir John) since he was Dr. Burney's rival historian of music, Boswell's rival biographer of Johnson, and, as we have seen, Garrick's neighbour on the Thames. Johnson described Hawkins as 'a very unclubbable man'—the antithesis of Boswell, and, probably, he was only invited to join as an original member because he had been an original member of Johnson's old Ivy Lane Club. Johnson would do almost anything for a man provided he had known him a great many years.

Hawkins was by nature a chairman of quarter sessions, and nothing more, and Forster, in his *Goldsmith*, about reaches him where he says that his existence was a pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl. He was so unclubbable as to refuse to pay his share of The Club expenses on the ground that he did not eat supper. The Club excused him . . . and, shortly after, accepted his resignation. Some eighteen years later, having been first compelled by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Scott to disgorge various articles he had appropriated from Johnson's death-chamber as mementos, he charged his coach hire to Johnson's estate each time he had to meet those two co-executors.

Soame Jenyns was a somewhat interesting member of The Club, in that, like Boswell and Langton, he belonged to the growing order of cultivated country gentry. He was one of the Commissioners of the Board of Trade, and he wrote a treatise on dancing. He was also the author of *A Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757), a book that might have been sooner forgotten but for the trouncing Johnson gave it in *The Literary Magazine*. Jenyns was a flimsy optimist, who, from his comfortable nook in space, dallied with metaphysics. He knew nothing of the black side of life. Johnson did, and his profound honesty could not stomach

Jenyns's trim platitudes. With 'Pho pho,' or 'tilly fally,' or another of his formulæ, he marched out, and, in the wittiest review he ever wrote, all but annihilated the elegant inquirer into evil, who, however, rallied sufficiently to indite an anticipatory epitaph on his smiter, of which one line, at any rate, seems not altogether unfair—

'A scholar, and a Christian—but a brute.'

Jenyns was extremely unbeautiful, had eyes that "protruded like the eyes of a lobster," and a figure like "an ill-made pair of stiff stays." He atoned for—or heightened—these defects by smart dress. To meet the authoress of *Cecilia* he appeared at Mrs. Ord's in a court suit of apricot-coloured silk, lined with white satin. He was very 'conversible'—an excellent tea-party guest. He "told no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did," says Cumberland.

In 1774, there was added to The Club a member whose family associations would lead us, did space allow, into another complete circle of Garrick's intimates. This was Sir Charles Bunbury, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, who had the good luck to win the first Derby and the ill luck to fail in making the happiness of his beautiful wife, Lady Sarah Lennox, who might once have been Queen of England.

It was Sir Charles's younger brother, Henry William Bunbury, the caricaturist, who, by marrying a daughter of Captain Kane Horneck's widow, brought himself into the set in which Garrick was most lavish of his quips and cranks. The Charles Bunburys lived at Barton Hall, Suffolk, the Harry Bunburys at the small house close by, and at the latter those wonderful theatricals and Christmas junketings took place which the memory of Goldsmith enhaloes. Mrs. Bunbury was called Little

Comedy on account of her resemblance to the winsome Comedy in Sir Joshua's picture of *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*—it was a resemblance she shared with 'Offy' (Theophila) Palmer, the President's little niece, and also, according to Garrick, with Charlotte Burney, whom he called indifferently 'his own Reynolds's Comedy' and his little Dumpling Queen.

Everyone had a fancy name down at Barton. Mrs. Horneck was the Plympton Beauty. She had belonged to Reynolds's native place, and it was he who introduced Goldsmith, and, in all probability, Garrick to the family. Her lovely younger daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Colonel Edward Gwyn, who became one of George III's Equerries, was Goldsmith's own dear Jessamy Bride. Charles Horneck, the girls' guardsman brother, was the Captain in Lace.

Of other later members of The Club there is no reasonable excuse for speaking here. Fox and Richard Sheridan were very much bigger men than Jenyns and Bunbury, but they were less integrally members. Steevens told Garrick that Fox appeared to enter The Club when he had *nothing else to do.*

Among the many masters of arts with whom Garrick forgathered outside The Club three can only be selected for mention. There was no man, except John Hoadly, with whom he was on more genial, jocular terms than with Gainsborough. An entire letter, chosen for its shortness, will best illustrate Gainsborough's cordial liking for 'his Davy-boy.'

"BATH, *June* 22, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,—I ask pardon for having kept your picture so long from Mrs. Garrick. It has indeed been of great service in keeping me going; but my chief reason for detaining it so long was the hopes of getting one copy *like* to hang in my own parlour, not as a show picture, but for my own enjoyment, to look when I please at a great man, who has thought me worthy of some little notice;—but not one

copy can I make which does not as much resemble Mr. Garrick's brother as himself; so I have bestowed a drop of excellent varnish to keep you out, instead of a falling tear at parting, and have only to beg of dear Mrs. Garrick to hang it in the best light she can find out, and to continue puffing for me in the manner Mr. —— informs me she does.

"That you may long continue to delight and surprise the world with your original face, whilst I hobble after with my copy, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, Your most unaccountable and obedient servant, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"*P.S.*—The picture is to go to London by the Wiltshire fly-waggon on Wednesday next; and I believe will arrive by Saturday morning."

Gainsborough did not inscribe this for posterity, but it remains a pleasure to read a letter to Garrick from a man who was not vitiated by writing plays.

The proprietor of the 'fly-waggon' was himself named Wiltshire, and, as he never would accept money for taking up Gainsborough's Academy works, the generous, boyish artist—who delighted in giving away his pictures—used to make him many a present of a landscape—heirlooms only dispersed by Wiltshire's descendants at the Shockerwick sale in 1867.

There is a legend, not, perhaps, to be taken too seriously, that when Gainsborough first began to work at Garrick's portrait, the actor's 'original face'—or rather the pranks he played with it—half distracted him; for at one moment his sitter had a pronounced squint, the next he appeared 'as handsome as Lord Townshend,' the next he became an old man of bloated visage, and, again, in a moment, the figure changed, and presented 'the pinched aspect and withered features of Sir John Hawkins.' Garrick certainly deserved the mouthful of wholesome oaths that we need not doubt were hurled at him.

Knowing Reynolds and Gainsborough so well, Garrick

does not seem to have included Romney within his friendly circle. Perhaps no man could have won over that inscrutable shadow to lightness and merriment. We owe to Cumberland, one of Romney's first patrons, the story of how he took Garrick—hoping to interest him in Romney's favour—to his studio while he was still painting portraits at eight guineas apiece. When they arrived in Great Newport Street, Long Acre, a large canvas, representing a family of the same intellectual type as the Flamboroughs in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, caught Garrick's eye. He turned to Romney—

"Upon my word, sir, this is a very regular, well-ordered family, and that is a very bright well-rubbed mahogany table at which that motherly good lady is sitting, and this worthy gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject of the State (if all these are his children), but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success which I hope will attend you."

When Romney brought into view Cumberland's own portrait, Garrick observed—

"It is very well. This is very like my friend, and that blue coat with a red cape is very like the one he has on, but you must give him something to do; put a pen in his hand, a paper on his table, and make him a poet; if you can set him well down to his writing, who knows but in time he may write something in your praise?"

The brisk, commercially-minded, half-contemptuous art criticism might have emanated from a provincial mayor.

Hogarth was another painter with whom Garrick was 'exceedingly well,' from the days of his apprenticeship to the theatre onwards. In 1756, he was writing verses for the two prints entitled *The Invasion, or France and England.* The same blithe, bohemian spirit appears in the letter he wrote to the unidealising humorist concerning his own remissness as a caller as that which

animates the letters he himself received from Gainsborough. ". . . Since you are grown a polite devil, and have a mind to play at lords and ladies, have at you. I will certainly call upon you soon; and if you should not be at home, I will leave my card." Garrick's chameleon nature could approach men of the most various complexions.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne owed some of the best introductions of his brief but brilliant first London season to Garrick's kindly tact. He interested Garrick, as he interested—and partially fascinated—everybody he met, but that Garrick saw through him is suggested by the legend that when Sterne was fulminating against someone who had neglected his wife, and saying he ought to be hung up at his own door, Garrick, thinking of Mrs. Sterne left behind in Yorkshire, put in slyly, "Sterne, you live *in lodgings*." When Yorick lay down to die in his lodgings (their respectable whereabouts have been named so often that one shrinks from restating the address) Garrick was dining at 'Fish' Crawfurd's[1] with two dukes, two earls, and David Hume. They spoke of Sterne being ill. Let the host's literary footman, James, or John, Macdonald, 'a cadet of the house of Keppoch,' tell the rest—

"'John,' said my master, 'go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day.' I went, returned, and said, 'I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging—the mistress opened the door—I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse; I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five, he said, "Now it is come!" He put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.' The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much."

[1] John Crawfurd, man of fashion and M.P. for Renfrewshire, earned his nickname for the apparently insufficient reason that he possessed a 'curious and prying disposition.' (See Lord John Russell's *Fox*, i. 81.)

THE METHODISTS AND THE STAGE

THE METHODISTS AND THE STAGE

WE have seen what highly respected Church of England divines were socially hand and glove with Garrick, and what crowds of cassocks he included among his dramatists: we must now glance in a direction whence the profession he represented received something the exact reverse of compliment. Whether wrongly, or not so wrongly, the People called Methodist set their faces against the theatre. Not Rowland Hill, nor 'the great Mr. Law,' nor Jeremy Collier, nor even dismal Prynne abhorred contemporary drama more violently than they. They loved nothing better than to mount the stages erected at country fairs for strolling companies, and from them denounce playhouses as the devil's houses and play-actors as the devil's children. Wesley alone, less violent than his disciples, and for the love he bore Henry Brooke,[1] who wrote the tragedy, *Gustavus Vasa*, said that though he despaired of the stage of his time, he could imagine the stage being an agency for good.

Nowadays, when we think of the Methodist Reformation, we think first and foremost of its great head, ascetic John Wesley, that born administrator, who led the earlier Oxford revival of 1728 as, had he been born a century later, he would, assuredly, have joined and dominated the 'Movement' of 1833. We think next of Charles

[1] Author of *The Fool of Quality*, to which John Wesley and Charles Kingsley each wrote a preface.

Wesley, the Saint John to his stern brother's Saint Paul, and the composer of one of the most exquisite hymns the world knows, *Jesu! Lover of my soul*, as well as of the most poignant longer lyric his own various century produced, *Come, O thou traveller unknown*. We think, lastly, of George Whitefield, and of him as a being of an inferior order, an awakening preacher, but a far more temporary force, a tasteless Boanerges, a crude terrorist, only adapted to grimy-faced semi-heathens, like the Kingswood colliers. So, in the long run, intellectual calibre settles precedence.

In the eighteenth century, the order was otherwise. For one mention of the Wesleys in the ordinary secular memoir we get half a dozen of Whitefield, and this not only among common folk like Tate Wilkinson, but among persons of condition and curiosity. That high lady, the Countess of Hertford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset), writing from Marlborough to the Countess of Pomfret at Siena, to keep her *au courant* with things in England tells her what diversified and warm opinions her friends, Lord Lonsdale and others, hold concerning 'Mr. Whitfield.' He is a young man in priest's orders who has been to Georgia with Mr. Oglethorpe. Since that time, hardly a day has passed that he has not preached, generally twice. His journals (which Lady Hertford has been reading) give ground for the ordinary clergy's accusation of 'enthusiasm.' As for 'hypocrisy,' no, that must be a slander. The Bishop of London (Dr. Gibson) while thinking it wise to warn his flock against the revivalist and his brother-methodists, treats them personally with tenderness. (The Toleration Act of 1689, we may here remember, forms the great boundary between Bunyan's days and these.) Lady Hertford cannot say the Bishop's charitableness has been emulated by Dr. Trapp, who has published a sermon entitled *The great Folly and Danger*

JOHN WESLEY

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

of being Righteous—overmuch,[1] "a doctrine," she drily adds, "which does not seem absolutely necessary to be preached to the people of the present age." The letter concludes by expressing the regret of a sensible woman that the Methodists are so condemnatory of all who do not live after their way. Lady Hertford is hopeful that their indefatigable labours may rouse 'our own divines' to more careful attendance on their duties—a significant remark. In the end, of course, as one of the most valuable results of Methodism, her hope was verified. Finally, she quotes her correspondent, the Recorder of Bristol, to the effect that five thousand colliers have been so changed by Mr. Whitefield that "one may pass a whole day among them without hearing an oath."

Though Garrick allowed Foote's anti-Methodist farce, *The Minor*, to be presented at Drury Lane, he himself never derided what Horace Walpole designated 'the nonsensical new light.' He sometimes visited the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, not in the spirit of Foote, who went expressly for 'copy,' and was described as 'only a spy at Whitfield's academy,' but from natural interest in a man renowned for dramatic oratory. Nor can it be supposed that an actor of Garrick's genius could have learnt much from any preacher. All the same, Whitefield possessed the inborn gift of preaching to the nerves, and there is an edifying, though probably fallacious, report of Garrick's having remarked that he could pronounce 'Mesopotamia' in such a way as to move any audience to tears. The actor is said, more credibly, to have made the professional observation (which Benjamin Franklin corroborated), that Whitefield was never so good as when he had repeated the same

[1] *Four Sermons on the Folly, Sin, and Danger of being Righteous overmuch; with a particular view to the Doctrines and Practices of Modern Enthusiasts.* By Dr. Joseph Trapp.

effect forty times. It was Wesley, not Whitefield, of whom Walpole noted, after hearing him in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Bath, 'A lean, elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a soupçon of curls at the end. Wondrous clean, but *as evidently an actor as Garrick.*' We seem to be looking at one of the popular Staffordshire busts of the preacher as we read.

The Methodists did not leave the soul of the chief representative of the stage to gang its ain gait. The following letter, not hitherto printed, was probably one out of many of its sort Garrick received. This one is dated 1776, and was accompanied, obviously, by an anti-theatre tract:—

"Sir:—If I am not misinform'd you are turned of sixty; and, pass but a few Years (possibly a few Days) which stand between you and Eternity, you must appear with the rest of Mankind at the Bar of God: Consider therefore the Contents of the enclosed thoroughly. You are a very sensible man; defend the Theatre, if it is defensible, vindicate the Lawfulness of your late Profession in the sight of God; and shew in what Respects the Arguments urg'd by the Author of this Dissuasive etc. are defective. Many thousands of them are dispersing by well-dispos'd Persons in different parts of this Kingdom from an earnest Desire of doing Good: And sure I am, that, if the Author (who is a very worthy man) was once convinced, that He is mistaken in his Views of the Theatre, He would not suffer another Edition to be printed.

"This letter was written some time ago, but the Transmitting it to you was deferr'd, till you had wholly relinquished the Management of the Theatre, that you might then be more open to Conviction; which, that you now may, end your Days in an Acknowledgment of your Error before God, and finally be received by Him into the Kingdom of Heaven is the earnest Wish of, Sir, with great Regard,

"Yours" [*unsigned*].

There is no evidence that Garrick made any reply to the challenge!

But for burning convictions in another direction

George Whitefield's natural vocation would have been the stage. As a boy, he acted whenever he had a chance, and at school wrote plays. He was extremely emotional, and—unlike John Wesley—had a strong animal nature. He went up to Pembroke College, Oxford, as a servitor the year after Johnson left off being an undergraduate there. Johnson used afterwards to say he had known Whitefield "before he began to be better than other people." At Oxford, in 1733, the future evangelist was brought by Charles Wesley into the little society jeeringly called Bible-moths, or the Godly Club. The flame was lit, it mounted up in his most congenial nature, and, in a very short time after his ordination, he became the distinctive, the typical preacher of what, by a misnomer, especially misleading in his case, was termed Methodism.

Whitefield was the first of the Methodists to go out into the fields, and preach the gospel to the poor. Nature had gifted him with a clarion voice, and, when he stood, under 'the sounding-board,' as he said, of the heavens, on a hillside near Bristol, the twenty thousand who formed his congregation heard him to the last man. In this his innovation of itinerant preaching out of doors, there was no intentional sundering of himself from the Church to which he belonged. The primmer among the clergy had already begun to refuse their three-deckers to this uncomfortable gospeller, and, moreover, the souls he most yearned to save were beneath the reach of churches, they "no more pretended," said Wesley, "to belong to the Church of England than to the Church of Muscovy." To such a man clerical routine and clerical punctilio were chaff before the wind. The Wesleys were Churchmen to the backbone, but Whitefield cared little more about sectarian differences than an Indian brave or a child would. "If the Pope would lend me his pulpit," said

he, "I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Jesus Christ therein." He travelled indefatigably on horseback, and in a month preached over ninety sermons to a hundred and forty thousand people. "Fain would I die preaching," were his words.

In contrast to Wesley, with his Pauline passion for argument, Whitefield was a creature of impulse, but the same single-hearted desire to recover the image of God gave its grace and glow to the work of both alike. Whitefield's florid, effusive, sometimes maudlin oratory begot, to an extraordinary degree, that contagion of excitement on which every revivalist to a great extent depends. Apart from the actual physical seizures—swoons, outcries, and convulsions, the 'pangs of the new birth,' half his listeners were often shaken with sobs. He was himself "frequently so overcome that for a few seconds you would suspect he could not recover." Borrowing a hint from the practice of actors, he would sometimes visit a Court of Assize, in order to reproduce the sentencing scene. At the close of a sermon on the Last Judgment, after a solemn pause, he would say, with tears in his eyes, "I am going now to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it. I must pronounce sentence upon you." Another pause, and then, in a voice of thunder, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels!"[1] Whitefield was a born actor who used his gift for God.

Among the professional players, he made at least one convert in Edward Shuter, or one semi-convert, since, in spite of Lady Huntingdon's special solicitation, Shuter appears to have discontinued neither his business at the theatre nor the bacchic propensities which eventually

[1] George Story used to go from the theatre to Whitefield's chapel; "nor could I," he says, "discern any difference between his preaching, and seeing a good tragedy."

killed him, on account of becoming a 'Methody.' Of humble parentage, and almost entirely without education, Shuter developed into so excellent a low comedian that Garrick is reported to have pronounced him the greatest comic genius he had ever known. Whitefield's attention was called to him as a frequenter of his chapel at the time the actor was attracting much notice as Ramble in *The Rambler* (?). He was sitting in the front of the gallery. Whitefield, who delighted in personal appeals, turned squarely to him from the pulpit, and, in his moving voice, exclaimed, "And thou, too, poor Ramble, who hast rambled so far from him, oh! cease thy ramblings, and come to Jesus." Wilkinson, whose impression of Methodism was as coarse as it was calumnious, gives an extravagant description of himself as accompanying Ned Shuter, in the character of boon companion, on Sunday mornings at six to the Tottenham Court Road 'soul-trap'; then, before ten, to Wesley's in Long Acre; at eleven again to Tottenham Court Road; afterwards, "dined near Bedlam in Moorfields (a very proper place for us both) with a party of the Holy Ones, went at three to Mr. Wesley's theatre there (the tabernacle I mean), from that to Whitfield's in Moorfields till eight, and then shut up to commune with the family-compact." He adds—but his worthlessness as a deponent is evinced by the tone of what he has said already—that Whitefield was so glad of the sums Shuter poured into his treasury that he recommended the congregation to go to a theatre, 'for that night only,' on the occasion of Shuter's benefit in 1757.

Speaking generally, Methodists were unpopular. The ruffian class of people, evincing their customary animosity against those who denounce their vices, rioted against them at Birstal, Walsall, Wednesbury, and elsewhere. They called them 'toads of Methodists.' When a

waggon-load of Wesley's subjects were brought before a Justice of the Peace, upon his asking what they were charged with, someone replied, "Why they pretended to be better than other people, and besides they prayed from morning to night."[1] The fellow shared the prejudice of Drs. Trapp and Johnson against the man who was more righteous than other people.

Smollett, who made Humphry Clinker, the footman, a preaching Methodist, was so dense as to speak—in 1758—in his Continuation of Hume, of 'a few obscure preachers, such as Whitefield and the two Wesleys,' and to associate with their names the words, 'imposture' and 'superstition.' The Rev. Richard Graves, Rector of Claverton, was another who, as we should say, went for Methodism—in a spirit honourably free from scurrility—in a curious, colloquial 'comic romance,' called *The Spiritual Quixote*.

That grossest of mortals, Nollekens, refused repeated importunities to model Wesley's bust. He would do nothing to encourage 'sectarians in religion.' He lost money by his orthodoxy, but many another Philistine claimed a reputation for staunchness to what Warburton termed 'our happy establishment' at the cheap price of deriding Methodism. Not unlike the landlord ('at least three Yards in the Girt and the best Church of England Man upon the Road') in Addison's *Freeholder* article, "he had not time to go to Church himself, but had headed a Mob at the pulling down of two or three Meeting-houses."[2] It is more regrettable that Hogarth should have libelled the Methodists in one of his latest works, *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism* (1762), a plate Horace Walpole had the effrontery to call 'for useful and deep satire' the 'most sublime' of his efforts. Such was the

[1] Wesley's *Journal*, i. 361.

[2] *The Free-Holder*, No. 22, March 5th, 1717.

view the unsympathetic took of the great spiritual renascence of their era.

In the tonsure discovered under the preacher's fly-away wig, Hogarth's print preserves a record of one of the very diverse charges flung at Methodists—grounded, partly, on Wesley's observance of fast-days—that they sought to reintroduce Popery. But bitter as were the attacks on Wesley, there existed among the more scholarly of his antagonists a curbing consciousness that in him they had to do with as trained a dialectician as themselves, with one who had been a Fellow of his College, and could give Greek for Greek. With the former servitor of Pembroke it was different. In his case, intellectual and class contempt rarely failed to mingle with intense disapproval.

'Enthusiasm' in the religious sphere was the bugbear of the eighteenth century. It was regarded as a 'phrensy' that 'mistook the dictates of an inflamed imagination for the effects of an immediate inspiration.' It is easy to see how readily moderate men would find the 'enthusiastical' plague-spot in Methodism. Bishop Butler said to Wesley, "Sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelation and gifts of the Holy Ghost is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing." Bishop Lavington wrote a once famous book, entitled *The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared.* We find Parson Adams, as a type of the clergy, speaking of Whitefield's calling 'nonsense and enthusiasm' to his aid. The Dissenter, Coward's, trustees talked of 'honest, crazy, confident Whitefield.' Rational theology of the Warburtonian stamp was in the saddle, and anything that resembled mysticism was condemned as 'Enthusiasm.' Wesley himself spent a good deal of logic in insisting that Methodism was not the dreaded thing, but his denial obtained little credence.

However much, during the Hanoverian period, inferior

ecclesiastics—brown-cassocked, sorry curates, whose fee for reading prayers was twopence and a cup of coffee—were scorned and abased, the Church establishment was popular. People who had not forgotten James II felt it was the mainstay of civil tranquillity and the best security of property. The century was, on the whole, an irreligious one, and that the clergy shared in the general deadness is made clear by a hundred records. Even that loyal Churchman, Dr. Johnson, acknowledged, with unintended eloquence, that for ministering to criminals awaiting execution, "one of our regular clergy will probably not impress their minds sufficiently: they should be attended by a Methodist preacher, or a Popish priest." Yet there was an Epworth Rectory, and we cannot think that the clerical candle that threw its beams from there shone solitary in England.

Foote, with his vigorous and vulgar sharpness, saw where the Methodist doctrine was weakest, or, rather, where he could most readily persuade Brown, Jones, and Robinson he had got the knife of common sense well into it. He accordingly wrote, and put on the London stage in 1760, *The Minor*, an invertebrate 'comedy' which introduces an old woman named Cole, a member of Mr. Shaw's Mrs. Warren's profession, who, while continuing in her unholy courses, boasts that, thanks to Mr. Squintum's saving grace, she has undergone the new birth. Whitefield, who had a cast in his eye, was Mr. Squintum, and the pietistic jargon with which Mrs. Cole interlards her business discourse consists of phrases picked up at the Tabernacle. "Had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling," *etc. etc.* As speaker of the epilogue, Foote, mimicking Whitefield to the life, counselled his 'congregation' to

shut up their shops, and

> "With labor, toil, all second means dispense,
> And live a rent-charge upon providence."

The point of the satire was the dexterous sophistical use made of the stress Methodism placed on faith, not works, as the condition of justification. Mrs. Cole, for whose portrait an infamous Mother Douglas of the Piazza sat, relinquishes none of her wickednesses in consequence of her regeneration. At the same time, Foote's accusation that the Methodist pastor excused 'mere morality' and only required inward light, was inconsistent with his describing Mr. Squintum as ready to condone every evil practice for cash down. No doubt, the Chadband and Stiggins element was not slow in making its appearance among the Methodist preaching ranks, but Foote ought to have made it clear that he in no wise identified Whitefield with it. Had he done this, he would have strengthened his case, and had the better half of public opinion with him.

His distorting prism hugely delighted audiences whom the plain dealing of the Methodists had affronted. Whitefield was far too apostolic to dream of taking action against a persecutor. He probably remembered that, as Johnson remarked, Foote was impartial and told lies of all alike. The virtuous, laborious lives Methodists led were, in any case, the best reply.

One or two of Whitefield's followers were less passive. A small pamphlet war sprang up. Foote engaged in it in defence of his impugned play, and certainly got as good as he gave. Before *The Minor* was produced, Archbishop Secker had endeavoured to suppress, or, at all events, modify it, but the Lord Chamberlain showed reluctance, whereupon Foote humbly begged His Grace to strike out offending passages. This the wary Primate

refused to do—he said he had no intention of letting Foote advertise his play 'as corrected and prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

Among the many disgraces of Foote's life, *The Minor* was the most flagrant. Foote was a layman, and could have no professional jealousy of Whitefield for an excuse. He possessed keen powers of discrimination, and ought to have burned with shame at the dishonesty of his travesty. It is impossible not to think of *The Minor* when we read Cowper's lines on Whitefield—

> "Blush, calumny! and write upon his tomb,
> If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
> Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
> Which, aim'd at him, have pierced the offended skies,
> And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplored,
> Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord."

THE BEAU MONDE

THE BEAU MONDE

THAT objectionable little monarch, the second George, had no use for an actor of genius, and, when in the theatre, did not even rouse himself to listen to Garrick's best 'bursts' in Richard, reserving that compliment for Taswell, buffooning as the Lord Mayor. "Duke of Grafton, I like dat Lord Mayor." . . . "Duke of Grafton, dat is good Lord Mayor," and again—while Garrick was at his finest in the fifth act—"Duke of Grafton, will dat Lord Mayor not come again?" "What a pity he does not understand the language!" said Garrick afterwards, concealing his chagrin as best he could.

George III was by way of being a great patron of the drama. He preferred comedy to tragedy, because comedy took less out of a stupid, simple, benevolent, easily harrowed soul. When Henderson appeared at Covent Garden as the hero of *The Mysterious Husband*, the King was so painfully overcome, that he turned his back, exclaiming, "Charlotte, don't look, it's too much to bear," and, by his command, the piece was never repeated. Quick and, later, Elliston are said to have been his favourite actors. Certainly, he spoke to Dr. Johnson, on that famous occasion in the royal library, of his old pupil's 'universality,' but, in view of his well-known estimate of Shakespeare, it is probable that he privately regarded Garrick as rather over a plain man's head, too 'serious' as people say to-day, though, when broad hints

had been dropped in his way by Garrick's friends at Court, he had the grace to recall the great artist to the boards (after the frangible announcement of retirement made in 1765) and, what was more, to occupy the royal box at his reappearance.

In duty bound, as patentee of the King's Play House, Garrick went to Court on birthdays, and Tate Wilkinson has an amusing note about how, once, when the great man looked in at 'D. L.' on his way back from the Palace, trailing clouds of glory, and in elegant conversation with Colonel Keppel, who had accompanied him, he quietly touched young Tate to suggest the propriety of his taking off his hat. Garrick's nearest approach to royal seats occurred, soon after his actual retirement in 1776, when he went down to Windsor to give a reading of his *Lethe* before the King and Queen, preceded by an adulatory fable, *The Blackbird and the Royal Eagle*, composed for the occasion. Unfortunately, at the end of the reading, which had been listened to in profound stillness, immortal majesty only said 'Very well,' and the applause of the courtiers, whose eyes Garrick had observed were all the time looking to the hand of their master, was nicely adjusted to that mild measure of approbation. Garrick thought longingly of the ways of his shilling gallery.

The story of the Windsor fiasco was nuts to Johnson, who spoke thus about it to Fanny Burney—who delightedly passed on what he said to her Daddy Crisp, who, in his turn, remembering a certain frostbitten tragedy, rubbed his hands, and rejoiced—

"Mr. Garrick" (said Johnson) "will complain to his friends, and his friends will lament the King's want of feeling and taste;—and then Mr. Garrick will kindly *excuse* the King. He will say that His Majesty might be thinking of something else; that the affairs of America might occur to him; or some subject of more importance

than Lethe ; but, though he will say this himself, he will not forgive his friends, if they do not contradict him."

Johnson knew his Garrick. Two years later, that most unresentful of Christians brought himself into more benign notice. He was one of Dr. 'Joe' Warton's house-party at Winchester, and, at the camp there (one of the various camps the fear of a French invasion called into existence in 1778), as the King went by, reviewing the troops, was heard to exclaim, in a stage voice and with a bravura attitude, 'A horse! a horse!' His own mount had got loose, and he himself had 'casually alighted.' "That must be Garrick; see if he's on the ground," remarked royal George. The actor was, without much difficulty, found, and, among other compliments, was told that his delivery of Shakespeare could never pass undiscovered.

"A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too!"

So William Whitehead had declared at the date of Garrick's induction as patentee of Drury Lane, and, though the eulogy may have been overcharged, few would question that Garrick was a true civiliser, upon whom (had the narrow mind of Farmer George been capable of persuasion that way) the bestowal of a knighthood was as much a debt owed by the state as in the case of the painter Reynolds. In 1777, there was a flying rumour that Garrick was to be created 'Sir David,'[1] but George III had no partiality for men whose principal associates were Whigs, and it was reserved for Sir Henry Irving to be the first actor to receive the honour of the accolade.

That Queen Charlotte was particularly gracious to Mrs. Garrick *Veuve* is indicated by the story of how she

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 219.

dropped in, 'casual like,' one day to see her at Hampton House, found her peeling pickling onions, and, to put her at ease, immediately sat down beside her, called for a second knife, and, with great contentment, joined her in her innocent occupation. The First Gentleman of Europe kept up the tradition, always inquired after Mrs. Garrick's health, and gave her special permission to drive through St. James's Park.

An enumeration of the People of Importance in Garrick's circle would be, what Sterne called the roll of subscribers to his sermons, 'a prancing list *de toute la noblesse*.' Into the ramifications of the widest and most distinguished visiting-list an actor ever had it will be impossible to enter in this book of little sketches. Only a few instances (chosen for their diversity) can be offered by way of indication of that long gallery, as it were, of golden-tinted Reynolds portraits with whose aristocratic originals the best known man of his time mixed on equal terms.

It would be absurd to deny that, next to his art and, possibly, his wife, he loved the titled great. The epithet is used advisedly. Though he was firmly convinced that good breeding (in the words of Sir W. W. Pepys[1]) "for the Comfort of Life, is *worth all the other qualities that a common Acquaintance can possess*," he equally determinedly consorted most with those who prided themselves on being more than merely people of fashion. The nonsensical world inhabited by the Sir Fopling Flutters, Sir Dilbury Diddles, and Lady Betty Frisks was not his world. His appeal was an intellectual one. He detested men of the stamp of Lord March (afterwards, as Duke of Queensberry, 'Old Q.'), who went to sleep when he read Shakespeare aloud at Althorp, and gave himself no trouble to cultivate the fool of quality.

[1] *A Later Pepys*, i. 200.

To an almost astonishing degree, considering the length of years covered, persons of consequence conspired to court and pet him. He was less the seeker than the sought. As early as 1747, when he had an illness, James Street, Covent Garden, where he then lodged, was—hyperbolically—described as blocked up with the footmen of patrician inquirers. Under date, October 16th, 1763, Lady Sarah Bunbury (*née* Lennox, and afterwards Napier), sister of the third Duke of Richmond, writes to her kinswoman, Lady Susan Fox Strangways, "Mr. Garrick (sweet soul) is gone for sometime to Italy . . . the play-house . . . will flourish very well for one winter, I fancy, & then the angel will come back." This is one instance out of scores that might be cited to indicate what was the correct attitude towards Garrick which every person of fashion displayed.

Garrick, in short, acquired every social gratification, except, of course, the right of going first into a room. When there, he received as much attention as the bluest-blooded man at table. Without the smallest sneer at his behaviour, we must allow that he took considerable pains to keep in with all his fashionables, not forgetting, for example, to send Lady Rochford a promised tincture and my lord some songs. He even made that bustling premier, the Duke of Newcastle, who never walked but always ran, a present of a horse. It was a less felicitous result of his elevation that he was a trifle given to dilating, outside his numerous elysia, on his blissful state within. After winnowing a great deal of this report of him, on account of the known envy of the reporters, a residuum remains. Let a story Lord Holland had from Kemble as an actual happening,[1] but most probably built on Johnson's invidious *Rambler* article, *Asper's Complaint of the Insolence of Prospero*, be typical of all its kind.

[1] See C. C. Greville's *Journal*, ii. 316, ed. 1874.

"When Garrick . . . lived with the great, and while Johnson was yet obscure, the Doctor used to drink tea with him, and he would say, 'Davy, I do not envy you your money nor your fine acquaintance, but I envy you your power of drinking such tea as this.' 'Yes,' said Garrick, 'it is very good tea, but it is not my best, nor that which I give to my Lord this, and Sir somebody t'other.'"

Garrick's many-sidedness was his best passport. He could do most things, and talk well on all. He had a native aptitude for fine society. He was never guilty of over-familiarity, never made Foote's blunder of calling peers by their surnames. He was light, unaggressive, easy, a genius at the art of running on; while, at the same time, he might be relied upon never to stun a drawing-room by saying anything untoward or outside conventional latitude. The grandson of the Huguenot refugee was of a politeness absolutely French.

And Mrs. Garrick was a social asset of incalculable value to her husband. She was one of the women, above rubies, who, apparently without effort or trouble, always please and never offend. Even grumpy Baretti acknowledged her graceful manner, and her talent, even when only pouring a dish of tea, of taking a 'pretty attitude.' She was never shy, nor blue, nor stupid, but a discreet, smiling lady, whom friends would call 'soothing,' and of whom the malignant could say nothing worse than that she was superficial. No more suitable wife for a Garrick could be imagined.

Lord Chancellor Camden was not only one of the most adulatory of Garrick's friends in high places, but became one of his four executors, and a pallbearer at his funeral. Camden had started life as Charles Pratt, barrister-at-law, and presently Recorder of Bath; and, before his elevation to an earldom, had been Attorney-General and a Lord Chief Justice. He owed his great popularity to his democratic conduct as a judge in Wilkes's case.

The stage-player was naturally proud of being intimate with the first judicial officer of the Crown. When Boswell breakfasted at 5 Adelphi Terrace, as soon as the 'how do do's' had been exchanged, he began, with a casualness not so well acted as to deceive the sharp interviewer, "Pray now, did you?—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?" and 'allowed' that, early though it was, he had already been visited by the Keeper of the Great Seal. In a more straightforward vein, he exulted in one of his versicles that

"Camden was my friend,
And Kenrick[1] was my foe."

It is rather remarkable that a strong Whig like Lord Camden should have been blackballed at The Club in 1780, and one wonders, unless Tory Johnson was the blackballer, whether his failure was due to Goldsmith, who had confessed himself offended because at Lord Clare's, Lord Camden 'took no more notice of him than if he had been an ordinary man.' An allusion in *She Stoops*, at any rate, corroborated the popular sentiments Camden had expressed with such vehemence in the Lords respecting the Royal Marriage Act—passed, nevertheless, in 1772—which was framed to put an extinguisher over Mrs. Horton, Lady Waldegrave, and other morganatic ladies for all time. That Lord Camden would have liked to get into The Club is clear from a sentence in a letter he wrote to Garrick, from Chislehurst, on July 29th, 1773—"I am happy enough, and want nothing but the company of one of your literati clubs to recall the memory of the classics, and revive my taste for Shakspeare, being at present but too much occupied with corn and hops." If we are to believe Sir James Bland Burges,[2]

[1] The notorious libeller—a poison-laden midge.

[2] *Selections from the Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges, Bart.*, 51.

Lord Camden had snobbish ways with smaller folk when bigger folk were by, which may explain his behaviour to Goldsmith at Lord Clare's, and also the fact that he was denied entrance into that sturdy republic, The Club.

Another great lawyer, on the opposite side in politics, who comes into Garrick's circle, was the Earl of Mansfield, 'silver-tongued Murray,' who said of himself that he ought to be drawn placed between Precedent and Principle, 'like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.' It was his pleading, as junior counsel for the defendant, in the *crim. con* cause of Cibber *v.* Sloper (see p. 118) that raised him to the head of the bar.

Garrick frequently dined with Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and, at his table, surrounded by grave people, listening deferentially, is said to have been peculiarly on his 'best good-company behaviour,' and prepared to enlarge illustratively 'on the necessity of prudence in all the relations of life.' Lord Mansfield prided himself on his interest in stage matters. When Reynolds and Garrick waited on him touching the question of Giuseppe Marc' Antonio Baretti's bail, he dropped—in the manner of some tiresome physicians—the sufficiently absorbing subject of the moment for a flimsy discussion of the *Othello* passage, 'Put out the light.' He was a good host, and would, Cumberland alleges, "cheer the least attempt at humour with the prompt payment of a species of laugh." He also liked to join in ladies' small talk. He had not a soul above affectation. On the Bench, he would appear entirely inattentive to the evidence, and, as soon as it was concluded, would coldly ask 'whether he had done.' Then, directly he was answered, he would recapitulate the whole, in the clearest manner possible, to the admiration of every auditor.

As Lord Mansfield grew old, and his contemporaries died off, he consoled himself by improving his acquaint-

ances among the rising generation. 'Young Friends and Old Books' was his toast. He made a large fortune, and invested it exclusively in mortgages, the interest on which was bringing him in £30,000 a year at the time of his death in 1793. He wrote his will on half a sheet of paper.

In the group of noble dames with whom Garrick was 'their dear Garrick,' 'their dear Roscius,' the one whose disposition and character he admired most was the Countess Spencer, 'My Very First of Ladies,' as he addressed her in one of his letters. The honeyed notes she wrote him he endorsed, 'Charming Lady Spencer,' 'Heavenly Lady Spencer,' or, since he was always saying she was so natural, 'Nature for ever!' Much pretty banter passed between them.

At the time when the Garricks saw most of Lord and Lady Spencer, the Countess was past her youth. Born Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Stephen Poyntz, Billy the Butcher's governor, she was on a visit to the Countess Cowper at Althorp, in 1755, at the time of her marriage to John Spencer (created Earl Spencer in 1765), who was so great a match that his mother averred he might spend thirty thousand a year without hurting himself. The bride's jointure was £4000 *per ann.*, and her pin-money proportionate.

On December 27th, the wedding ceremony was solemnised after tea in Lady Cowper's dressing-room. None but the necessary parties were present, nor was the fact of the marriage announced in the household till 'the Saturday following.' This secrecy had some minor drawbacks; for instance, the old French waiting-woman who went in to open Miss Poyntz's windows next morning was so—not unreasonably—horrified when Mr. Spencer put his head out of the bed-curtains, and asked what o'clock it was, that she ran roaring and crying to Mrs. Poyntz's

chamber with the Shocking Intelligence. Mrs. Poyntz teased her a little while, then told her the truth. Two hundred horsemen subsequently accompanied the young couple to London, to the terror of the people in the villages, who thought 'the Pretender and the King of France were both come together.' In 1757, Lady Spencer became the mother of the *pulchrior* Georgiana who gave 'Steel' her kiss for his vote, and is best known to us as Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, the Queen of the Whigs.

The Spencers' was one of the happy marriages. Writing to Garrick in 1776, the lady says—

"Pray let me hear how Mrs. Garrick does; she must not ail anything;—you, I am sure, can neither see, hear, nor understand, without her. After all, it is comfortable to find that a few people can live a good many years together without wishing one another at the d——. It will to-morrow be one-and-twenty years since Lord Spencer married me, and I verily believe we have neither of us repented of our lot from that time to this."

The Spencers were all warmth towards Garrick. It was at Althorp that—never otherwise than pleased to give a taste of his quality—he used to recite Shakespeare in the evenings. On these occasions, no doubt, Lord Spencer, who was deaf, availed himself of one out of the collection of silver ears that he used instead of a trumpet, and, equally certainly, "Lady Spencer's eyes were more expressive than language," as Mrs. Montagu reported them when Garrick recited Shakespeare in Hill Street. It was at Althorp that Garrick spent the Christmas just before his death, and Sheridan dedicated his Monody on him to Lady Spencer, "whose Approval and Esteem were justly Considered by Mr. Garrick as the Highest Panegyrick his Talents or Conduct could acquire."

Charitable and religious, Lady Spencer was considerate for everyone about her, and, whenever Garrick, and

'Madame,' as she playfully called Mrs. Garrick, were coming to Northamptonshire, she not only begged them to sleep or dine *en route* at Holywell House, Lord Spencer's place near St. Alban's, as "more convenient than an inn," but expressly stated, "our servants are not allowed to take anything." Tips were a terrible drawback to eighteenth century visiting. When people only dined out, and at near relations', they found, at their departure, the servants drawn up in a line, each expecting his extravagant and disproportionate vale. The system in every way demoralised servants by making them in a great degree independent of their masters. Stimulated by the production of Townley's farce, *High Life below Stairs*, in 1760, the anti-tea philanthropist, Jonas Hanway (the first man bold enough to use a silk umbrella in London), made a dead set at this abuse, and probably greatly lessened it, by his *Eight Letters to his Grace the Duke of* —— [Newcastle] *on the custom of Vails-giving in England.*

Garrick was friendly with two successive Dukes of Devonshire. He was indebted to his wife for the earlier (4th) Duke, William Cavendish, formerly Marquis of Hartington, sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, having married the younger daughter of Eva Violette's guardians, the Burlingtons. It is worth noticing that, throughout the family misunderstandings, the exasperated son-in-law continued attached to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.

William Cavendish, 5th Duke, married Lady Georgiana Spencer when she was a young thing of seventeen. She did not know till the morning of her wedding-day that she was to be married at all. It was a Sunday, the persons involved drove out of town, and the ceremony was performed at Wimbledon Church, "as quietly and uncrowded as if John and Joan had tied the Gordian knot." Fortunately for the surprised bride, the

unexpected came in the form of the first match in England, and, though "the jewel" (the bridegroom) had "not been well polished," his intimate friends "said he had sense." Like others of his race, he was excessively lethargic.

Handsome, untidy, red-haired Georgiana, with her superabundant spirits, was soon in the thick of fashionable dissipation, 'whirling round in the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades,' as a character says in Garrick's *Bon Ton*. It was upon her toilet the message-card lay that contained his verses (quoted on p. 209) on her lateness in the morning, and Lady Sarah Lennox, commenting, in her own soberer years, on the way in which fine ladies racket their health away, writes—

"The pretty Dss of Devonshire dines at 7, goes to bed at 3, & lies in bed till 4: she has hysteric fits in a morning, & dances in the evening: she bathes, rides, dances for ten days, & lies in bed the next ten; indeed, I can't forgive her, or rather her husband, the fault of ruining her health, tho' I think she may wear ten thousand figaries in her dress without the smallest blame."

This is a rather disillusionising sidelight upon that embodiment of health who dances her baby with such blithe, elastic muscles in Reynolds's enchanting portrait. It is pleasanter to recall what the Irish mechanic said of the beautiful Duchess at Fox's Westminster canvass, "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" Still better is it to remember Fox's own impulsive comment when he heard of her death, "Then we have lost the kindest heart in England."

The annoying remark hurled at Rogers, "What duchess are you dining with to-night?" might equally have been hurled at Garrick. Among the older duchesses who paid him great attention was her Grace of Portland —once on a time Prior's 'noble, lovely, little Peggy'— with whom Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Montagu corresponded

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

so voluminously. Mrs. Delany and she were friends indeed, yet, though, in old age, she spent every evening at Mrs. Delany's, she was every evening received "with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit." She was very high-bred, sensible, and spirited, and 'not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy'—the discriminating touch is little Burney's. In words too good to be summarised, Mrs. Delany thus describes a visit to Hampton House, made in the Duchess's company, in 1770—

"Mr. Garrick did the honours of his house *very respectfully*, and though in high spirits, seemed sensible of the honour done them. Nobody else there but Lady Weymouth and Mrs. Bateman. As to Mrs. Garrick, the more one sees her the better one must like her; she seems *never* to depart from a perfect propriety of behaviour, accompanied with good taste and gentleness of manners, and I cannot help looking upon her as a *wonderful creature*, considering all circumstances relating to her. The house is singular (which you know I like) and seems to owe its prettiness and elegance to her good taste; on the whole, it has the air of belonging to *a genius*. We had an excellent dinner nicely served, and when over went directly into the garden—a piece of irregular ground sloping down to the Thames, very well laid out, and planted for shade and shelter; and an opening to the river which appears beautiful from that spot, and from Shakespeare's Temple at the end of the improvements, where we drank tea, and where there is a very fine statue of Shakespeare in white marble, and a great chair[1] with a large carved frame, that was Shakespeare's own chair, made for him on some particular occasion, with a medallion of him fixed in the back. Many were the relics we saw of the favourite poet. At six o'clock Lady Weymouth's fine group of children walked into the garden, which added to the agreeableness of the scene, and Mr. Garrick made himself as suitable a companion to the children as to the rest of the company."

When the old Duchess of Portland died, the Duke, her son, asked the sorrowing Mrs. Delany to choose from Bulstrode a memento of her friend. Refusing everything of value, Mrs. Delany at last chose a caged

[1] Now the property of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

weaver-bird the Duchess had been fond of and always kept in her room. Mrs. Delany took the bird home to Windsor, and it grew so dear to her, she "could scarce ever look at it with dry eyes." But, alas, it did not bear transplantation, and, one morning—when, most unfortunately, its owner lay ill upstairs—Fanny Burney, 'not seeing the bird perching,' took down the cage, and found the poor weaver-bird dead. While it still lay in her hand, Miss Planta, the princesses' governess, was announced. She "was sorry," and soon left. In less than a quarter of an hour, back came good Miss Planta, bearing, in a very fine cage, a live weaver-bird. It was one of the only two Queen Charlotte had ever possessed, and she had sent it, thinking a pious fraud might be effected. The birds, however, proved too unlike to deceive a lady who, at seventy-three, invented a *hortus siccus* in paper mosaic, and, to provide against this contingency, the Queen had alternatively sent a message that she hoped Mrs. Delany would accept a new bird which might somewhat assuage her grief at losing what she looked upon as her last relic of association with her beloved friend. Miss Planta, Georgiana Port (Mrs. Delany's niece), and Fanny accordingly went up to her, taking the Queen's weaver-bird in its magnificent cage, and told her all. She heard them more quietly than they had expected, after which the tears came, and, looking at her adored Queen's gift with great tenderness, she exclaimed, "Don't you, too, die in my hands!"

Of totally different calibre from the two last was the next lady of quality who may be mentioned as possessing the honour[1] of Garrick's acquaintance, Maria, Countess of Coventry, the elder of the two celebrated

[1] "All who were friendly with Garrick did themselves honour. Mr. Garrick had none to acquire."—*Garrick Correspondence*, I. lxi. (Introductory Memoir by Boaden).

Gunnings. Maria and Elizabeth Gunning were the children of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, and, though their mother was a viscount's daughter, they were not only portionless, but hardly knew how to get themselves clad. Transported to London, their extraordinary beauty caused the public *furor* with which Horace Walpole's letters acquaint us. When aged respectively eighteen and seventeen, they married into the English aristocracy, the younger to a bridegroom so desperate that a curtain-ring had to do duty for a wedding ring, and, though it was late at night, and a parson hard to find, 'Duke Hamilton' swore he would send for the Archbishop if any difficulties were raised. His enchantress, whose splendid match sped the suit of Lord Coventry, already enamoured of Maria, had a finer and longer future than her elder sister, for she became the wife of two, and the mother of four dukes, was subsequently created a baroness in her own right, and lived till 1793, whereas Maria died 'of a deep decline' in 1759.

Their marriages, both occurring in 1752, raised the 'Gunninghiad' to its height. Politics were a bad second in coffee-house and drawing-room, and, as a topic, the Miss Gunnings rivalled Miss Jeffries and Miss Blandy, two murderesses executed at Newgate that same season. "General attention," says Reynolds, "is divided between the two young ladies who were married and the two young ladies who were hanged."

Lady Coventry was as silly as she was lovely. Education she had none, and no brains to supply the deficiency. She assumed a thousand tonish airs, 'but with a sort of innocence that diverted' people. She was notorious for things one would rather not have said, as when she told George II she was dying to see a Coronation. Thanks to the 'dimples and prettinesses

in her cheeks,' and her fine eyes that drooped a little at the corners, the old King only smirked. How wily was Daddy Crisp to give her his MS. tragedy to take to Garrick instead of taking it himself or sending it by post! Mrs. Bellamy was furious when Lady Coventry disturbed an 'enrapt' theatre during the poison scene of *Romeo and Juliet* by laughing loudly while she twirled an orange on her finger.

This deplorably frivolous young lady knew all about clothes. When the Duchess of Portland took her to call on Mrs. Delany in 1755, she was in a ravishing get-up, consisting of a black silk sacque, and, over it, a pink satin long cloak lined with ermine, while her exquisite face was surmounted by a butterfly cap of blond, with frilled lappets that crossed under her chin, tied with pink and green ribbon. Very pretty, sure.

In an age of rouge, when every Madame Modish kept her ceruse-box in her pocket, and a pale woman of quality was unknown, Lady Coventry was over-rouged. Once, in France, at dinner, 'her Cov,' as she called her husband, was seen running round the table to her, with a napkin to scrub off the crimson. She died, poor beauty, partly of her injurious cosmetics.

Garrick knew Goldsmith's two Irish peers, Charlemont and Clare, very well. Malone, a great friend of both, states that the former was the original suggester of The Club. Charlemont, he says, named to Reynolds his idea of a club comprising all the talents, and Reynolds, passing it on to Johnson, proposed that his lordship should be one of the first members, whereat the stern Lawgiver objected, "No, we shall be called Charlemont's Club; let him come in afterwards." The episode is doubted by Forster, in view of the fact that Lord Charlemont did not come in till 1773, when he was elected on Beauclerk's nomination.

MARIA GUNNING, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY

Robert Nugent was sixty-five when, in 1767, as a recognition of his former loans to George III's father, of pious memory, he was raised to the Irish peerage as Viscount Clare and Baron Nugent. Within another ten years he was created Earl Nugent. Goldsmith's *Haunch of Venison* (1771) was designed for his particular and private entertainment. It was his daughter—afterwards Marchioness of Buckingham — with whom Goldsmith used to play, 'she being as yet in her childhood, and he' (as she used long afterwards to say) 'being never out of his.'

Clare had a rich brogue and a ready wit. He had also, to use Johnson's phrase, a matter of three wives, and each wife brought him a fortune. He is spoken of in Wraxall's Memoirs as a jovial Irishman who left Popery for the Protestant religion, money, and widows. He ran to minor poetry, and one of his stanzas brazenly suggests his volatile temperament—

> "I loved thee beautiful and kind,
> And plighted an eternal vow.—
> So altered are thy face and mind,
> T'were *perjury* to love thee now."

A greater than Charlemont and Clare comes next to be noted among Garrick's friends. This was the Earl of Chatham, that rare patriot who defended unpopular justice in Ireland and India, and never flattered his country's crimes, as in the case of the American war. Boswell, improving on his master's generous admission that Garrick might well be vain, considering the many bellows that had blown the fire, put in, "And such bellows too! Lord Mansfield with his cheeks like to burst, Lord Chatham like an Æolus." We have seen how warmly Pitt encouraged the *débutant* actor, and shall find how, years later, he placed him, for truth to nature

above Shakespeare. Garrick was staying with Lord and Lady Edgcumbe at Mount-Edgcumbe, Plymouth, when the majestic Chatham sent him, in 1772, from Burton Pynsent, Somerset, a particularly *Æolian* invitation to go on there—

> "Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
> Docks, forts, and navies bright'ning all the bay:
> . . . . .
> Come then, Immortal Spirit of the Stage,
> Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age," etc.

It was an extraordinary score for the player son of the poor Lichfield Army captain and his middle-class wife that throughout so much of the long period during which Parliament was describable as a dialogue between Pitt and Fox both these great men were offering him 'praise in pailfuls.'

A letter, grangerised into Sir Henry Irving's Garrick 'Memorial,' written by Garrick to Colman, July 31st, 1766, contains these sentences:—

> "*Mr. Pitt* now Lord Chatham and *Privy* Seal, has set us all in an uproar! I don't understand his Policy, if I am right he is wrong —but I am a fool and have not lost all my virtue."

This is interesting, as showing that the flattering friendship of Pitt had not deprived Garrick of the capacity of criticising him with honest disfavour when he was so shortsighted, as Gray put it to Warton, as "to quit the House of Commons, his natural strength, to sap his own popularity and grandeur (which no one but himself could have done) by assuming a foolish title, and to hope that he could win by it and attach to him a Court that hate him, and will dismiss him as soon as ever they dare."

To read Garrick's Correspondence is to be reminded

of the once talked of Church and Stage Guild. Garrick seems to have been on speaking terms with half the gaitered Bench. We find him airily telling Burke, in 1771, that he is prevented from meeting him by a gouty twinge, contracted 'dining yesterday with an archbishop,' the same year Cumberland informs him that the Primate of Ireland and the Bishop of Kildare have been drinking his health in Dublin, while, on another occasion, 'R. Ebor' (Dr. Robert Drummond—most probably the dinner-giver) writes to him, enclosing his recipe for ginger-cakes.

Leaving out Newton, Bishop of Bristol, sufficiently mentioned already, Warburton and, in a lesser degree, his henchman, Hurd, were Garrick's particular friends among eminent clerics. Richard Hurd, George III's trusted adviser, was, first, Master of the Temple, then (1774) Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and, subsequently (two years after Garrick's death), "illustrated the See of Worcester by ranking among its bishops." Rude people called Hurd an old maid in breeches on account of his precise, word-picking ways. He was the lord spiritual nervous Fanny Burney had to receive in the Windsor eating-parlour during a temporary absence of 'Cerbera' Schwellenberg. She found him 'mild, but *cold*, and rather distancing,' but by others his face was held to emit such an expression of elevated piety that he was known as 'The Beauty of Holiness.'

"Hurd," says Cradock, a quite unprejudiced observer, "was cold, cautious, and grave," and Warburton "warm, witty, and convivial." Warburton's preaching style was florid and coarsely humorous, and Cradock, reporting one of his sermons to the fastidious Hurd, said, "to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent; for I well knew that you would not have absolutely

approved." "Approved, Sir," said Hurd, "I should have agonised."

There is quite a sheaf of letters from Warburton in the Garrick Correspondence. Many are dated from Prior Park, the lordly house the elder Wood built for Mrs. Warburton's uncle and Pope's host, 'low-born Allen,'[1] the Bath postmaster who first quarried Bath stone, and first instituted cross posts, making £10,000 to £16,000 a year out of his huge enterprise. The author of 'The Divine Legation' owed his Church advancement to Allen's influence with Pitt. Meanwhile, he practically lived with the Allens. He was a lamb at home.

If we had only to form a judgment of the Bishop of Gloucester from his letters to Garrick we need scarcely know what a domineering, lacerating pen he could wield, though here and there, perhaps, he gives a hint that, as he said of himself, his debility was not in his sword-hand. Whether the fact was or was not as he premised, it is interesting to find him commending Garrick for having 'carefully avoided the occasions' of having the Laureateship offered him. This was in 1757, the year Whitehead accepted the laurel. Warburton explains himself . . .

"I will tell you my mind frankly. I think it [the Laureateship] as much below you, as some others, who have declined it, think it below them. The place, as Pope expressed it, has suffered an attainder and an interruption in the succession. And though civil places, of indispensable use in society, suffer nothing by unworthy possessors, and contract no stain thereby; yet I think it otherwise, in places only of ornament to society."

[1] After the first edition of *Epilogue to the Satires*, Pope deleted the objectionable adjective, and ever after the verse stood as it does at present—

"Let *humble* Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It is worth knowing that, in the intervals of his 'long and severe studies,' Warburton would send out for a whole basketful of circulating library novels. One noble remark — and the only one not entirely mundane—he makes in his letters to Garrick, is where, in 1757, commenting on Admiral Byng's sentence, he says: "It is better twenty rogues should escape, than one honest man suffer. And this maxim I transfer from man's government to God's; where, I believe, it is much better observed."

But for his attendances at the Gerrard Street evenings, and at a smaller literary dining society that met at the British Coffee House, Garrick was no great frequenter of taverns, and we get rare notices of his 'taking a giddy turn,' as he called it, at those places of smart resort, Ranelagh, the Pantheon Concerts, and Mrs. Teresa Cornelys' subscription *bals masqués* at Carlisle House, Soho Square. Much though he did, he could not do everything, and it seems likely that, sagely careful of his time, he preferred to be seen at places where one had to be invited than at places where one might go in, as at the Pantheon in Oxford Road, on payment of half a guinea—a circumstance which, from economical motives, deterred the Burney family from visiting the Pantheon often. Assuredly, no more frolicsome companion than Garrick could have been imagined to mince chickens—at 9d. apiece—into a chafing-dish with a *petite partie* in a box at Vauxhall. One of Reynolds's pocket-books mentions the actor, aged fifty-four, as assisting at a Carlisle House masquerade, dressed as a doctor. The same evening, Lady Waldegrave (secretly Duchess of Gloucester) went as Jane Shore, and 'Captain Watson of the Guards' as Adam—presumably, after the Fall. There seems to have been a feeling that masquerades were on the dangerous edge of

things, or why, in 1755, in consequence of the Lisbon Earthquake, should they have been temporarily suppressed?[1] The Carlisle House masquerades eventually led their directress, Mrs. Cornelys, to the Fleet Prison. When the contents of her assembly rooms were disposed of, a cartoon was published, depicting Cupid putting up to auction the beaux and belles who had patronised her entertainments.

In that period of high play, when some of the highest went on in the green-room, Garrick had no inclination whatever towards gambling. He rebuked Goldsmith for a childish expectation of doubling 'thirty pounds in his pocket' that way, and risked offending the taste of his patrons by producing Edward Moore's anti-gambling play, *The Gamester*. It is needless to enlarge on the most conspicuous vice of the century when

> "rosy Morn found MADAM still
> Wrangling at *Ombre* or *Quadrille*";

when Lord Carlisle wrote to Selwyn, "The hazard this evening was very deep. Meynell won 4000*l* and Pigot 5000*l*"; when Charles Fox prepared himself for the debate on relieving the clergy of the Thirty-nine Articles by passing twenty-two hours at cards, and losing £11,000; when sandwiches were invented as a form of sustenance because Lord Sandwich could not leave the gaming-table to go and get a meal; when a temporary non-attendance at Almack's (later, Brooks's) was known as 'fattening,' and the process incident to return as 'cutting up.' A writer who emulates in words the

[1] Cp.

> "In Lent, if Masquerades displease the town,
> Call 'em Ridotto's, and they still go down."
> *The Man of Taste.* By James Bramston.

impressionism of Aubrey Beardsley puts before us this mania of the rich in a brace of sentences—

> "Cannot we in our fancy see them, those silent exquisites round the long table at Brooks', masked, all of them, 'lest the countenance should betray feeling,' in quinze masks, through whose eyelets they sat peeping, peeping, while macao brought them riches or ruin? We can see them, those silent rascals, sitting there with their cards and their rouleaux and their wooden money-bowls, long after the dawn had crept up St. James' and pressed its haggard face against the window of the little club."

Unhappily, in the age that blew the South Sea Bubble, not the wealthy alone were involved. The grocer and the tallow-chandler, too, clapped on laced coats and bags, and sneaked from the counter to the E O table. The evil spirit of gambling pervaded all classes. The public lotteries promoted it, and Bath was an informal Monte Carlo. But Garrick was unpoisoned, nor do we discover that he even cared for the mild diversion of Pope Joan or sixpenny whist in the hours "when recollection tires, and chat runs low."

The reader of eighteenth century memoirs must be continually struck by differences of manners in *minutiæ* beneath the notice of history. The most 'topping' people, for instance, swallowed peas off a knife, and we have Garrick's word for it that the contemporary method of eating oysters was to suck them off one's wrist. On the other hand, things nobody would hesitate to do nowadays were not *bon ton* at all. Johnson (who himself ate fish with his fingers) said, in describing Sir Alexander Macdonald's house in Skye, "The Lady had not the common decencies of her tea-table; we picked up our sugar with our fingers." The same censor was extremely disgusted with manners in France. The epic poetess, Madame du Boccage, for example, when the spout of the tea-pot did not pour freely, bade the footman blow

into it. But French ladies did not know the rudiments of genteel behaviour. "A lady there will spit on the floor and rub it with her foot." Johnson, of course, had a high standard. Did he not hand the cake at tea at Streatham Place so assiduously as to destroy his little Burney's appetite for supper?

No doubt, refinement is at all times liable to be relative and fragmentary. Boswell—who could not bear the thought that blind Mrs. Williams tried the inside of the cups with her finger to judge how full they were—so rarely washed his hands that the contrast between them and his ruffles was most marked. Also, it may be remembered, he let his toe-nails grow into his feet for want of cutting.

Some of the ways people had at table will hardly bear dwelling on. Thus, after dinner, an elderly man who wore false teeth, 'when using the water glass to wash his mouth,' would take out his two rows in the unmoved sight of all. Bacon (1740-1799) was the first 'statuary,' who, in modelling in the presence of sitters, used a squirt to sprinkle the clay. His contemporaries used their mouths. Oglethorpe, fine old gentleman though he was, must have been forgetful of minor morals, for, when someone, after the removal of the cloth, said to him, "Pray, General, give us an account of the siege of Bender," he, nothing loth, poured a little wine on the table. "Here were we, here were the Turks," he began, and described everything with his wet finger.

DUBLIN THEATRES AND THE PROVINCES

DUBLIN THEATRES AND THE PROVINCES

FROM the point of view of the sons and daughters of Thespis, Dublin, during the eighteenth century, was an extremely important centre, second only to London. Those were the days of an Irish Parliament, when the Irish nobility still occupied their town houses.

Throughout Garrick's period, speaking roughly, two theatres, licensed by the Lord Mayor, existed in Dublin, though the city permanently needed only one, and the imperfect support it afforded more, except during the summer starring season, was a cause of ruin to Manager after Manager. Though Garrick, after he commenced his twenty-nine years' monarchy at 'D.L T.,' never acted off his own boards, previously to that glorious reign he played for two separate seasons—1742 and 1745–46—in Dublin. The scene of both triumphs was the theatre rebuilt in Smock Alley in 1733. Its rival, at the date of Garrick's first visit, was the Theatre Royal in Aungier Street, nearer the Castle, where, it may be remembered, Quin and Mrs. Cibber were already playing an engagement when, in May of 1742, Garrick and Mrs. Woffington were invited to Smock Alley. Their four names prove what bright stars periodically transferred their lights to John Bull's other island.

Before Garrick's second visit the Aungier Street and Smock Alley theatres jointly came under the managership of Thomas Sheridan, with whom Benjamin Victor

was to be associated as assistant Manager, and, during Sheridan's two years' absence in England (1704–6) as sub-lessee. The stock company seems to have acted alternately at their two houses, Smock Alley taking the lead. No rival to the united theatres existed till, in 1758, Barry and Woodward, in an evil hour for themselves, built a theatre on the site of the old music hall in Crow Street. Thenceforward, the various leading actors were perpetually moving backwards and forwards between one management and the other. In 1760, we find Foote, Mossop, and Vernon, as well as Barry and Woodward, in Crow Street. The total receipts on an exceptionally good night at Smock Alley were about £150. In Crow Street, they were pretty much the same, for, though better business was being done there, on account of the theatre being new—not a 'crazy vessel looking like a dungeon,' 'bad-lighted,' with dirty clothes and scenes, and, frequently, poor players, as Smock Alley gradually came to be—it had been built partially by subscription, and was hampered with sixty subscribers' free tickets.

Tom O'Bedlam—as Garrick called Sheridan—notwithstanding a strain of humbug that reminds us of William Godwin, did a good deal to lift the Dublin stage out of the disorder into which it had fallen during the later thirties. He had the golden quality (would he could have transmitted it to his son!) of paying salaries and tradesmen's bills on the nail. In 1743, he made Garrick the amusingly self-satisfied proposal that the two of them should divide the kingdoms, and play—always separately—one winter in London, and the next in Dublin.

The summer birds of passage found good pickings in Ireland, and those of any distinction were cordially received by the inhabitants of the fine houses in Stephen's Green and Rutland Square. From the Manager's point

of view, on the other hand, to quote a contemporary judgment, "the consequence of these visitors is not always productive, though it gives a glare to enterprise.... The absence of the London favourite leaves a cold chill on theatrical culture for the year to come." It was, however, noticed that certain plays which in London had been the rage met with no response, for, as Macklin aptly said, "There is a geography in humour." Foote convulsed the Irish audiences with his 'salmagundi' morning 'Tea,' in which he touched, in his *revue* style, on such topics of the day as the Bottle Conjurer, the Cock Lane Ghost, and Betty Canning the abducted—or perjured—servant-girl, but, when Woodward imitated this entertainment, though he, likewise, called his imitation, 'Tea,' Dublin said it was only water on the leaves. The Irish professionals were touchy on the subject of the superior metropolitan quality assumed by the lesser Londoners, and, when the latter used the phrase, 'in town,' would retort, "Town! what do you mean by town! Is not Dublin, where you are now, a town, and a very good town?" They had reason to be proud of their own actors, Woffington, Clive, Barry, and Macklin, and of their dramatists, Goldsmith and Sheridan.

The one individual in Dublin who denied Garrick the 'honey-draught' was Lord Chesterfield, who, for a few months of 1745–46, and in spite of 'strict adherence' to the infamous Gavel Act, was governing Ireland in a conciliatory spirit and with real ability. On command nights it was customary for the Manager and the principal actor to bow the Lord Lieutenant into his box, walking backwards before him with lighted candles. When, at Garrick's benefit, he and Sheridan went through this picturesque proceeding, his Excellency spoke condescendingly to the Manager, but gave Garrick neither look nor word. Naturally, the petted artist felt dreadfully huffed,

nor can such a lesion in '*les grâces, le je ne sçais quoi qui plait*' be accounted for except by supposing that, in pursuance of his general policy, Chesterfield meant to single out the Irishman at all costs. A few months later, at a Bath coffee-house, he virtually acknowledged —to Gilbert Walmesley of Lichfield, of all people—his neglect of Garrick by saying that Garrick "wanted no protection."

The Dublin audiences were such epicures in emotion that if, in a tragedy, the hero made a good end, they paid him the delicate compliment of forthwith ordering down the curtain. Not a line would they hear of Horatio's 'Good night, sweet prince,' nor of the moral of *Romeo and Juliet*, of Malcolm's election, nor of Richmond's victory at Bosworth. The prices of seats were from 1s. 1d., the upper gallery, to 5s. 5d., the boxes. The 'lattices,' which were the same as the London green-boxes (*i.e.* upper boxes), were 4s. 4d. It will be remembered that, up to 1825, thirteen pence went to the Irish shilling. Mossop, after he took over Smock Alley in 1761, though decidedly out-at-elbows, used to light the house with wax on Shakespeare nights—an imaginative touch worthy of Erin.

The Dublin theatres were each provided with a crush-room, called, since it led into the boxes, the box-room, and this lent itself to the society element which played a disturbing part in the duel between the Crow Street and the Theatre Royal managements. As soon as Ben Victor advertised benefits and the novelties he daily expected from London, Barry set to work to enlist sundry high-flying, rose-pink ladies of fashion who were his adherents to fix the same evenings at Crow Street as *their* nights, on which they were to bespeak the plays, receive the box company—all personal acquaintances—suborn their tradespeople to fill the pit and gallery, and,

generally, obtain, at low terms, more public *kudos* than from giving a rout at home. Fortunately for t'other house, a patroness's triumph occasionally hung fire. The rival Manager sarcastically describes the mortification ensuing—

"The great Lady of the Night, goes early into the Box Room, to receive her Company. This Lady had sent out Pit and Gallery Tickets to all her *Tradespeople*, with *Threatenings* of the loss of her Custom, if they did not dispose of them: and the Concern she was under, when the Time was approaching for the drawing up the Curtain, at the Sight of a thin Pit and Galleries, introduced the following Entertainment. The Lady was ready to faint; and after Smelling-Bottles were applied, she cryed out '*she was ruined and undone!* She would never be able *to look dear Mr. B*[arry] *in the face any more, after such a shocking Disappointment!*' At many of these repeated Lamentations, the Box-Keeper advanced, and said, '*I beg your Ladyship will not be so disheartened; indeed your Ladyship's Pit will mend, and your Ladyship's Galleries too will certainly mend, before the Play begins.*' At which the Lady cry'd, 'Out, you nasty, flattering, Fellow! I tell you I'm undone! Ruin'd and undone! that's all! But I'll be reveng'd; I am resolv'd I'll *pay off*,—no—I'll *turn off* all my saucy Tradesmen To-morrow Morning!'"

The Cork Theatre and the Limerick Theatre—where fine peaches at a halfpenny were brought to the box doors—were the only two provincial theatres of any account in Ireland. Garrick gave considerable offence by never leaving Dublin to play in either.

Next in dignity after Dublin came the Bath Theatre, the first Theatre *Royal* in England after the passing of the enfranchising Act of 1768. Bath was *par excellence* the training-ground for the London stage. Mrs. Siddons, Edwin, and Elliston graduated from there. Henderson's original engagement, obtained for him by Garrick, was at Bath, where the young actor 'debuted' under the name of Courtney; five years afterwards, Colman, in want of a novelty, invited him from Bath to the Hay-

market, and, in little over a month, reaped £4500 by the engagement. The Bath Theatre owed its success partly to the exceptional circumstances of a holiday city, full of critical playgoers, and partly to the ability of those many-sided men, the two Palmers, father and son, its successive lessees. The younger Palmer, the inaugurator (in 1784) of mail-coaches, ran the Bristol Theatre conjointly with Bath, the company appearing in each place on specified nights.

York, Hull, and Leeds, with more or less fit-up shows at Wakefield, Pontefract, Doncaster, Beverley, Richmond, and 'Harrowgate,' constituted the York circuit, of which our old acquaintance, Tate Wilkinson, considerably raised the *status* when he expended £500 to obtain an Act of Parliament in his own name for two royal patents for twenty-one years for the York and Hull Theatres. While he relieved his troop from the humiliation of an Entrée Libre announcement, modified by the sale of tooth-powder, and covered by the term, Concert, he himself, as 'his Majesty's patentee, Mr. Wilkinson,' with the accompanying right to be addressed as 'Esquire,' in time became the patriarch of the provincial stage. He was a mimic rather than a legitimate actor, but so excellent in mimicry that Foote answered Préville's compliments to his own powers in that direction by saying, "There is a strolling chap, one Tate Wilkinson, to the exhibition of whose faculty for this Tom-foolery I am not fit to snuff the candles." Off the stage, Wilkinson loved to invent, when 'the bottle had mellowed him into good humour and memory,' such *scènes drolatiques* as a game of whist between Macklin, Mrs. Clive, Shuter, and Mrs. Pritchard, or a dialogue between Garrick and a sexagenarian washerwoman who had brought home Mrs. Garrick's things instead of his, and was reading the bill to him.

Wilkinson was a capable coach, never allowing his probationers to read—or write—their stage letters too fast, nor composedly fling away bound volumes 'into ponds, rivers, etc.' He insisted on the great truth that "a performer will never convert an audience to the belief, of finding him worthy of being trusted with a thousand lines, if he does not speak *six* with propriety." He would permit his young actors no "listening to idle, dissipated companions, who too often are termed their friends, and encourage them in such behaviour, while they are laughing on the stage, because they do not know three lines of their damned parts, as they term them." His must have been an excellent school.

Not only were Mrs. Siddons, Dora Francis (whom he first named Mrs. Jordan), John Kemble, and the elder Mathews all engaged in their novitiate on prudent terms by this discerning Manager, but he rid his circuit, in the teeth of green-room opposition and ale-house abuse, of at least one circumstance of ignominy for the country player, that of attending the playbill man round the town, knocking 'humbly at every door honoured with or without a rapper, and supinely and obediently' stopping at every shop and stall to leave a playbill, 'and request the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Griskin's company at the benefit.' No matter how severe the snow, rain, or hail, the poor, draggle-tailed Andromache of a Juliet or Lady Macbeth was (if unmarried) expected to undertake this objectionable solicitation, in which she might, or might not, be offered the further degradation of 'a cheering drop' at the house-door. In connection with this Yorkshire reform, we may recall Hazlitt's corroborative description, in one of his Dramatic Essays, of what used to take place in his native town of Wem in Shropshire in the way of theatrical canvassing, and also some passages in an article by Frank Buckland,

entitled 'Jack-Fishing on the Avon.' The wandering patentee, as Wilkinson styled himself, might well comment, in his indignation—

> "Good God! what a sight! to actually behold Mr. Frodsham, bred as a gentleman, with fine natural talents, and esteemed in York as a Garrick, running after a gentleman on horseback to deliver his benefit bill, and beg half a crown, (then the price of the boxes)."

Wilkinson adds his sum of more to what has been said concerning Dublin audiences as to the difficulty of forecasting provincial taste. In London, provided a comedy possessed sparkle, it would be greatly applauded; while the very same play might, in the country, be termed 'vile, low, vulgar, and indelicate.' It is interesting to find Congreve's two masterpieces, Vanbrugh's *Confederacy* and Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough* (an expurgated version of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*), cited as plays the Puritan provincials would have none of. In spite of the often repeated assertion that the only test of merit to a country audience was the London hall-mark, before Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, no first-rate London luminaries had dreamt of going on tour during their summer off-season, even round places like York, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

Most of the social changes the eighteenth century brought about seem directly or indirectly connected with the gradual improvement in the roads: the provincial manager, meanwhile, was grumbling at the increased facility people had of flying 'like air-balloons' to London, the centre of all things. He complained that 'frequently seeing the best acting had destroyed all theatrical *regular* relish,' and illustrated his statement by a speech to which he said he was inured, when, on a Saturday in the York Theatre upon someone being asked, "How did you like the play?" the reply was

apt to be, "Why tolerable:—but having seen it last Wednesday night so *delightfully* acted at Drury Lane, it made the comedy appear very tiresome."

As the audiences became more exacting, the players became more fastidious. In the brave days about 1750, heavy, durable clothes, bought second-hand, contented the actresses; *then*, "an old petticoat, made for a large hoop of the Duchess of Northumberland, would have served a queen in the theatre several years, descended to a duchess of Suffolk, afterwards made two handsome tragedy shapes for an old rich Spaniard," but such long-lived fabrics would be laughed to scorn in 1780, when ephemeral gauze and lustring were alone worn by the ladies in the boxes.

Foote was the first 'capital' performer who ventured to visit Edinburgh professionally. He went there in 1759, long before the Edinburgh Theatre was anything more than 'a smuggling vessel.' His trip answered better than was expected, seeing that in Scotland at that time the theatre was generally considered a seat of profanation and Satan's very tabernacle. It will be remembered that, in 1756, the Rev. John Home was so dissolute,

'so lost to shame and Sabbath law'

as to bring out his *Douglas* in the theatre in the Canongate, for which crime he was forced to resign his ministerial charge. That not quite every Edinburgh minister regarded play-actors as Satan's agents is proved by a letter in the Garrick Correspondence from the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the historian, who not only wished to have Garrick's views on the character of Mary the Honeypot Queen, but was so gratuitously skittish as to acknowledge himself 'much in love' with Mrs. Garrick.

Leaving what then corresponded to the present-day 'A' towns, let us glance at the travelling companies who supplied the dramatic demands of smaller places. Theatrical memoirs of the type of Samuel Ryley's *The Itinerant* and John Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage* all call to mind (as Mrs. Thrale found Domenichino did) Hogarth's *Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn.* We need only to study that immortal 'document,' glance through Churchill's *The Apology,* and refresh our memories with the Crummles *excursus* in *Nicholas Nickleby* to get a working idea of the provincial stage in 'B' and 'C' towns. Often, the so-called Theatre was not even a booth, but merely a room or barn behind the public-house, as, for example, at Worcester, where Sarah Kemble (afterwards Siddons) appeared, in 1768, on a stage three yards wide, 'the Threatre at the King's Head.' Worcester was no El Dorado for itinerant actors. A first night's receipts there, with a 'brandy company' and two popular pieces, were only £7, attributable to the ruinous half-price system that still obtained in country places, whereby the first three acts were played to empty benches, and the fourth interrupted by the entrance of half-pay patrons. One actor went so far as to join the Roman Catholic Church for Worcester only, on conviction that that religious interest was in the ascendant there. Maidstone was worse than Worcester, for there, Tate Wilkinson, presenting, for his so-called benefit, *The Beaux' Stratagem,* only netted two pieces of candle and eighteenpence. "Our houses were shockingly attended, though I was the Romeo, Barnwell, Shore, Orestes, and the Douglas." Ludlow was another frosty locality, where the Theatre, a miserably poor place, '*when fill'd,*' scarcely held twenty pounds.

Dingy, inglorious Romantics, the records of their shifts and privations make rather dolorous reading! Yet

their 'happy alchemy of mind' helped them along, and, moreover, as Tate Wilkinson honestly admits, "*without vanity* performers would not have courage to sustain the shock and proceed."

The demoralising system of universal benefits induced some humorous situations. When Holland, on a summer engagement, exclaimed, as Macbeth, to his First Murderer, "There's blood upon thy face," he was naturally indignant with the underling for shouting his half-line of reply. The justification of the emphasis was unanswerable—"Harkye, Master Holland, *I* have a benefit to make in this town as well as *you*." Entirely in line with the minuter details of Hogarth's painting is the story Tate Wilkinson tells about the stage regalia falling, with a broken-seated chair, into a gridiron full of sizzling mutton-chops, in the green-room. So is the picture Goldsmith draws in his 'Adventures of a Strolling Player' of *Romeo and Juliet* as performed in a large room at the Greyhound, Tenterden, where "the same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession." No wonder that the old Duchess of Queensberry, after a peep behind the scenes, returned to real life persuaded, however erroneously, that actors and actresses were 'like gypsies, and only separated from each other in their most retired hours by a blanket.'

The taking of towns was the most arduous among the many arduous employments of the strolling Manager. In each fresh venue pitched upon his first necessary business was to wait upon the magistrate, who, after the appeal, "Pray, Sir, may we have permission to erect a

theatre?" might offer Madeira and biscuits, but might, on the contrary, inquire, "Pray have you brought any letters from persons of distinction?" and, on receiving a negative reply, arrogantly conclude the interview. In the company itself, whatever went wrong was imputed to the Manager, and, in abusing him, junior lead and comic countrymen almost swore themselves brothers, and rival actresses temporarily forewent their habitual occupation of fighting their weight in wild cats. Being an actor as well, the Manager not unnaturally reserved the best parts, and objected to members of his staff getting in his light. Some of the Managers were, no doubt, ignorant and preposterous bullies, of whom the James Augustus Whiteley, so often mentioned by Lee Lewes and other chroniclers, was archetype. "You get no benefit in my company, you creeping incendiary!" roared this Bajazet of barnstormers to one George Downing, 'a ruby-faced member of the scenic corps,' when he came to tell him the gentlemen of the hunt had bespoken a play with himself, not Whiteley, in the leading part. Less contemptible, and something of an artist was another travelling Manager, who, in his abhorrence of a stick, would stand at the wing, stamp his foot, twist his wig round, and bawl, loud enough for the whole audience to hear, "Throw it out, man—throw it out!" The Managers were often sweaters, or at least demanded more than a pennyworth for their penny. One would engage the applicant for the first line of low comedy, provided he could dance between the acts, and play Harlequin. Another paid his company small certainties, of nine shillings and half a guinea per week, according to their merit. A third played all the leading parts himself, but had no objection to give the applicant a share in the business, provided he could occasionally assist in the orchestra. A fourth would allow the applicant a share, with a shilling a night

extraordinary, if he would, when leisure served, take the prompt-book, receive the checks, and help to distribute the bills. It all sounds so like Mr. Vincent Crummles' engagement of Nicholas Nickleby that one is a little surprised at finding, in the unfictitious histories, no stipulation that the applicant should sing a comic song on the pony's back, or write a play introducing a real pump and two washing-tubs.

It is fair to the eighteenth century strolling Manager to say that his applicants were frequently ludicrously conceited, writing as though they were Garricks. One inflated idiot named 'Brush' Collins (possibly, some ancestor of the Rev. Wm. Collins of Hunsford!) when approaching the Management of the Edinburgh Theatre, commenced his letter, "Conscious of nature's liberal gifts, I apply to you for an engagement." He was not exceptional. The lady candidate was equally fatuous and more pathetic. Rising forty, she would urge that she had 'fixed her mind upon the stage as affording a *pleasant*, *easy*, and *genteel* livelihood—a *certain* resource against the calamities of *indigence*,' and add that she had 'not the *smallest* doubt of *success*, particularly in *sentimental* young ladies.'

We meet all sorts of queer souls among 'the gentlemen of the theatre' in these quaint, ill-written books, the inferior theatrical memoirs of the eighteenth century, and all sorts of old-world traits of country fairs, and towns, and audiences. There is the stroller who says, on every possible occasion, 'od rabbit it!' and, while 'naturally fond of beef' (like Goldsmith's Merry Andrew in the essay) always forgets to pay his share of the tavern reckoning. There is the town where every public-house that roasts a goose or a sirloin on a Saturday gives notice of the fact by the crier—'a great accommodation to small families, and people in lodgings.' There is the

July gallery whose nerves are so overstrung that it is unsafe to act before it the drinking of 'a bumper of cooling wine.' Except that both they and he had to please to live, how far removed these itinerant players, with their spare and precarious earnings, seem from Garrick, seated at some long-drawn pomp of dinner in 'the dear regions of Grosvenor Square' (as Miss Stirling has it, in his and Colman's *Clandestine Marriage*), and surrounded by lords and ladies, bishops, wits, pictures, diamonds, shoulder-knots, and all the decorums!

FOREIGN FRIENDS AND VISITS

FOREIGN FRIENDS AND VISITS

BESIDES his voyage to Lisbon as a child, Garrick went twice abroad. The earlier journey, which occurred in the summer of 1751, took him to Paris only, and, since he was accompanied by his inseparable partner, to whom he had been married two years, the excursion is justly designated in Mr. Fitzgerald's 'Life of Garrick' a delayed wedding trip.

The slight journal Garrick kept of his first experience of the land of his forefathers has been lost. Two or three facts we know—that he 'mixed with the natives' —his own phrase, found time to be painted by Liotard, prophesied the future greatness of Mademoiselle Clairon, the actress,[1] and was accorded (or so it would appear) the extraordinary honour of being presented to Louis Quinze.

Garrick's second foreign peregrination (1763–65) was a much more elaborate affair, and a distinct interlude in his professional career. The motives for his deciding to withdraw awhile from the public eye were various. In the first place, Covent Garden's English Opera, with Miss Brent's voice in it, was having a bad effect on legitimate drama. In a 'Dialogue between Mrs. Cibber and [the Shade of] Mrs. Woffington' (1767), Mrs. Cibber is made to say of the 'comic Operas,' "these harmonious

[1] In 1751, Clairon had been eight years at the Théâtre-Français, and no actress but Dumesnil could compete with her. Perhaps Garrick prophesied her naturalesque later period, which commenced in 1752.

pieces would fill houses, when Garrick and myself, in Shakespeare's best plays, could scarcely pay expenses—this indeed was the principal reason of the Manager's going abroad." Secondly, Fitzpatrick's envenomed attacks, taking sometimes one form, sometimes another, had been getting on Garrick's nerves. Moreover, Sterne and Hume had recently been receiving such ovations in Paris that the great actor might well think he too ought to put in for an equal or even more dazzling *succès* in those Anglophil, nay, Anglo-maniacal salons. It was an idea Sterne had stimulated by letters describing how rapturously Garrick was being be-Rosciused by those in France of the best rank and station. We may add to these motives the natural need for a holiday, and the human desire of a man who has amassed an ample fortune to acquire the further hall-mark of being able to say he has swum in a gondola and conversed with red-legged Cardinals.

Financially, Garrick was now perfectly well able to retire altogether: morally, he may have thought this interval would perhaps prove a wise opportunity, 'a-tip-toe on the highest point of being,' for his doing so. At all events, he left England, with his wife, on September 15th, 1763, determined, certainly, to retain his share in the management of 'Drury's Playhouse,' but with an open mind as to the future advisability of returning there as actor.

Paris was the Garricks' original destination, and they went by the Dover and Calais route. A thirst for travel should have been very genuine in those days, when the shortest Channel crossing took twenty-six hours, when, being dependent on the wind, the time of starting was as uncertain as the time of arrival, and when the processes of embarking and disembarking had to be gone through without benefit of landing-stages. It is not

VOLTAIRE IN HIS STUDY

known whether Garrick followed in their entirety Dr. Johnson's rules for travel—

"1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.
4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Get a smart sea sickness, if you can."

After three weeks in Paris, filled from the day of arrival with theatre-going and gratifying social engagements—a prelude to the longer sojourn on their return journey—Mr. and Mrs. Garrick pushed on to Italy *viâ* Lyons, 'Savoia,' and Mont Cenis. The actor did not travel as *Mi Lord Anglois*, merely as a person of elegant curiosity. There was, of course, for well-to-do people, only one way of going to Italy, viz. to take a carriage and drive there. From the Genevese frontier came an invitation from 'M. de Voltaire' to the '*célèbre* Mr. Garrick' to halt at Ferney, and make use, if he would, of the little private theatre; but Garrick, while flattered by such a mark of graciousness on the part of the illustrious iconoclast, begged to take advantage of it as he came back.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in preparing his comprehensive work on Garrick, had access to some private papers containing Garrick's journal of the early part of the tour, and, though one would hardly have expected mountain masses to be eloquent to David Roscius, *temp.* 1763, yet judging from one or two appreciative comments on their austere scenery quoted from this note-book, he actually (to use Gibbon's expression) *viewed* the Alps, and did not pull his night-cap down over his eyes, as the painter, Northcote, did, and as near the

Romantic Revival as 1779, when crossing the same pass. "I forgot to tell you," wrote Garrick, from Turin, to Colman, in an unpublished letter in one of Sir Henry Irving's 'Garrick Memorial' volumes, "that we had the finest day imaginable for passing the terrible Mount Cenis. I was highly entertained indeed, & it was much more inconceivable (I mean the manner of ascending and descending) than it is Dangerous or Disagreeable."

Vineyards and chestnut woods and towered cities—Turin, Milan, Genoa, Bologna, Florence—where Garrick talked with Algarotti, the poet, and recommended him tar-water for his ailments—at length brought the Garricks to the Seven Hills. There they spent a fortnight of enchantment, 'surveying' Rome (as the phrase went) forgetting the society world, giving themselves up to ruins and churches, palaces and fountains. Of all earthly cities, Rome was, wrote Garrick, 'the one most worth coming to and writing of.' He had 'never felt so much in his life as' in the Pantheon. Some noodle at home translated at this time an 'Epigram,' purporting to be Voltaire's, 'on Mr. Garrick's Travelling,' as follows:—

> "When Garrick o'er the Alps hath trod
> And been at Antient Rome,
> The Amphitheatre shall nod,
> And Roscius tremble in his tomb."

After Rome, the travellers sped south to Naples for three months, returning—*viâ* a month in Rome again—by way of Parma to Venice, the Venice Guardi painted in a tone of pearl, the trivial eighteenth century Venice of Quirini's Casino and Galuppi's *toccate*, where the Thrales' Baretti was their principal cicerone. In Naples, the 'everywhere friend-finding' pair had enjoyed

a time after their hearts. Let extracts from one of David's letters to George Garrick speak:—

"We have been very happy here and have receiv'd Every mark of favour from all sorts of People—I eat and drink too much, and laugh from morning to night. Our Mirth has been lately damp'd by my poor wife's keeping her bed and room for many days with a most obstinate Rheumatism . . . however she hopes to be at the Carnaval Masquerade (which begins next Tuesday) in the dress of a lame old woman ; I have scolded and phyz'd about it, but if she can wag, she goes—we are continually with Lady Oxford, Lady Spencer, Lord Exeter, Lord Palmerston—in short we are in great fashion and I have forgot England and all my trumpery at Drury Lane. . . . I was very near wet to the skin yesterday in the Elysian fields at Baiæ, and therefore did not enjoy Julius Cæsar's Palace, and Tully's Villa so much at my Ease as I could wish. . . . I was very much hurt at the nonsense in the St. James's Chronicle. . . . [which] Lord Exeter sends me twice a week . . . about my dancing with the Duke [*i.e.* Duchess] of D. [Devonshire] pray tell Colman that I think Baldwin [the editor] us'd me like a Scoundrel to print such a heap of stuff."

Regarding the sincerity of sentences like the last, the discerning reader will feel inclined to avail himself of Fanny Burney's astute comment, 'Ha! Ha!'

Not only was Garrick invited by the King of the Two Sicilies to the court theatre, but asked to test the improvising powers of its actors by jotting down an outline plot for them to fill in, learn, and play the following evening—a *tour de force* they did not fail to execute, while Garrick entered into 'so nouvelle an entertainment' with amused zest.

Our fathers, *circ.* 1764, were at least as enraptured with Caraccis and Guidos as are our loftier selves with Mantegnas and Signorellis, and Garrick was as glib as to the superlative merits of the former-named painters, while not undervaluing the correggiosity of Correggio, as other travellers of taste. In Rome, he rose to the

full requirements of the situation, and was not only the *cognoscente*, but the active patron. Dance painted him as Richard, and it is related in the Life of Nollekens how that sculptor, aged twenty-six, walking in a Roman street, was accosted by Garrick, in his characteristically light, free way, with "What! let me look at you! Are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?" "Yes, sir." Whereupon, Mæcænas Garrick invited the beginner to breakfast next morning, and 'kindly sat to him' for his busto, for which he paid twelve guineas, 'in gold.' It was the first bust young Nollekens had modelled.

Garrick spent his spare time pottering about among the *Antichità* shops, and, in the Correspondence, we find 'Marchetto the Jew' and 'the bookseller Scappino' kissing his hands, and recommending themselves to his protection. He bought Bartolozzis for the Duke of Devonshire, and offered to pick up pictures and statues for him too, but his noble friend had 'no money.' 'Pliny the Elder,' Mr. Hamilton (later, Sir William), had evidently talked 'the Virtù' to Garrick in Naples. Æsthetic antiquarianism was then the rage. The Duke of Roxburghe had his train of engravers and buyers, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Warwick theirs, and 'the Connoisseurs' were kept in a perpetual ferment by wealthy importers like Charles Townley—whose esteem for Mr. Christie, founder of the historic auction rooms, was so profound that he always trusted him alone among his cabinets of gems. We need only consult Reynolds's two groups of the Dilettanti Society (inventors and owners of that fine-flavoured motto, 'Grecian Taste and Roman Spirit') in the Grafton Galleries supper-room, to realise the fervour and cultivated judgment men were bringing to bear upon 'prints, pictures, bronzes, medals, and minionettes.'

Foote maintained that 'the Devil himself could not match Garrick at a bargain,' but, being an amateur expert, Garrick was, in all probability, sometimes—like the rest of us—'sold' by dealers, who had 'coins of the first emperors' 'now steeping in copperas,' as in Foote's *Taste*. He was, at all events, amazingly credulous concerning the authenticity of the numerous Shakespeare relics collected in his Hampton Temple.

For himself, Garrick principally went in for rare books and old plays. He was not a little proud of his library treasures in their Russia bindings, and we know how faintly he sighed 'Y-e-s,' when the Arch-Sloven asked to borrow his Petrarch. We know also how his preference for having his books read on the premises instead of taken away angered that lover of literature to the point of referring to it in the Preface to his edition of Shakespeare.

Mrs. Garrick's rheumatism was in her hip, and so obstinate that after she had been a month in Venice she had to stay 'physicking' again at Albano — a 'sorry Sejour' no eighteenth century tourist would have chosen to be ill in. Baretti—who little guessed that, five years later, he was to owe his life in part to Garrick's evidence to his general good character —now communicated Countess Bujovich's miraculous remedy against sciatica — "the Plaister is made with some Venetian Soap, and the yolk of an Egg well mix'd together, applied to the painful part on a bit of bleu paper."

After traversing Tyrol, the Garricks soon reached Munich, and there, on August 2nd, Garrick himself fell ill, of 'the most dangerous bilious fever,' brought on by too many good men's feasts. Mrs. Garrick's amiability and grace of disposition come out pleas-

antly in this that she wrote to George Garrick on the 22nd—

"During your brother's illness I forgot intirely that I ever ail'd anything ; and as the rheumatism was so complisant to leave me at that time when I most wish'd to get rid of his company I shall have no objection to let him sport a little longer with me when I have only to take care of myself. how is it with your health? we long to hear from you. . . . Love to the Dear Little ones."

George Garrick, to whom, in association with Colman, David had given a power of attorney during his absence, is constantly urged in these foreign letters to take all the advantage he will of Hampton House and its belongings. "I hope," writes Garrick, "you have had your family there, sent for the Cows, had the old Mare, rid about, eat the best fruit . . . pray go often to *Hampton*, and do, as if it was your own . . . Make use of the Florence Wine or what else belongs to Your Ever Affectionate Brother D. Garrick."

Concerning Powell, the clever young make-weight from the Wood Street Debating Club, now drawing crowded houses at Drury Lane, Garrick writes to George: "I fear for his *head*, and of course for his *heart*, if he talks of *Consequence*, he is undone." At about this date, letters and messages increasingly insisting upon Powell's ability and Powell's popularity began not a little to disturb the resting Roscius, though there is no evidence to show either that Powell took the slightest unworthy advantage of the absentee, or that Garrick wrote directly to him in any strain but that of encouragement and kindly counsel.

After a month in bed, Garrick found getting better of his bilious upset slow work. He is reduced, he says, to 'bones and a pair of lack-lustre eyes, that . . . wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheek-

bones.' However, since — according to the sensible opinion of one in his own circle—" Nothing is so uninteresting as the temporary ailments of Those who have been long since buried," let it suffice that Garrick recovered, and, though not strong enough, even after a course of waters, to pay the deferred and promised visit to the *seigneur* of Ferney, he was sufficiently upon the mending hand by mid-autumn to be able to travel to Paris. It must, by the way, have been almost as great an advantage, during the detention at Munich, that German was Mrs. Garrick's native tongue, as it now became to Garrick that he was perfectly at ease in French of Paris, and not, like Horace Walpole, in 1765, 'embarrassed and obscure.'

The Garricks tarried six months in *La Ville Lumière* (in a good first floor apartment close to the Tuileries in the Rue St. Nicaise), and their stay was one long feast of fame. All conditions were favourable. In the previous year, Nivernais had been in London, and there carried through the Treaty of Paris—the end of the Seven Years' War. The mere fact of being a celebrity from the land of the free and of Clarissa Harlowe was sufficient title to an effusive reception from every illuminated philosopher and sentimental salonière. Some twelve months earlier, '*le gros David*,' David Hume, had been temporarily installed as the pet of Paris. Quite as sweet-tempered and *bonhomme* as his namesake, but not at all witty, and a duffer at private theatricals, he, of course, owed much of his vogue to the prestige of his scepticism, which yet did not go nearly far enough for French taste. Garrick, with the glamour of England, had no insular angularities. Was he not of French origin? "*Sans la révocation de l'édit de Nantes ce trésor n'eût jamais enrichi la Grande Bretagne*," said one *bel esprit*, and another chimed in with, "*Ce Monsieur*

Garrick étoit fait pour vivre parmi nous." His quick-silver vivacity, his *happy* quality, and what his new friends called his tinder heart delighted them. "I am so plagu'd here for prints of me," he wrote home, asking for a batch of his own engraved portraits. Difficulties in spelling his name were no barrier—he was indifferently *the great M. Garrique*, *Monsieur Garike*, *Mr. Guarick*, *Mr. David Garrick*, *Esq.*, *l'ami Garrick*, *the little David*, and they addressed him as '*Cher et charmant*,' credited him with enormous savings, and believed Hampton Court to be his private residence.

Nothing could have been more reviving to a man of Garrick's constitution, or, indeed, to any man, but especially to Garrick after the slight absence of warmth in which he had left England, than this sunshine of attention and praise. Long afterwards, all his French acquaintance remembered him, and begged him to come again. "It is pleasant," wrote Gibbon to him from Paris, as late as 1777, "to find one's-self mentioned with friendship by those whom posterity will mention with admiration. Foreign nations are a kind of posterity, and among them you already reap the full harvest of your fame. I can assure you that in every polite circle there is not any name so frequently repeated as the name of Garrick."

As for Garrick's '*moitié, cette belle et grande* lady, *si bien faite*, *si jolie*,' she was just the woman to excite her hosts' rhapsodies. Her tact, tolerance, urbanity, lightness, her total immunity from any dull ways or ugly habits gained all hearts. Her obvious devotion to *ce cher M. Garrique* may have added a piquancy to her personality in the eyes of the semi-detached, or frankly detached, wives and husbands of the *faubourg*.

It is an extraordinary proof of Garrick's charm and plenitude that the homage he received in Paris he

received as a private gentleman, not as an actor shining in the afterglow of last night's footlights. He was sometimes so amiable as to lean over a chair at the conclusion of a *petit souper*, and, first telling his listeners Macbeth's story, proceed to ravish them with the dagger soliloquy, but this was only incidentally and occasionally.

All the same, he was perpetually linked with a writer—in spite of Voltaire's strictures, *fort à la mode*, Sheaxpire. The general verdict was summarised by the Abbé Bonnet with 'Æolian' hyperbole, ending in a—let us hope, intentional—anti-climax,

"Author, actor, tragedian, comedian, none but Shakespeare and yourself could write all that; and posterity will place the minister at the side of his idol above the same shrine. Madame Garrick will be between the two."

The most definitive information as to Garrick's Parisian triumphs is derivable from those flying leaves addressed to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha and others, which Grimm had (with Diderot's assistance) undertaken as a means of livelihood. The idea, originated by the Abbé Raynal, caught on—since Grimm possessed exceptional talent for salient 'pars.', various princes became subscribers, and the unprinted weekly hearsays were despatched to some twenty hyperborean Courts. Eventually, the foppish *littérateur*, all paint, manicure, and scent, was made Baron de Grimm. Here is an observant note of his on Garrick, whom he had just been seeing in one of the salons in his 'rounds'—

"His great power is the instantaneous possession which all characters take of the whole man in their turns. Nor does any change disfigure him; the *perfection* of it adds a beauty even to his fine face."

Garrick was frequently in the company of the giant fighter, Diderot, one of the profoundest dramatic theorists who ever lived, whose friendship he had made in 1751. Diderot, of course, enrolled him, before he finally left Paris, among the subscribers to the completed *Encyclopédie*. Before Garrick's second visit, d'Alembert, the foundling, had withdrawn from the perilous co-direction of that dynamo. It was in this very year (1764) that he was taking part in the celebrated hegira of Mlle. de Lespinasse from the salon and service of the Marquise du Deffand. Him, too, social chief of the *philosophes* as he was, Garrick knew well.

Under the heading, '*Déclamation*,' in *L'Encyclopédie*, Marmontel professes, in a letter to Roscius while in Paris, to have embodied in principles what he has learnt of elocution from Garrick's practice. It seems curious, nowadays, that a Frenchman should have thought of looking to an English model to find the actor's art *in excelsis*.

At the midday dinners at Baron d'Holbach's, those cosmopolitan, hospitable dinners that caused his house to be called the Café de l'Europe, Garrick met all the militant freethinkers of that strange French autumn that simulated spring; and one cannot but imagine that some of the diatribes against the Infamous he heard there must have jarred on the instincts of a man of whom no more solvent gibe at things held sacred is recorded, than was implied in his laughing at his wife's belief in the eleven thousand virgins.

The Garricks evidently visited Grimm's mistress, Mme. d'Epinay, for cordial messages passed between her and them after their departure. Long before she met Grimm, Mme. d'Epinay had been *galante*. Besides her more famous *Mémoires*, she wrote a work, crowned

by the Académie—on Education—but, in spite of it and of her brilliant gatherings, sage 'Mother Geoffrin' would have nothing to do with her. The last-named dowager is mentioned in the Garrick Correspondence, but whether Garrick sat at her spicy board does not appear. Most probably he did, for she loved distinguished foreigners.

Between d'Holbach's, the Wednesday dinners *chez* Helvétius, and Mme. d'Epinay's mart of wit, there were few of the famous circle, *titré, mitré, ou littré*, he missed meeting. He knew Beaumarchais, to whom, ten years later, in England, he gave hints for his *Barbier*; he was on a friendly footing with Marivaux, Morellet, the Comtesse de Boufflers, Chastellux, Watelet, and Madame Necker. Parisians who knew one another at all met so constantly that one wonders how fresh news and fresh epigrams had time to grow. What strikes one still more is the agedness of the regnant members of that 'Pagan world.' It was a society chiefly composed of tottering old men and toothless elderly ladies, who burned their candles to the snuff in public.

It is surprising, but true, that 'l'ami Garrick' formed the ordinary John Bull estimate (which was also Sterne's) of the French, after all the lionising and petting. "Their *politesse*," he wrote, when safe back across '*le Détroit*,' "has reduced their character to such a sameness, and their humours and passions are so curbed by habit, that, when you have seen half a dozen French men and women, you have seen the whole."

Garrick's correspondence with French men and women nevertheless occupies over a third of Boaden's second folio. We may note one utilitarian result flowing from this expansion of relationships in the numerous comedies, *parades*, and vaudevilles his friends *d'outre mer* suggested to him to lift or loot. He, on his side, sent

them over books, and sometimes a pine-apple, or a cheese. Among his constant correspondents there was one person, at least, who could not have been known from any general acquaintance with her compatriots. This was Mme. Riccoboni, the ill-used, nimble-witted, writing wife of a poor player, the son of Louis Riccoboni. Of all the crazily high-spirited letters ever scribbled in a voluble jumble of two languages those Mme. Riccoboni addressed to 'Mr. Tempest,' with their short, interposed passages to his 'charming spouse,' break the record. It needed a Garrick to respond adequately to a screed that opened thus—

"Help, help! murder, murder! dear Theresa, make haste, give me some relief,—I am in a fit, I am distracted,—Cut off Mr. Burke's [1] throat—mercy on us! forbear,—O tyrant! Mais il n'est pas prudent d'irriter ce méchant diable—Honest Mr. Noise, I implore your pity: upon my knees I crave your pardon! Be good, be merciful, do not cut nothing to the lovely Dick—Faith, his eyes are fine eyes—his smiles are sweet smiles—well, and what for this? Venez içi, répondez à ma question: tenez-vous là, soyez sage. Est-ce que depuis le voyage de Mr. Burke en France, je vous en aime moins, dites, my little irrational? est-ce que je mérite toutes ces dures épithètes? You are too hasty, Sir. En parlant de Mr. Burke, je dis *le bel Anglois*, ou mon *aimable écolier*: en parlant de Mr. Garrick, je dis the *dearling of my heart*,[2]—the *charming David*,—my *dear my sweet friend*!—I call you an ungrateful monster, are you not? Quel torrent d'injures! et les terminer par woman, woman! Zounds, Sir! a pretty piece of insolent vanity, indeed! Mais je m'honore du nom de *femme*, à la barbe de toute l'impertinente tribe de votre espèce; je ne voudrois pas changer de sexe, non, depend on it, man, lofty man!"

Among Sir Henry Irving's Garrick volumes is an unpublished letter, without address, indexed as 'to a Lady.' It is dated a month later (May 15th, 1766)

[1] Edmund's brother, Richard.

[2] To avert scandal, it should be mentioned that Mme. Riccoboni was fifty-three.

than the above, to which I have no doubt it was a reply. Its most salient words are as follows:—

"THOU DEAR, WILD, AGREEABLE DEVIL,— . . . My wife joins her love with mine, but she can't love you half so well as I do, and for a very good Reason.—Sweet, witty Barbarian, Yours Ever and Ever,

"D. GARRICK.

"*P.S.*—I am allways upon The Gallop.—nor have I time to read my letter over."

The real life French people have proved so interesting that I have left disproportionately little space in which to refer to the intimate and lasting relations the English actor set up with four, at least, of the *dii majores* of the Comédie Française, Clairon, Molé, Préville, and Lekain. Garrick was about leaving Paris at the time of that earth-shaking juncture when several of the foremost Comedians of the King struck work on account of an actors' quarrel, and were, in consequence, haled off to prison, a liability to '*loger chez le Roi*' being a concomitant of the state-run theatre. La Clairon drove through the streets to the fortress of For-l'Evêque in the carriage of the wife of the Intendant of Paris, Mme. de Sauvigny, and (since it was a *coupé*, and the police inspector refused to be divided from the demoiselle) seated upon her friend's knee. After five days' luxurious durance, she was released, but kept awhile under restraint at her house in the Rue des Marais. The other *sociétaires* forgot and forgave, but haughty little Clairon, who, like Garrick, only appeared short off the stage, sent in her resignation. It was the end of her theatrical career. Her *vie passionelle* (Paris and Anspach) lasted another quarter of a century.

Garrick wrote Clairon a sympathetic letter on the occasion of *l'affaire*. He and she had been on good comrade terms, and given alternate selections, to their

mutual admiration, in a favoured drawing-room. Garrick professed to adore the French Siddons, but, with a pardonable reservation of judgment, said of her, when speaking responsibly, that she was destitute of impulse—"*elle est trop actrice*"—a criticism in which Grimm concurs.[1] Clairon acted from diligent study and art, not from temperament. "Mlle. Clairon," said Garrick, "is so conscious and certain of what she can do, that she never (I believe) had the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly." Art's ineffablest crown, the occasional unconscious inspiration of the habitually assiduous artist, was not, therefore, hers, if we are to accept the verdict of Garrick, no mean judge. He, moreover, maintained, as a principle, that "there must be *comedy* in the perfect actor of tragedy," and, if tried by this standard, Clairon would again be found wanting, for she had no comedy. Even after she relinquished, upon Marmontel's entreaties, her absolutely monotonous conventional declamation, she still retained *ce chant emphatique* which (as Madame Bernhardt's Phèdre demonstrates) French alexandrines all but inevitably necessitate. Clairon, by the way, never would whiten her face, because, she said, the layer of powder paralysed the facial muscles, and "*ne laisse rien passer de l'âme de l'acteur.*"

Garrick was happy in that he only knew Rousseau in London. Had he come upon him in Paris, 'M. Jean-Jacques' might have pinned himself to his coat-tails to be carried across the Channel, as, eight months later, he did to those of Hume, who, in his kind-hearted trustfulness, was deaf to the plain-spoken warnings of the Encyclopædists, who knew their Emile. Hume had his way—and, before a year 'went about,' was tempted into allowing the publication of what a man similarly circumstanced to-day would call a Manifesto, on the subject of

[1] *Correspondance Littéraire*, iv. 497 (ed. 1813).

his own grievances and his guest's ingratitude. The correspondence that passed between him and Walpole on the propriety of this step is worth reading.

In London, in 1766, Mrs. Garrick did the honours of her box at Drury Lane to 'the Rousseau,' who requested to be placed so that he might 'not see the King,' which, as Mrs. Greville ironically remarked to another lady, was a *pauvreté* worthy a philosopher. Rousseau shared Dr. Johnson's indifference to the art of acting, and the wide-awake Mrs. Garrick was not deceived into imagining it was interest in her husband's Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone that made him, in his fur-capped, Armenian get-up, crane so far out of the box that she had to hold on forcibly to his pelisse to prevent his overbalancing. At any cost, 'the recluse philosopher' had to ensure being looked at.

When Garrick came home from abroad on April 27th, 1765, he was so convinced he would be back among his friends in Paris the next spring that he left with Monnet, the former Director of the *Opéra-Comique*, a case of his clothes, and other effects. But his long absence had refreshed the gusto of his English public for his peerless gifts, he returned in triumph to his throne on the boards, and foreign places saw him no more.

Lovely Lady Sarah Bunbury, meeting him at Calais on his way over, reported him as looking very old and thin. She added—in her jolly, handsome way—

"I hear he is grown mighty pert with the immense rout that has been made with him here [in Paris]. But that's *entre nous*, for I have no notion of owning it is possible he can be spoiled."

GARRICK AND SHAKESPEARE

GARRICK AND SHAKESPEARE

THE growth of a literary interest in sweet Master Shakespeare was a note of Garrick's period. Among the *élite*, Gothic had ceased to be the synonym of barbarous. Antiquarianism was in the air. Witness Percy of the *Reliques*, Walpole of the Castle, Macpherson of Ossian, Chatterton of the Rowley Poems. Dodsley, the publisher's, *Old Plays* appeared in 1744. Keys, everywhere, were being fitted to muniment rooms.

During the eighteenth century no fewer than nine editors of Shakespeare 'bore their fruitage,' and it is noteworthy that Garrick was in more or less intimate relations with the five who were his contemporaries. First of the nine came Nathaniel Rowe, the dramatist, who printed the original octavo. Then followed Pope, whose edition was, of all, the shallowest and least scholarly. Theobald, in spite of being hero of *The Dunciad* till deposed in Cibber's favour, was a more faithful Shakespearean. Hanmer, sometime Speaker of the House of Commons, breeziest of annotators, but not deficient in 'a plain, gaining, recommending kind of wit,' was the fourth editor.

Then succeeded Garrick's contemporaries. Among these, William Warburton, of prelates the most overbearing, used much of his space in girding—editor-like—at his immediate predecessors. To do this, he scrutinised their editions with minuteness, while bestowing none of his attention upon the business of collating either the

earlier Folios with each other, or any of the Quartos with the Folios. He had two methods of retorting on an adverse critic. He either said he was 'not a gentleman,' or called him 'a zany.' Nobody ever shrank less from laying about him with a bludgeon that he whom Coleridge acutely labelled 'thought-swarming, idealess' Warburton. Yet to Garrick the arch-wrangler was uniformly urbane and even affectionate. Johnson he met but once, when he began by looking surlily at him, and ended by patting him. The wonderful bow Johnson reserved for Church dignitaries, the meekness, the deference that accompanied the bow, disarmed him. Johnson never in his life contradicted a bishop, though he knew several.

It was he *ipsissimus* who next edited the Bard, and, though nothing Johnson did could be ill done, we think, as we read his hard, cold Preface, of Goethe, Coleridge, and Professor Bradley, and wonder how it was that a man could care for Shakespeare sufficiently to edit him, yet apprehend so little of

'The beauty and the wonder and the power.'

Capell, minutely diligent, and never 'refusing the trouble of research for the ambition of alteration,' was the seventh editor. George Steevens, the eighth, clubbed his wits with Johnson's, and their joint edition appeared in 1773. It was superior to Johnson's unassisted edition, for Steevens brought to the task a valuable qualification in an adequate knowledge of sixteenth century literature. For all his cantankerous disposition, the slur of Grub Street, 'Shakespeare Steevens' was the soundest antiquary of all the editors, and the giant Johnson was in this respect a baby to him. The last of the nine editors was the amiable, well-mannered, but otherwise mediocre Edmund Malone, who whitewashed Shakespeare's bust in Stratford Church.

Eighteenth century Shakespearean study maintains an honourably high tradition. Its work chiefly consisted in restoring the lost, defective, but finer text of the singly published plays, the Quartos, and substituting it for the corrupt passages, inferior and incoherent, of the first collected editions, the Folios. The men who undertook this labour all possessed either considerable penetration or considerable scholarship, or both, and, though subsequent criticism has become more scrupulous, it is on their foundations it has been raised. Rowe first prefixed to each play a list of its *dramatis personæ*. He marked entrances and exits, and made a rational division and numbering of acts and scenes. Pope first indicated in set words the place of each scene. To Theobald, among other priceless emendations, we owe it that Falstaff, in dying, babbled of green fields. Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was prepared to drive a coach and six through any textual rubric, made some almost as happy guesses.

Remembering how much these eighteenth centurions found to 'deplore' in Shakespeare, we are sometimes tempted to deride them for their frigid, Boileauesque ideals. We might perhaps be more merciful did we oftener call to mind Ben Jonson's deliberate opinion that Shakespeare "wanted art," and Mr. Bernard Shaw's condemnation of *As You Like It* as 'romantic nonsense.' At least, the eighteenth century could boast that it turned out no Mrs. Gallup.

The important point is that Shakespearean enthusiasm pervaded Garrick's period, an enthusiasm in which Garrick participated with intensity, while incalculably popularising it. Worthy George III was rightly aware "one should be stoned for saying so" when he confided to Miss Burney his opinion that a great part of Shakespeare was sad stuff. When, in 1764, Voltaire published his

third stricture on '*ce grand fou*' whose '*farces monstrueuses*' it was almost incredible a century which had produced *Cato* could endure, both Dr. Johnson and 'the learned Mrs. Montagu' formally took the field against 'the saucy Frenchman.' The Queen of the Blues was no *diseur*, but she said one good—and natural—thing when, after she had heard d'Alembert read (1776) Voltaire's 'Invective against our Great Shakespear' before the French Academy, one of the members expressed his concern lest she should have been shocked or displeased. "Not at all, Sir," she replied, "for I never professed myself to be the friend of Monsieur Voltaire." Writing from Chaillot, on the same occasion, to the Rev. J. Burrows, she says, "You must know Voltaire is enraged that Conte Camelan and Monsr. Le Tourneaux have translated Shakespear, by which many thefts of the said Voltaire were discover'd to the French Nation. . . . Having never had the honour to frequent Billinsgate, I cannot tell you how gross and vile and low this paper was." Eleven years earlier, Diderot, in the *Encyclopédie*, had dissented from 'the said Voltaire,' but not, from the English point of view, according to knowledge. To enter into Shakespeare a critic should not be born French. So it always was, so will ever be. '*Amlet* and *Le Roi Lear* may be played in Paris, but the French nature remains as incapable of appreciating Shakespeare as the English nature is of appreciating Racine.

Though Burke, Reynolds, Garrick (in the 'Advertisement' to his Stratford Ode), Lyttelton, Cowper, and others expressed—most of them in duty bound—their admiration of Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakespeare, Johnson, without any of that sickly kindness to which candour is so often sacrificed, remarked, "When Shakespeare has got Mrs. Montague for his defender, he is in a poor state indeed." As 'that dear little discerning creature, Fanny

MRS. MONTAGU

Burney,' truly said, the friends of Lord Lyttelton's 'Madonna' had to allow something for parade and ostentation. It would have been surprising had 'Mrs. Montagu of Shakespeareshire' (as Walpole called her) been altogether free from the self-consciousness of a giantess. Was she not boomed by every member of her distinguished circle as the veritable Minerva of Britain? To this almost official intellectuality and a high social position she added the further prestige of her husband's large fortune. Wraxall said her diamond bows and necklace dazzled disputants whom her arguments might not always convince. In Hill Street, in the parlour lined with painted paper of Pekin, as, later (after Garrick's death), at Montagu House, beneath the feather hangings, she gave fascinating breakfasts, magnificent assemblies, from which 'idiots' were rigidly excluded. It lowers our opinion of this great lady's Shakespeareanism that she said, concerning a tragedy by Captain Jephson, M.P., "I tremble for Shakespear."

In mentioning those who fed the flame of Shakespeare worship, a man, whose name, like that of his contemporary, the Rev. James Granger, created a new verb, should not be omitted. From his long meditated *Family Shakespeare* Thomas Bowdler, F.R.S., banished Shakespeare's 'frivolous allusions to Scripture' equally with his Elizabethan broadness. He performed a similar dubious office by Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* It is clear that this was not the edition of the latter classic Mr. Wegg went right slap through at the Bower for the educational benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, or there would have been no shadow of plea for his diplomatic utterance, "In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it!" Bowdler was quite in the Blue set, and drew much of his bowdlerising inspiration from the squeamish ladies—the 'Souls' of that period—Mrs.

Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, etc. etc., in whose company he loved to assist at

> 'Libations large of Limonade,
> The biscuits' ample sacrifice.'

It is worth noticing that the general decline of impropriety in literature that came to pass after the death of Fielding was probably largely attributable to the influence of the Bluestockings.

Garrick, in his character of a putter-on of plays, was little concerned about meriting the commendation of Shakespearean purists. One of his admirers congratulated him on having restored Shakespeare to the stage without the varnish of any inferior hand, by which the adroit flatterer must have meant that 'David Shakespeare'—as Diderot called Garrick—was alone responsible for the 'ragoos' into which, for instance, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Cymbeline* were converted at Drury Lane. It was no very heinous desecration of the *Taming of the Shrew* to turn it into a farce. Neither, perhaps, did a loosely knit play like *The Tempest* suffer very seriously from the merely musical and saltant overlaying Garrick bestowed on it. His was, in all probability, a more intelligent version than that described by Downes as played in 1673 at the theatre in Dorset Garden, "*The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, made into an Opera by Mr. Shadwell, having all New in it." It was worse advised of Garrick to enter into lyrical competition with the Unapproachable—to add, as he did, twenty-seven songs of his own to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which masked, for the nonce, under the title of *The Fairies*, and to assign to Perdita that poor jingle, whether his own or a predecessor's—

> "Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,"

in which Mrs. Cibber, by the way, made a hit by her 'neat simplicity.' He had the grace to present *Antony and Cleopatra* with numerous excisions, certainly, but without perversions. Several shades blacker was his treatment of *Macbeth*, where he made, in the last act, 'a few additions,' ostensibly, to render the *dénouement* more dramatic; really, to spin out his own dying effects. In *King Lear*, he was guilty of a more inexcusable stupidity in retaining Nahum Tate's happy ending, a thing far less thinkable than the similar consummation Garrick, following James Howard, awarded to Romeo and his love. Boaden, good easy man, praises Garrick for using Shakespeare's 'own' language in *King Lear*, "wherever it was practicable to do so." But Garrick committed his cardinal sin against Shakespeare when he set to work to clear *Hamlet* from 'the rubbish of the fifth act.' Could obtuseness go further? It is almost pathetic that all through his deflections he assumed the air of a zealot for the verbal inspiration of the Shakespeare scripture, and claimed it as his peculiar merit that he had lost 'no drop of that immortal man.'

It is only fair to Garrick to say that his friends, including the Shakespeare editors, who should have known better, warmly approved of the *Hamlet* alterations. Hoadly feared 'master Gar' was doing too little —'twenty-five lines only added,' and urged a brand new treatment of Ophelia. The Bishop of Gloucester had always contended that *A Winter's Tale*, as written by Shakespeare, was a monstrous composition, and found Garrick's "reformed 'Winter's Tale'" vastly superior. Ralph, poor insect, talked in an indulgent tone of 'the wild Luxuriancy' of Shakespeare; Benjamin Victor, the Drury Lane treasurer, of his 'glorious absurdities.' Cumberland, when he altered *Timon of Athens*, stuck in a fresh character. To how great an extent eighteenth

century players, memoir-writers, and essayists (including Mrs. Montagu) saw Shakespeare through Cibberian and other mists is demonstrated by the consistent and confident way they misquote him. After a while, it even ceases to surprise us to see on the front page of a play of 1707 the title thus, '*Injured Love*, by N. Tate, Author of the Tragedy called King Lear.' Cibber's son Theophilus was the only person who raised a voice in protest against Garrick's mutilations, and Theophilus was a personal enemy and a fellow of no account.

Concerning Garrick's alleged degradations of Shakespeare a word of defence remains to be said. Not only a crowd of lesser fakers, but Dryden and D'Avenant, Otway and the Duke of Buckingham had been beforehand with him, and it seems highly probable that his audiences would not have tolerated an acting version that was at all *au naturel*. When we read in Genest's chronicle of the 'Hay' for 1744–45, that, on September 11th, *Romeo and Juliet* was revived, and, on the next page, that the censurers of Cibber (whose version it was) must allow that he attracted the attention of the public to one of Shakespeare's tragedies, which, in its original state, had lain dormant for over eighty years, there is not much more to be urged. Nobody in his senses can think that Cibber and Garrick did Shakespeare as much harm as the poppy of oblivion. Garrick, at any rate, rendered Shakespeare the one immense service of acting his plays magnificently, and, as Caleb Whitefoord happily wrote, in the name of Shireff, the deaf-mute painter, to introduce him to Garrick—

> "Best commentator on great Shakespeare's text,
> When Garrick acts, no passage seems perplext."

"It was the reign of Shakespeare and of Garrick," grandiloquently writes one of Garrick's contemporaries,

characterising his own period. Garrick's name was coupled with Shakespeare's as no other man's ever has been, before or since. In paired medallion portraits, in popular parlance, in cultured *éloge*, they were represented as twin stars. Nay, more. "Inimitable Shakespeare! but more matchless Garrick! Always deep in nature as the poet, but never (what the poet is too often) out of it," wrote Pitt, himself one of the greatest attitudinisers outside a theatre, after seeing Garrick's Macbeth, and Garrick endorsed his note with the words, "Rich and exquisite flattery!" In view of the incessant homage he received as 'High-priest of the Oracle of Avon' (so one of the minor people apostrophised him), can it be wondered at that the delighted actor took Shakespeare under his wing, and was for ever 'fussing around'? This attitude reached a climax in 1769, the year of what Victor, as theatrical historian, pitching it certainly rather strong, calls the most remarkable event that ever happened in the annals of theatres.

The much talked-of mulberry tree dominates the Stratford Jubilee. Everything originated with the mulberry tree. From the date, 1756, when the irreverent Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, Cheshire, and his equally sacrilegious Lichfield spouse (see p. 22), had it cut down by John Ange (with whom Washington Irving parleyed) and others, on the miserable plea that it made their dwelling, New Place, damp, its wood became as the blood of martyrs. By way of an ironical remedy for the *casa* Gastrell's complaint, the neighbours speedily made Stratford too hot for them, and they had to flee. A wily carpenter, meanwhile, purchased the felled relic, and sawed it up into small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-chests, standishes, and tobacco-stoppers. Meditating, twelve years afterwards, on the sale of these, the Stratford 'burgesses voted by common consent' they would have

a casket made of the sacred material to contain a document conferring the freedom of their borough upon Shakespeare's living interpreter. The casket was made, the freedom presented, and, in return, the Corporation begged for some statue, bust, or picture of Shakespeare from Garrick's collection which they might place in their rebuilt Town Hall (1768), while they "would be equally pleased to have some portrait of Garrick himself," that "the memory of both may be perpetuated together." On this inspiring suggestion, Garrick, elated and generous, would appear to have applied to his friend, Gainsborough. For a Shakespeare, the artist, writing in 1768, named his customary portrait price, sixty guineas, while declining to be bound by the authority of any early painting. "Damn the original picture of him . . . I think a stupider face I never beheld," said he roundly, and proposed, like the big self-confident man he was, to take Shakespeare's mere 'form' from the pictures and statues, the 'soul' from his writings. Though Gainsborough was still at work on it four years later,[1] this composite canvas evidently came to nothing, at all events Garrick presented Stratford instead with the 'portrait' of Shakespeare, 'represented in the attitude of inspiration,' by Benjamin Wilson, that hangs in the Town Hall to-day, together with the statue by Roubiliac that stands in a niche over the entrance. Garrick's own portrait (see pp. 81, 147), which was a purchase on the part of the Corporation, not a gift, is the full-length Gainsborough now hanging in the Town Hall, and a most appropriate portrait the actor, no doubt, thought it, in that it showed him clasping a bust of Shakespeare, with an agreeably aristocratic background

[1] "I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose."—*Gainsborough to Garrick, August 22nd, 1772.*

formed by Lord Pembroke's well-known Palladian bridge and summer-house at Wilton.

Garrick's apperceptions—to use the Herbartian term —were now definitely crystallising upon the idea, *Stratford*. Could he not, openly and in the sight of all, associate himself with Shakespeare at Shakespeare's birthplace? And so the plan of a Shakespeare summer celebration, a poetic picnic-pageant, under his own exclusive management, took shape, and a programme, extending over three days, September 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1769, was evolved.

The scheme became a reality, and still the mulberry tree remained its ensign. In reeling off facile doggerel for this great Commemoration, Garrick did not forget to indite a special lyric, called *Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree*, 'to be Sung (by Mr. Vernon) with a Cup[1] in his Hand made of the Tree,' of the literary merit of which the following is a sample:—

> "All shall yield to the Mulberry-Tree,
> Bend to thee,
> Blest Mulberry."

One might have imagined Shakespeare to have been born in a mulberry forest, and saved from starvation by its fruit. Here and elsewhere, a preponderating amount of silly nonsense was mixed up with the Jubilee. For the time, Garrick lost his balance.

Dr. Arne undertook the musical direction of the festival. Domenico Angelo was appointed chief pyrotechnic engineer, and his son—the Eton boy who had refused Garrick's tip after the day at Windsor—went down to appear as Ariel. At the actor's sole expense, a Rotunda ('Shakespeare's Hall'), lit with seven hundred

[1] Presented to Garrick, and sold at Christie's in 1825 for one hundred and twenty-one guineas.

wax lights, was erected, and Shakespeare's birth-house was muffled in an emblematic transparency. As Steward of the festivities, Garrick held a mulberry tree wand of office, and wore white gloves with gauntlets, and a medal of Shakespeare, carved on a cutting from 'the real tree' set in gold—the latter a presentation piece.

The opening day was solemnised by a public breakfast, a procession to the church to hear Arne's *Judith* ('Judith Shakespeare,' said the wags—'there being no Oratorio called William'), two concerts, and a ball. The second day commenced with another breakfast, a procession or pageant of Shakespearean characters (abandoned, owing to rain), and THE ODE. This was a portentous performance, part recitation, part cantata, composed and—as far as speaking went—spoken by Garrick, to an orchestral accompaniment by Arne, with an interruption by King in the character of comic accomplice. The subject of the Ode was the dedication of the new Town Hall, and the erection of a statue to Shakespeare in Stratford. After this, to Garrick the purple patch of the Celebration, came the daily fifteen-shilling turtle and Madeira ordinary, which, had the weather smiled, would have been followed by Angelo's fireworks on the opposite bank of the Avon. At 11 p.m. there was a Masquerade. On the third day there was a horse race, with meals and music as before, the revels concluding with a ball.

It was difficult to get actors of position to take part in the gala. Havard and W. ('Gentleman') Smith volunteered, but others thought it beneath their dignity to parade Stratford town by daylight in fancied dresses. They were shy of an affair which would certainly give openings for ridicule, and could minister to the vanity of none but Roscius.

He had counted on his fashionable *clientèle*, and was

GARRICK AS STEWARD OF THE STRATFORD JUBILEE, 1769

not disappointed. The Dukes of Manchester and Dorset, Lord Spencer, Lord Carlisle, Lord North, Lord Denbigh, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Craven, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Plymouth, Lord and Lady Hertford, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn were all there to glorify his beano. The bright eyes of Mrs. Crewe, Lady Pembroke, and Mrs. Bouverie rained influence on their dear Garrick.

There was other raining, alas! Whether it was a generally wet autumn, or whether the quotidian discharge of thirty pieces of ordnance induced the clouds, outdoor jollity was more or less extinguished throughout the second and third days. To make matters worse, the Avon rose in a flood unknown in the memory of man. The horses were obliged to wade knee-deep; planks had to be placed to enable people to step from their vehicles into the Rotunda; Angelo, his occupation gone, walked about with folded arms, muttering, '*Che cattivo tempo!*' 'Our beastly climate' made, indeed, the cruellest comment of all on the already somewhat fictive joyfulness of Garrick's Shakespeare Commemoration. In one of the numerous skits it evoked, the Swan of Avon was represented as summoning the rain fairies to the top of Stratford Church, and saying to them—

> "Dull *Comments* and *Fireworks* alike I despise,
> Thro' my own native Blaze I soar'd to the Skies."

The Jubilee, with its kernel, the Ode, attained Garrick's object of attracting a great deal of notice, but the notice was not so flattering as he could have wished, and, before long, he thought it best to speak of his Warwickshire excursion as 'that foolish hobby-horse of mine, the Jubilee.' The funny men of the newspapers outdid themselves in lampoons of varying degrees of stupidity. Foote was blasphemous and personal to the last degree; Steevens pursued the ungentle art, congenial to him, of

making enemies,—on this occasion, of Garrick and all his company. He wrote a parody of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, and lost no minor opportunity of turning the affair into ridicule. For this, Garrick could never forgive him; previously, they had been friends, and though, subsequently, they kissed again — with sneers, and Garrick even helped Steevens to get into The Club, it was never glad confident morning again between Shakespeare's editor and Shakespeare's exponent.

Why did not Johnson attend the Jubilee? Probably, he anticipated nothing there that could 'fill the hunger of ignorance or quench the thirst of curiosity.' It would, however, have been a friendly act towards Garrick had he gone. His weighty presence would have balanced the flighty elements in the show, and foiled Gray's summary of it as 'Vanity Fair.' Boswell was at Stratford, and full of regret that his oracle was not present too. It was a scene he would have been glad to contemplate by his light.

The fact that Boswell was a conspicuous figure at 'this festival of genius,' as he called it, adds a further touch of absurdity to that which had too much. Is it not, by the way, an auxiliary proof of the greatness of Johnson that continuous association with Boswell never availed to make him ridiculous?

Even without Johnson, the Laird of Affleck secured a good deal of personal satisfaction out of the Shakespeare week. He was not only 'on a most agreeable footing with' its lord high steward, and thereby enabled to obtain what his soul perpetually panted for, 'an extension of agreeable acquaintance' among the *gens d'élite*, but he added to this the infinite enjoyment of appearing 'like the friend of Paoli.'

At the Masquerade he further impressed this association by going attired as a Corsican chief, with pistols,

stiletto, and musket, the whole surmounted by a cap bearing the inscription, *Viva la Libertà*, in large letters. Being further adorned with a blue feather, this headgear "had an elegant, as well as a warlike appearance." The pro-Corsican was undeterred by the reflection that it might impair the high seriousness of the cause he had at heart in the eyes of others to see him, James Boswell, capering about at a fancy ball in its emblems. He wore a plait of hair down his back tied with blue ribbon, while, by way of connecting Corsica with Shakespeare, he carried in his hand a long vine-stalk, carved at the top with a swan, presumably of Avon. He wore no mask, saying that it was not proper for a gallant Corsican.

There was nothing 'supwemely widiculous' in his masquerading, if he chose, as 'Corsica Boswell' in fancy dress, but when it came to his calling in it, as a stranger, on Pitt, folly stood confessed. It was after this intrusion on the overworked statesman that he made the request, preposterous even for him, "Could your lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter?" He certainly succeeded in associating himself with 'the brave islanders' in the minds of his acquaintances. Years later, Brinsley Sheridan's sister, Elizabeth, could recall him—an 'eager-looking young man'—coming, soon after 1769, when she was a child, to her father's in Frith Street, Soho, and talking so endlessly about the patriot, Pasquale Paoli, that his host once slyly slipped in, *à-propos* to his black suit, "I suppose you are in mourning for Corsica," whereat the fatuous fellow allowed that he was. The remark Wilkes once made during a drought, that "The earth is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places as he certainly is in one," suggests the most merciful explanation of such a speech.

Not for lack of snubbings at headquarters did he

bore people on the subject of the eighteenth century Garibaldi. When his book about him, a Dialogue between a Green-Goose and a Hero, as Gray called it, came out in 1768, his other illustrious friend was heartily sick of 'all this rout about the Corsicans.' Boswell's father and Johnson were at one on the subject of Boswell's secondary hero. Arid old Lord Auchinleck, immediate predecessor on the Scottish Bench of that other disappointed father, whom Stevenson immortalised, Lord Hermiston, the Justice-Clerk, was almost as tough and rough of speech as he. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he growled. "Jamie is gaen clean gyte wi' the landlouping scoundrel of a Corsican." It may be remembered, however, that, in 1771, Boswell succeeded in inducing 'his worthy father' to entertain General Paoli for two nights in Ayrshire. The amusing part of it was that Paoli himself began with antipathy towards his devotee, for, when Boswell practised upon him the Boswellian trick of entering his remarks, as he made them, on his tablets, he took him for 'an espy,' and shut up.

Boswell may well puzzle us, for he puzzled Dr. Johnson, who, while in Scotland, wrote of his companion that 'he possessed better faculties than I had imagined.' Boswell was a cultivated country gentleman, he wrote the best biography in the world,[1] he associated with the keenest intellects of his time, he revealed unparalleled veracity in telling a tale even when to his own discredit, and he was a sycophant, a pusher, and a magpie, 'a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature.' With all his absurdities, he was too ingenuous for absolute vulgarity. He was so very human and gregarious that a great many people could not help liking him. Of their

[1] "A more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man."

number was Cumberland. He called him 'the pleasant tourist to Corsica,' and added what was, no doubt, perfectly true, that nobody could "detail the spirit of a conversation" better than he, "especially when his heart was exhilarated by the circulation of the glass and the grateful odour of a well-broiled lobster."

Garrick had not done with the Jubilee when he left his 'excellent apartments' at the Mayor of Stratford's on September 9th. Up to then, he had lost money over it, and it had not been even a moral triumph. On October 14th, he revived it, with the pageant the rain had prevented, at Drury Lane, where it enjoyed a ninety-two nights' run. It was eminently characteristic of him thus to patch up a defeat into something not the antithesis of a victory. For years after the Stratford show, the poet's high priest was pestered with offerings of carved objects from the mulberry, accompanied by protestations guaranteeing their genuineness, or, as one of the humbler presenters expressed it, "If you should be any ways dubeious as it's not the tree, I will come upon oath that it his of the real tree."

LUSISTI SATIS

LUSISTI SATIS

THE eighteenth century passion for spas had by no means spent itself, when, in the spring following his return from Paris, as again in 1769, we hear of Garrick 'a-watering' at Bath. It would be amusing to think of the noisy Abbey bells ringing in his arrival, and of the *empressement* with which Beau Nash's successor, Samuel Derrick—the M.C. who welcomed Mr. Matthew Bramble—would, next day, wait on 'the Shakespear of Acting,' were it not that Garrick almost certainly drove straight to his old friend, the sublimely 'non-resident' Bishop Warburton (now reigning at Prior Park in the place of the lately deceased Allen), and thereby saved his bell-ringing half-guinea. What a Triton he must have been among the minnows in that shelterless cistern, the King's Bath, where, then as now, patients stood soaking up to their necks in hot water, only that, then, gentlemen and ladies shared one enclosure, the ladies wearing brown linen jackets and petticoats, 'with chip hats, in which they fixed their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces!'

It is to Smollett we turn for the veritable (and, at times, only too *naturaliste*) form of day-by-day existence at Bath, when, in the words of his Liddy Melford, all the bewigged and behooped company—'so good-natured, so free, so easy'—assembled at the spring before dinner to 'drink the water—so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish.' Since Garrick visited Bath in what Mrs.

'Calliope' Miller's little girl called vase time, he, as we have seen already, diversified his hydropathy with the composition of competition verse at Bath Easton Villa. Considerably earlier, in 1756, Garrick himself would most likely have purchased a country-house estate near Bath, had not Allen, 'who went always to the solid'—he sat, conjointly with Lord Lyttelton, for Fielding's Allworthy—given an unfavourable opinion as to the terms asked.

Whatever might have been anticipated from the thinning houses of 1763, or from Powell's successes during Garrick's absence, not one of emulation's thousand sons made the ghost of an innings as against the Roscius between 1765 and 1776. His extraordinary reception in Paris had raised his personal prestige and his self-confidence higher even than before, his art (refreshed by repose, fortified by observation of other artists) was surer, more potent than ever. All sense of effort, of something assumed, was erased from it; it appeared so radiantly simple that the audiences felt, now to the most superlative extent, that with this man to act was to be. Not only a fine passage here and there, but every word lived, and, before Garrick even began to speak, his visible eloquence was all-sufficing. Lookers-on ceased to say, "How well he did—or said—that!" he made them feel intensely instead. "Peoples eyes allways seem rivitted to him like so many basilisks," wrote Charlotte Ann Burney, a poor speller, but a lively little describer.

All sorts of tributes proceeded from all sorts of people. Lichtenberg of Göttingen put on record that on a certain evening when Garrick was playing *Hamlet*, so magically did he give one of his soliloquies the touch of nature, that, at its close, he and the stranger in the next seat glanced at each other, and *had* to speak—"*es war unwiderstehlich.*" Dr. Thomas Somerville, Presby-

For the Benefit of Mrs. CLIVE.

(Being the laſt Time of her Appearing on the Stage.)

At the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

This preſent MONDAY, the 24th of *April*, 1769,

The WONDER.

Don *Felix* by Mr. GARRICK,

Col. *Briton* by Mr. JEFFERSON,

Don *Lopes* by Mr. BADDELEY,

Don *Pedro* by Mr. BURTON,

Liſſardo by Mr. KING,

Frederick Mr. PACKER, *Gibby* Mr. JOHNSTON,

Violante by Mrs. BARRY,

Iſabella by Mrs. STEPHENS,

Inis by Mrs. BRADSHAW,

Flora by Mrs. CLIVE,

End of the Play, a Dance called The WAKE,

By Sig. *Giorgi*, Mrs *King*, &c.

To which will be added

LETHE.

Lord *Chalkſtone* (*1ſt time*) Mr. KING,

Æſop Mr. BRANSBY, *Fine Gentleman* Mr DODD,

The *Drunken Man* by Mr. LOVE,

Mercury by Mr. VERNON,

Frenchman Mr. BADDELEY, *Old Man* Mr PARSONS,

The *Fine Lady* by Mrs. CLIVE.

PIT and BOXES laid together.

N. B. No Tickets have been given out, but to thoſe Ladies and Gentlemen who have their Places ſecured, in the Pit or Boxes, and to prevent any Miſtakes, or Confuſion, no Box Tickets will be admitted into the Gallery; Mrs. CLIVE begs the Favour of thoſe who have Places in the Pit, to be there by half an hour after Five and to let their Servants come to keep them a quarter before Four.

To-morrow, The JEALOUS WIFE, with a Farce and Entertainments,

For the Benefit of Mr. BRANSBY, and Mr. BURTON.

KITTY CLIVE'S FAREWELL, 1769. THE PLAYBILL

terian minister of Jedburgh, one of George III's chaplains, took a deep draught of Drury Lane plays on one of his visits to London during this Olympian period, and, in his *Own Life and Times*, sets down that he found Garrick in his diverse characters "so different and unlike, that I was almost betrayed into a momentary belief in a change of person. If I had stood behind the scenes, the voice was so varied, that I could not have believed it to have been uttered by the same person." This was an observation worth making. The case was otherwise when a Dr. King, the 'unfortunate, though honourable speculatist' who lost the second Mrs. Burney's fortune for her, insisted, with clumsy arms and vacant eyes, on imitating Garrick for his acquaintances' benefit. He paid the actor what he imagined the highest compliment by avowing that he invariably discovered 'he and Garrick agreed in gesture,' except that when, as Macbeth, Garrick apostrophised the dagger, "he surpassed me; he has a stroke in that quite new; *I* had never thought of it; if you will stand here, I will show you." Will the race of Dr. King ever be extinct?

After the date of Garrick's return from the Continent in 1765 he never essayed a part he had not played before. He was still under fifty, no age, of course, for an actor, but already his life's two enemies, gout and, what was far worse, stone—gout's 'cruel kinsman,' Lord Chatham called it in a letter to him—had clawed him in their clutch. Behind the salvos and garlands and 'roscian glory' there was stealing upon him the sensation of age. Spirited Clive (younger at fifty-eight than he, six years her junior), writing about her own farewell, tries to rally him out of it—

"I am *glad* you are well for the sake of my audience, who will have the pleasure to see their own Don Felix. What signifies fifty-two? they had rather see *the* Garrick and *the* Clive at a hundred and

four, than any of the moderns ; the ancients, you know, have always been admired."

In 1774—Garrick being then fifty-seven—a correspondent had the tact to tell him that someone who had recently seen him said he 'looked very young for a middle-aged man.' It is to be gathered that the actor's natural lines and wrinkles were a trial to him. When Mrs. Thrale observed that he was extremely old-looking for his age, Dr. Johnson accounted for it by saying that David's face had had double the wear and tear of any other man's. It is, by the way, presumable that Garrick owed what Johnson splenetically termed that 'eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles,' which, unapproached by any other English actor, was one of his greatest *moyens* on the stage, and off it, his perpetual, perhaps necessary, habit, to the fact that his father was of a Latin race. Not crowsfeet alone, but a portliness unbecoming to a short man threatened the verisimilitude of Lothario, Benedick, and Leon. Allusive couplets, such as—

> "Roscius was in years well stricken,
> Besides that he began to thicken,"

> "'I'm on the edges of threescore,
> 'Tis really time to give it o'er,'"

ran about the town. David Williams, instigated by Mossop, published a pamphlet, containing such strictures as, "Rouge and powder cannot give the bloom of youth. . . . An old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines, and turns almost at right angles. . . . Your voice is growing hoarse and hollow; your dimples are furrows," etc. When Garrick jokingly asked Charlotte Burney to join 'a Lilliputian dance' by children on the Haymarket stage with him, and she objected,

"We should look like Patagonians among them," "Oh," said he, "I should be the *fatta*gonian."

Mrs. Pritchard died in 1768; 'the Pivy' retired, as we have seen, in 1769; in 1774, Garrick's partner, James Lacy, died, leaving an inadequate son, Willoughby Lacy, to take his place at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. These removals were so many knockings at the door. Mrs. Abington, one of the new stars, angered the Manager almost past endurance. The other leading ladies, Miss Younge and Mrs. Yates, were almost as worrying in their fever to absorb the whole of the limelight. Poor Garrick, moreover, was now obliged to avoid a violent part, or one that required him to fall down. He describes himself as 'an old hunter, touched a little in the wind, and somewhat foundered.' He was now playing about twenty times in the season (in his last season Hannah More saw him play twenty-seven times) instead of the former hundred nights.

On March 7th, 1776, Garrick made public his intention of retiring, announcing it by means of a prologue, written by himself, but spoken by King. At the same time, he wisely resolved to resign his managership and sell his share of the patent. He had been not only a magnificent actor, but a first-rate manager, a rare combination. Probably, no one after him bulked as large in public estimation, in the double capacity, till Irving reigned over the Lyceum as a fine actor and a superb producer of plays.

Garrick sold his moiety of the patent for £35,000 to three purchasers, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sheridan's father-in-law, Linley, and Dr. Ford. In his twenty-nine years at Drury Lane he had more than quadrupled the value of the property, his half-share in which had cost him, in 1747, £8000. For the 1775–76 season, it is interesting to find, from a document endorsed 'My

account at the Theatre,' that he received £800 as acting salary, and £500 for management. £400 besides, 'Due on dividend,' were owing to him from Lacy. These sums were apart from his half-share of the current profits of the theatre, which, though expenses were heavily increasing, would not have been, at the most unfavourable estimate, below £2500 for the season.

In addition to the value of his own share, the outgoing patentee held a mortgage of £22,000 on young Lacy's moiety, the repayment and interest-money being secured, in the penalty of £44,000, on the joint bond of Lacy and the three new purchasers. It is beyond the scope of this book to describe the gradual *débâcle* under Sheridan, a man, in every way but liveliness and wit, Garrick's antithesis. Suffice it to say that when, by mortgaging up to the hilt, Sheridan had bought out his co-patentees, he minded his business so badly that, many a time, after a dinner at which he had 'preferred a dozen glasses of claret to eleven,' he would come behind the scenes from the front, and need to inquire an individual player's name before delivering the managerial dictum, "Never let him play again."

Garrick, it should be observed, was at no period of his career without the benefit of sound advice on all business relating to Change Alley from two friends, James Clutterbuck, who helped him with the purchase-money when he started at Drury Lane, and acted later as his honorary banker, and John Paterson, of New Burlington Street, solicitor, one of Garrick's executors, who was always at hand to avert impending quarrels between the player and his partner, Lacy. To the integrity, judgment, and experience of these two Garrick owed a great deal, and we find their names recurring in the Correspondence whenever there are breakers ahead. In a letter dated January, 1776, before the negotiations

for the sale of the patent were complete, Clutterbuck, after congratulating Garrick on his approaching retirement, inserts a *caveat*, as follows :—

"Only let me caution you during the march to beware of ambuscades, for though I see in the list of purchasers four names, yet such is my blindness I do not perceive one Monsr. Argent—Comptant, whom I should prefer to all the rest; though I beg Dr Ford's pardon, perhaps he is the man. . . ."

As an actual fact, the purchase-money for Garrick's share of Drury Lane would appear to have been paid in '*argent comptant*.'[1] Assuming that this was so, Garrick retired on a net income, from this source, of £1750—five per cent., as memoirs without end instruct us, having been the average interest on safe securities at the time. When we add to £1750 the £2200 *per annum* Garrick very properly exacted on his £22,000 mortgage, which he called 'a thumper,' his income reaches nearly £4000. But, since he died three years later, leaving £100,000, he must have had £43,000 of savings invested away from the theatre. This, if yielding another £2150 *per annum*, would have brought up his income during his years of retirement to over £6000, a very handsome amount, a century and a quarter ago, for a childless man, who, though he lived with the great, had none of their uncontrollable outgoings. Garrick lost nothing in the way of his spending income by retiring. He died rich, as riches went then, but not, after all, so rich as Reynolds, who left £130,000.

Between March 7th and June 10th, 1776, Garrick gave about a dozen farewell performances in his 'capital'

[1] As a footnote to history—I have, while writing these pages, been shown mortgage deeds, *dated July 3rd*, 1776, by which £12,000 were secured to Garrick on property near St. Helens, Lancs, now owned by Mr. Joseph Beecham.

rôles. The fact that his admirers were so soon to lose him raised their raptures to boiling point. "The applause he met with exceeds all belief in the absent. I thought at the end they would have torn the house down: our seats shook under us," wrote Fanny Burney. The Garricks' new friend, Hannah More, who was so happy as to see the great actor take leave of 'Benedict,' Sir John Brute, Kitely, Abel Drugger, Archer, and Leon, said, "It seems to me as if I was assisting at the funeral obsequies of the different poets."

Throughout this series of Last Nights, a quart of audience, to use Lamb's phrase, poured, for each performance, into a pint of theatre, great folks "courtesied to the ground" for the worst places in the house, and it was more than 'the unequalled favourite of the public' could do to pacify those who had to be sent empty away. Among the numberless wheedling applications, a 'Billet,' hitherto unpublished, from Mrs. Cholmondeley (born Mary Woffington) may be cited. It will be observed that the lady has the modesty to begin by begging three places, one for Mrs. Bunbury ('Little Comedy'), one for herself,—on the plea, "You know I was prevented seeing you from the caps that were before,"—and one more, if it can possibly be managed, for Miss M. Flower,

"who, poor thing, seems to me to be very far gone in love with you. . . . This same unfortunate Flower sat on my side, and overhearing Mrs. Bunbury and I talk of you as you deserve, she turned about to me, and said: O, madam, he is an angel! was there ever such a man! what a voice, O what a heavenly voice, and surely there never was such a countenance, Madam. There was a look of his in Lear just as he runs mad that I thought would have deprived me of my senses. Pray, Mrs. Cholmondeley, did you ever see him in his scratch wig? Poor thing, I pity her! I wish and indeed I think you ought to give her a place, I ask but for two [!] places for the Bunburys, three [!!] for myself, one [!] for Miss Fisher, who never saw you in Tragedy, one for the undone Miss Flower, and one [!!!] for myself,

who must chaperon them. Consider, my dearest Sir, O consider. . . . Do, my dear Sir, give me the places, and let me know as soon as possible that I may make the poor things happy. My best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I wish she would use her interest with you. I wish she would."

It was one of Garrick's gracious inspirations that, although for the second time in this short farewell season, he should present the profits of his final night to the Drury Lane decayed actors' fund. "Alas! he will soon be a decayed actor himself," sighed Johnson, whose pessimism was always pity-laden. During Garrick's absence abroad in 1765, a Covent Garden Theatrical Fund had been started, and, though he was hurt at such a scheme having been set on foot without communication with himself, he and Lacy, in 1766, established a similar fund for infirm and retired actors of Drury Lane, paying down a considerable sum at its foundation, and giving it a yearly benefit, in which he made a point of playing. In 1776, he defrayed the expenses of an Act of Parliament for the Incorporation of the Fund. In one way and another, he bestowed nearly £4500 on this forerunner, in a more limited field, of the modern 'Actors' Benevolent.'

To everybody's favourite, Tom King, Garrick, when he 'took up his freedom,' presented his stage sword, with this pretty note—

"DEAR KING,—Accept a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other.

"I flatter myself that this sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us; and that it will not be less valuable to you for having dangled at my side some part of the last winter.

"May health, success, and reputation still continue to attend you! —I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, D. GARRICK.

'*Farewell, remember me!*'"

What would not this sword have fetched in the

Irving Sale, if it could but have continued to descend in the linked legacies of fine actors? To Hannah More Garrick gave his 'Felix buckles,' the pair he wore the last night of all, and, when Hannah More showed them to Mrs. Barbauld, that clever lady extemporised this distich—

> "Thy buckles, O Garrick, thy friend may now use,
> But no mortal hereafter shall tread in thy shoes."

Garrick naturally felt that nothing could round off his career so artistically as to set, so to speak, in the west, in the part in which he had first shone at far-away Goodman's Fields. But the thought of the fight and fall at the end deterred him from making his final appearance as Richard, and he chose the lighter character of Don Felix, in Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder*. It is a thousand pities he did not select Benedick, and burn the last torch to Shakespeare.

A great player's farewell is necessarily a most touching scene. Yet, with admirable restraint, Garrick did nothing on that tenth of June to squeeze the sponge. The prologue he composed and spoke, while containing the line—

> "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind,"

chiefly concerned itself with the objects of the Theatrical Fund; the comedy was light, and he had never played it with airier grace; but when the comedy was done, and the pause before the afterpiece occurred, a sense of tension began to make itself felt through the tightly packed theatre.

"When I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too: it was indeed, as I said, *a most awful moment*. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if you had then seen and heard them."[1]

[1] *Garrick to Madame Necker, June 18th, 1776.*

VALE!

Garrick could give his friends, he told them, no jingling, fictive epilogue. His short speech was entirely unrhetorical. There was little in it but the broken words, 'favours,' 'kindness,' 'gratitude,' and that last word which he failed to utter for tears. Sobbing in her box near him sat 'the best of women and wives.' The audience expressed its admiration and regret in applauding shouts and sounds of crying. No afterpiece [1] was permitted from the weeping actors now pressing forward at the wings to listen. When Garrick tore himself from the footlights, and "retired slowly—up—up the stage. Then stopped," the ultimate moment, the last longing, lingering look were full of solemnity, even of a sort of agony. It was at his voluntary resolution he was breaking his wand, yet to do so was, as he himself said, a species of death. The wine of life was drunk.

'Madam Hannah,' as Horace Walpole calls her, is our chief authority as to the home life of the Garricks between 1776 and 1779. Her admiration for Garrick's Lear, perfervidly expressed in a letter to a common friend, had been the means of introducing her to them in the winter of 1773–74, and, two years later, they began having her to stay every year on three months' visits. They delighted in showing her off, and, through them, her 'introduction to the great' was—to quote one of her biographers—'sudden and general.' Garrick called her 'The Nine,' because 'her Nineship' was an epitome of all the Muses. He also called her 'Sunday,' because she held that Sunday was a day when those who fear their creditors go abroad, and those who fear

[1] It was to have been Dibdin's *The Waterman.*

God stay at home. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Elizabeth Carter, and Mrs. Chapone might visit on Sundays, but so would not 'the excellent schoolmistress from the West of England.' She was Evangelical, and, finally, as we know, successful though she had been (with Garrick's helping forward) as a playwright, she abjured theatres, and refused to see Mrs. Siddons play in her own tragedy, *Percy*. Even in these earlier days—she was 'about thirtyish' when David and his wife took her up so warmly — she refused Mrs. Garrick's offer to carry her with a party to the Pantheon, being unable to get the better of her "repugnance to these sort of places," while, at the Opera, she "*did* think of the alarming call, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'" She was, likewise, disturbed at the extravagant London dressing, some ladies carrying on their heads "an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens, and green-houses," a freak of fashion Garrick had satirised by appearing in Sir John Brute's feminine attire with his cap loaded with vegetables, and an immense carrot hanging down on each side.

'Saint Hannah' has often been arraigned—recently, by no less a critic than the present President of the Board of Education—for spreading the butter too thick, but it should also be stated that Dr. Johnson himself, in common with a good many other elect souls, choked *her* with their flattery. "To you who are secure of the approbation of angels, human applause is of small consequence," one wrote to her. *Und so weiter*. Compliment, being the dialect of the day, shocked nobody, and did little injury. We have since settled that "Hannah More" is "an *author* we best ignore"—in a different sense from the one adumbrated in Browning's *Bad Dreams II*! All the same, she had a vigorous mind,

considerable independence of character, and some humour. She was not altogether without an eye to the person vulgarly known as Number One. Thus she writes to her sisters—'poor us'—at Bristol, concerning Garrick's retirement—

"Let the Muses shed tears, for Garrick has this day sold the patent of Drury Lane theatre. Who shall now hold the master-key of the human heart? Who direct the passions with more than magic power? Who purify the stage; and who, in short, shall direct and nurse my dramatic muse?"

While 'on her own' in lodgings, and not yet domiciled among the 'lilacs and syringas at Hampton,' she had to practise elegant economies, and there is considerable eloquence in the conclusion of her account of a prearranged 'tea-visit' paid her and her sister by 'Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson!' a tea-visit that lasted from seven o'clock till midnight. "You, I daresay," she writes to another sister, also a 'female unmarried,' "would have sent half over the town for chickens and oysters, and asparagus, and Madeira. You see how frugal it is to be well-bred, and not to think of such vulgar renovation as eating and drinking." Kind, understanding Mrs. Garrick, whose house was a cornucopia, asked Miss More one day, when she had been dining there for Garrick's birthday, what she would like to take back with her for her own '*petite assemblé*' in the evening; she pressed 'all her fine things' on her guest, who, 'hating admixtures of finery and meanness,' would only take, for the 'renovation' of Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Dean Tucker, and the Garricks themselves, a little cream and a few sorts of cakes.

It was after this same birthday dinner that Garrick read aloud her *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, and 'so superlatively,' that, while she cried at the perfection of his art,

Mrs. Garrick was in tears at the perfection of hers! So, at least, Hannah says. Her wings grew rapidly in the London air, and, before she had been long installed with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, surrounded by comforts, including five meals a day, a good bedroom fire, and 'all the lozenges and all the wheys in the world,' she began, under her hosts' able tuition, to talk familiarly of stars and ribands, and coaches-and-six, and was as 'snug' as David himself in a small group containing a duchess. Ex-Lord Chancellor Camden she owned she would have taken for "an elderly physician," though "there was perhaps something of genius about his nose." Garrick never grumbled —not he—at Hannah's ability to heave her heart into her mouth. "Good, and very good—partial, and very partial," was his purring pronouncement on her odes in his honour.

She gives us interesting glimpses of the Garrick interior. The breakfasts were 'little literary societies.' Usually, there was company at meals, because both Garrick and his sunbeam thought 'it saved time'—by avoiding the necessity of seeing people at other hours. She adds, what is worth knowing, "Mr. Garrick sets the highest value upon his *time* of anybody I ever knew."

The Hampton week-ends are touched on. The parties never exceed twelve, "for these dear people understand society too well to have very large parties." Garrick appears to have had his own Grouse-in-the-gun-room story, known as 'Jack Pocklington,' which, on one occasion, he told in a manner so entirely new, that, for a day or two, "the company did nothing but talk of it." On Sunday, after supper, he read aloud from *Paradise Lost*, "that part on diseases and old age."[1]

Hannah places Garrick in a light not often thrown

[1] Book xi. ll. 462–555.

on him when she tells us, *à-propos* to his noble neighbours, Lord and Lady Pembroke, dining at Hampton—

"Roscius was as usual the life and soul of the company, and always says so many home things, pointed at the vices and follies of those with whom he converses, but in so indirect, well-bred, and good-humoured a manner, that every body must love him, and none but fools are ever offended, or will expose themselves so much as to own they are."

R. B. Sheridan and his beautiful first wife sometimes stayed with the ex-patentee. When they did, these two distinguished wits, their '*moitiés*,' and anybody else who happened to be there sat up till midnight playing at 'cross-purposes, crooked answers, and what's my thought like.' Often, Colman would come over from Richmond, or Garrick would dine with him, and walk home in the dark armed with a blunderbuss. Advisedly, for the roads thereabouts were infested with highwaymen. In Twickenham Lane, under the park paling of the Duchess of Montrose, with whom he was going to play cards, Horace Walpole had to deliver his purse containing nine guineas, while his companion in the chaise, Lady Browne, gave up one with only bad money that she carried on purpose. Highwaymen and footpads were a real objection to taking a house a little out of town. In Richmond, they robbed even before dusk. Neighbours went out to dine with one another, armed 'as if going to Gibraltar,' and many refused all late invitations. In a single week, Lady Hertford was attacked at three in the afternoon, Dr. Eliot was shot at without having resisted, and Lord North's postilion was wounded. No wonder the Ladies of the Bedchamber dared not go to the Queen at Kew in the evening. Walpole laid the blame on the war which he, to the honour of his judgment, execrated, and Johnson, to the discredit of

his, approved. "The Colonies," according to Horace, "took off all our commodities down to highwaymen. Now being forced to mew, and then turn them out, like pheasants, the roads are stocked with them, and they are so tame, that they even come into houses."

Garrick loved the Burneys, from paterfamilias, who tolerantly talked to him of flutes and fiddles, knowing how little he understood, down to small Richard, the boy who was so transported at seeing him enter the door that he straightway rushed into his arms. For, of course, all the Burneys doated on him. When he had been calling in St. Martin's Street, and it was time to leave, the whole family followed him 'intuitively' downstairs—"though he *assured* us he would not pilfer anything!" Charlotte, at sixteen, was Garrick-struck, calling him—like any fine lady, the puss!—'Sweet soul.' After recording in her fragmentary journal that, on some occasion, he had on "his favourite *scratch*, his *mob wig*, as Mr. Twining calls it," she adds, "but in spight of it he looked as *abominably* handsome as I think I ever saw him."

Soon after the Garricks had got into their Adelphi house, the Burney ladies called, and explained to Garrick that no reply had been sent to his card of invitation because Dr. Burney said it required no answer, as he had given it one himself by putting at the bottom that no excuse would be taken. "'Why, ay'—said he—'I could not take an excuse—*but*—if he had neither come *or* sent me a card!!' he looked drolly defying to combat—'O, he certainly would have done one or the other'—'*If* he had not—why then we two must have fought! I think you have pretty convenient fields near your house?'" In such whimsical exaggerations Garrick revelled, as when, visiting a friend who was not quite well, he would say he was in a violent hurry—had been to order his own and Mrs. Garrick's mourning—had just settled everything with

the undertaker—and had come in for five minutes to take a few hints for the epitaph.

The liver-wing of the Burney family, at least as far as achievement goes, 'Evelina-Cecilia,' was much too knowing not to recognise Garrick's immoderate appetite for praise. All successful women deal, now and then, in flattery, the difference being the taste and art with which they lay it on. Fanny's method was 'good' listening, and that was one reason why she was Dr. Johnson's dear little Burney. Every great talker dwelt affectionately on her bright and animated silence, and that liberal-minded Master in Chancery, Pepys (who was given to panting with admiration, and had a nose longer than himself), insisted that she had sat for the portrait of Attention in Hannah More's *The Bas Bleu*—

> "Mute Angel, yes; thy looks dispense
> The silence of intelligence."

A gift for listening was no small distinction in the Streatham circle, where so resolute were the talkers that a newcomer had to wait for a sneeze in order to put in a sentence.

'The Hamptonians'—as their intimates called them—loved having girls to stay, and, when Miss More was not with them, George Garrick's daughters, Arabella and Catherine (Bell and Kitty), were. These two were like their own children; Lord Camden, Lord Palmerston—everybody—included them in invitations; Garrick undertook the task of lecturing them—most sharply, when he thought youthful frowardness needed chastening; and, by his will, he left them £6000 apiece.

The actor's fear that his social influence would perish with his stage greatness was unrealised. On the other hand, when once '*le Temps l'avait rendu spectateur*,' he found himself, to his chagrin, no longer cordially welcome

at Drury Lane as critic and counsellor. He was even treated with some rudeness at an Actors' Fund dinner. So passes the glory of the world. The retired Roscius naturally remained, in public estimation, the highest living authority on matters theatrical. Occasionally, veneration took the form of annoyance, as when, one night in 1777, when Henderson was playing, a stranger—one of the Boars of old—took the trouble of climbing over two boxes to ask Garrick what he thought of the imitation. "Imitation, Sir?" "Ay, Sir, this imitation of Shylock?" "O, Sir, I'm no judge," says Garrick. Whereat the Boar retired—wounded, it is to be hoped.

Garrick was a slave to no coterie. He was neither a Streathamite nor a Lytteltonian. At the same time, his name (and, even more, after his death, Mrs. Garrick's) enters constantly into the records of the Blue set. Mrs. Montagu, contemporaneously described—on remarkably insufficient grounds—as 'our female pride of literature,' petted him, and addressed to him many a Parnassian platitude. At the end of a lengthy letter,[1] accompanying a brace of partridges and a brace of grouse, she writes—using the third person in elephantine playfulness—that "having in her family a great artist in feather work she begs Mr. Garrick's cook to save the feathers of the Grouse both large and small feathers"—a quaint hint of the matter-of-fact process whereby

> "The Birds put off their every hue
> To dress a room for Montagu"

as Cowper more grandiloquently words it. Her 'sex's glory' did not move into her newly built house in Portman Square till 1782, though busy, long before, over the celebrated hangings.

Doubtless, Mrs. Montagu was a *grande dame* entirely

[1] Forster MSS.

GARRICK OLD

on the side of the angels, but, in reading her far-famed letters, it is difficult to disagree with Daddy Crisp, who (quite *sotto voce*) begged leave to consider her 'a vain, empty, conceited pretender.' According to Fanny Burney, who compares her unfavourably with Mrs. Thrale, she could harangue and she could reason, but 'wit she had none.'

She was the acknowledged leader in the not unimportant anti-gambling Women's Movement that set itself to rescue society from dedicating exclusive attention to 'the spots on a card,' as well as from eating Gargantuan meals, and attending 'Routs not social but gregarious,' like those at Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph's, where a parcel of two hundred gentlemen and over-painted, 'high-[hair]-dressed' ladies gathered, 'making the crowd they blame, and lamenting the fatigue they were not obliged to endure.'

Only a little lower than Mrs. Montagu on the list of fashionable-intellectual hostesses stood Mrs. Vesey, who owned 'the most wrinkled, sallow, time-beaten face' Fanny Burney ever saw. Hannah More speaks of having been to 'a pleasant *Vesey* or two lately,' but Horace Walpole called them Babels. Horace, however, was a cynic and a trifler, and had the bad taste to like nonsense talk better than to be always with the Greeks and Romans. Every wit and every wit-ess was to be found at Mrs. Vesey's. She used to have thirty or forty guests, 'and all clever.'

High-bred, elegant Mrs. Boscawen, a mine of anecdotes and memories, comes next in the *Bas Bleu* catalogue. She was a delightful entertainer, in every place at once, and so attentive to each individual that each thought on reaching home he or she had been the pearl of the Audley Street party. Mrs. Ord was a fourth able hostess, who not only got together the right ingredients, but knew how

to mix them. There was no stiffness at her assemblies. She used to make people draw their chairs round a centre table which she called the best friend to sociable conversation.

As a general thing, food and drink were held rather beneath notice at Blue-stocking meetings. 'Our brave Samuel' censured this. He urged upon Mrs. Thrale that what people really liked at 'conversations' was plenty of fixings in the *petit four* line, conveniently placed on side-tables, and going all the time.

In the Georgian age, London society was so very much more compact than at present that everybody who was anybody was perpetually meeting everybody else similarly circumstanced. Garrick, to the end, acted out Johnson's advice to keep friendship in repair by constantly making new acquaintances. In the same circle, a score more names might be added to the leaders mentioned above. There were Mrs. Walsingham, an extremely set-up lady, 'only civil to people of birth, fame, or wealth,' but a warm ally of Mrs. Garrick's; Miss Carter, the translator of Epictetus, who was 'domesticated with' Mrs. Montagu, and suffered from an indefatigable headache, the result of her early *unspectacled* devotion to the classics; Mrs. Chapone, unbeautiful to look upon, but good to commune with; Lady Amherst, who died in 1830—the last survivor of the Blue set; that highly artificial young woman, everybody's admiration and nobody's choice, Sophy Streatfield, the S.S.; old Lady Galway's daughter, lively Miss Monckton, afterwards Lady Cork, not pretty, but, in Reynolds's seated portrait, the very archetype of all that is *distingué*, whom the great Conservative plebeian, fleeting the time carelessly, loved to call 'dearest' and 'a dunce'; 'Mr. Harris of Salisbury,' who wrote, among other things, about 'Art, Music, and Happiness,' and was father of the first Earl of Malmesbury;

anti-slavery and prison-reforming Oglethorpe, the coloniser of Georgia, met, as a far advanced nonagenarian, by Rogers; the sedate Lord Lyttelton (*ob.* 1773), Earl Sheerwit in *Roderick Random*, and the 'respectable Hottentot,' whose 'distinguished inattention' Chesterfield quoted in warning to his son; Percy, not yet Bishop of Dromore, who disinterred the Ballad of Chevy Chace.

Glancing hither and thither among these bland and brilliant people, we may think of Garrick, elderly now—but in years only, always buoyant, *gemüthlich*, reliable, carrying a 'stock of harmless pleasure' wherever he moves, touching every subject with provocative fun and laughter, turning all the little incidents of existence 'to favour and to prettiness.'

Of whatever was brightest in the England of his day the retired actor had the freedom. Just to know what company he kept is a sufficient indication of how distinguished and delightful a man, rich in every social quality, he himself must have been.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE highest public tribute outside his theatre Garrick ever received came to him in 1777. He was listening one night to a debate in the House of Commons. Honourable members were at loggerheads, personalities began to hurtle, and what, in France, they term a movement of vivacity seemed impending. The Speaker was called on to interfere, whereat someone, considerate for Parliament's outside credit for decorum, moved that the gallery should be cleared. All strangers present accordingly withdrew, with the exception of Garrick. Seeing that heaven-born mimic still lingering, a tetchy Philistine, one Baldwin, M.P. for Shropshire,[1] jumped up, and remarked that 'the motion to clear the gallery had not been obeyed . . . that a stranger was still present . . . that that stranger do withdraw.'

Hereupon, Burke intervened. He appealed to all members present whether it would be just or fair to exclude from their debates the first living master of eloquence, in whose school they had all been taught the art of speaking and the elements of rhetoric. For his part, he said, he was proud to own how greatly he had been indebted to that gentleman's instruction. The protest widened into a panegyric, and it is not too much to say that there was no other man on the Treasury and Front Opposition Benches so well qualified to make the

[1] Erroneously named Sir Henry Bridgeman, M.P. for Wenlock, in C. R. Leslie and Tom Taylor's delightful *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

eulogy of a contemporary royally ornate as Burke, of whom someone, once, listening, in the same place, to his torrent of discourse, murmured, "How closely that Fellow reasons in Metaphor!"

When Burke finished, Fox, already grown so obese as to look—in spite of the eyes of sweetness and fire—a Rowlandson 'caricatura' in real life, immediately rose, and, in words equally generous, subscribing to what had just been said and more, expressed his own sentiments of reverence and affection towards Garrick, and his sense of what that assembly owed him. When Fox concluded, 'Tommy' Townshend warmly took up the tale, and it ended in the House voting, almost by acclamation, that 'the stranger should remain.'

This '*épatant*' episode—which, it may be opined, had a favourable influence on the brawl it interrupted—naturally gave Garrick extreme gratification. He had been paid such a compliment as could not have failed to heighten even his prestige in any company, however fastidious, in the British Isles. His elation is manifest in a jubilant statement he made to Miss More to the effect that a question was nearly going to be put to give him an exclusive privilege to go into the House whenever he pleased. Perhaps unfortunately, he did not refrain from turning a set of verses, ridiculing 'Squire B——'.

> "When reason chuses Fox's tongue
> To be more rapid, clear, and strong;
> When from his classic urn Burke pours
> A copious stream thro' banks of flow'rs;
> When Barré stern, with accents deep,
> Calls up Lord North, and murders sleep"—

are decidedly its brightest couplets, and of these three no dealer in poetical bagatelles would have had need to be ashamed. Barré, it is interesting to recollect, was regarded by Gibbon as 'an actor equal to Garrick.' The

same unprejudiced observer called Burke 'a water-mill of words and images,' but paid Fox the magnificent compliment of saying that 'perhaps no human being who ever lived was more entirely free from the taint of vanity, malignity, or falsehood.'

Garrick did not, as his friends encouragingly said he would, outgrow his physical infirmities. Years earlier, Warburton, forestalling that Principal of Brasenose whose advice to all workers was "*Cave de resignationibus*," wrote to him, "not one in a hundred, who have been long in business, know how (I will not say to enjoy, but even) to bear retirement." The Bishop regarded his correspondent as likely to prove a shining exception to the rule, and, indeed, a continuance of stage work would, in all probability, have killed Garrick sooner, while, as it was, he was able to derive pleasure from life nearly to its last day.

In the winter of 1778–79, while he and Mrs. Garrick were paying their annual Christmas visit to Earl and Countess Spencer, at Althorp, his last illness overtook him. He had never shaken off 'a great cold' caught sitting in the Drury Lane orchestra in October, after the audience had left the house, at a night view of the scenery for poor Richard Tickell's *The Camp*. Before the Althorp visit, he was suffering, but unwillingness to disappoint Lady Spencer, and an idea that in lively company he might forget his body had urged him to fulfil the engagement. Had not Mrs. Garrick bought 'at Mr. King's, the mercer's,' a special scarlet and white silk, 'fixed upon as a sort of uniform for the ladies of the Althorp party,' and not only recommended by their hostess, but made up under her directions?

During his stay at Althorp, 'David was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill,' said his wife afterwards. The immediate outbreak was herpes or shingles, but Garrick's chronic disease, stone,

had set up deeper trouble even than itself. The Northamptonshire 'physical gentleman' who saw him thought there was but little the matter.

On Friday evening, January 15th, the invalid, as he was fast becoming, was in Adelphi Buildings again. Lawrence, his apothecary, was called in next morning, and the family friend, Dr. Cadogan, met him in consultation. Possibly, 'Gentleman' Smith saw Garrick this day or the next, for when, in 'the little hour of little Betty,' the veteran presented the prodigy with a seal bearing Garrick's likeness, he said that Garrick, *during his last illness*, had bade him keep it till he should 'meet with a player who acted from Nature and feeling.' On the Sunday, Garrick was free from pain and cheerful. "Tom," he said, in his kind way, to his man, as he gave him a draught, "I shall do very well yet, and make you amends for all this trouble." But to Cadogan, who recommended him to set his affairs in order, he replied that he was ready to die. An alarming symptom continuing, Cadogan summoned two leading physicians, Heberden and Warren, and the great surgeon, Percival Pott. Ralph Schomberg, M.D. (whom we know so well in Gainsborough's portrait in the Vestibule of the National Gallery) came—it is said, unsought—and, as he approached, Garrick took him by the hand, with Mark Antony's words, "Though last, not least in love."

The whole faculty would have clubbed their brains to save the favourite of the nation, but they could do nothing; organic and functional derangement induced by stone had made too great inroads. Garrick smiled to see his room (the back room of the first floor, where he died) so full of doctors, and whispered to Lawrence from a speech in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*,

> "Another and another still succeeds,
> And the last fool is welcome as the former."

Each time the wife who adored him administered his medicine to him in the night, he "squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness." A pathetic vignette that haunts imagination belongs, most probably, to Monday, 18th, but, possibly, to Tuesday, 19th, the day before the last curtain fell. An old friend, a gentleman whose name is unrecorded, called, and, true to the Garrick habit, even in these stressful days, Mrs. Garrick pressed him to stay and dine with her. He did so, and, while they were talking, the door opened, and Garrick himself walked slowly in. His face was yellow; and, wrapped in 'a rich' dressing-gown, he looked, perhaps, more like one of his stage characters than like himself. He sat down in his great chair, and remained an hour—and never spoke. Alas, poor Garrick. The winding-sheet that isolates the soul was mounting fast.

From this time his state of stupor had fewer interludes. He who had so often made others feel the solemnity and thrill of death was in the actual *articulo mortis*. It was no longer acting. Many singular sensations—corroborations and disproofs—might have crowded the brain of the tragic master, supposing him to have had power to watch himself. One wonders whether he hated to part from the world, or whether he was tired, and lay down without reluctance, as the doctors say most men do. In his perfect senses, yet without a sign of struggle (his wife told Hannah More he just sighed, 'Oh! dear') the immortal actor put on mortality at eight in the morning of January 20th, 1779. By him, too, life's wall of darkness was reached. He died in the sixty-second year of his age. In spite of one or two of the 'trifles' that bulk large as drawbacks, his must have been one of the happiest of lives.

Deferred till February 1st, Garrick's funeral was a public pageant. For some days previously, the body lay in state in the Adelphi house, which Mrs. Garrick vacated in favour of the men who came to hang it with black. Immediately on the death of Garrick, his widow sent for Hannah More from Bristol. The latter writes that, as soon as they met, "She ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes: at last she whispered,—'I have this morning embraced his coffin, and you come next.'" In 1822, when the almost centenarian Mrs. Garrick was laid in Garrick's vault in Westminster Abbey, her own coffin was covered with the wedding sheets in which both husband and wife had desired to die.

Mrs. Angelo stayed with Mrs. Garrick during the actual hours of the funeral, while Hannah More and Miss Cadogan (for whom the Dean only spared tickets at the eleventh hour, and while they were standing in the crowd at Charing Cross) at first managed only to get themselves locked up in a tower at the top of a staircase somewhere about the Abbey, and spent half an hour there in agonies lest they should miss what they had come to see, or, even worse, be left to starve in their stone eyrie.

Garrick's funeral train took up all the space between his house and the Abbey. It started moving at one o'clock, and at three the coffin was received at the West Door by Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. The crowd was so great that a military guard was required. Almost everyone who has left any record of himself for the year 1779 seems to have been in the streets or in one of the coaches, and we may well recall Steele's exquisite 'impression' of Betterton's burial (*Tatler*, No. 167) as even more applicable to Garrick's. What other man is regarded

"OLD SHAKESPEARE RECEIVE HIM WITH PRAISE AND WITH LOVE!"

with as much affection by so many as the great player? "I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent."

At the end of Davies's 'Memoirs' of Garrick comes the 'Order of Mr. Garrick's Funeral.' The first paragraph is as follows—

"Four men in mourning, with staffs covered with black silk and scarfs, on horseback, as porters. Six ditto, with mourning cloaks, &c. A man in mourning to bear the pennon, with scarf, &c. Two supporters. Six men in cloaks, as before. Surcoat of arms. Helmet, with crest, wreath, and mantlet. State lid of black ostrich feathers, surrounded by escutcheons. Herse full dressed, with THE BODY."

It all reads distressingly like one of Garrick's own Drury Lane processions, but those were the days when underbearers and feathermen, and 'rich' velvet horse-cloths, and 'rich' mourning cloaks, coats, caps were in full blast. Let us hope this pomp of woe gave some sad pleasure to Mrs. Garrick, sitting with Mrs. Angelo within doors. Later, the *cortège* came to be spoken of in Horace Walpole's set as ridiculous, and in Dr. Johnson's as extravagantly expensive. It was so long unpaid for that the undertaker was ruined.

The only members of Garrick's family present at his obsequies were the nephews, Carrington (a weak creature, now the Reverend, who, not long afterwards, died of drink—'too careless of his constitution' as people euphemised it then) and Nathan Garrick. Their father, George Garrick, was too ill to attend, and, when, two days later, he died, and, in his turn, became 'the body'—but without capital letters, a pennon, and a helmet—the theatre people said he had gone because, in his habitual henchman's phrase, 'his brother wanted him.' R. B. Sheridan was Garrick's chief mourner. When the funeral was over,

Sheridan spent the remainder of the day in silence, 'with a few select friends,' at his residence in Great Queen Street, an Inigo Jones house in which five men known to fame, Hudson, the painter, 'Scritch-scratch' Worlidge, the etcher, Hoole, Tasso's translator, whom Johnson loved, now, Sheridan, and, after him, Chippendale, the cabinet-maker, successively lived. Perhaps Sheridan composed this very day his over-theatric *Monody on Garrick*, soon to be spoken by Mrs. Yates (as the Tragic Muse) at Drury Lane, and twice by Mrs. Siddons at Bath.

Davies (who surely overstates the number of coaches needed by about thirty-five persons?) says that the first nineteen coaches contained the clergy of Garrick's parish of St. Martin's, the doctors, the Managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and deputations of twelve from the company of each. Sheridan's theatre was represented by King, Yates, Smith, Vernon, Parsons, Dodd, James Aickin, Palmer, Bensley, Brereton, Moody, and Baddeley; Harris's by Lewis, Lee Lewes, Hull, Matthew Clarke, Wroughton, Reinhold, Francis Aickin, Baker, Quick, Wilson, Mattocks, and Whitfield.

The Club, from that day forward known to the outside world for many years as The Literary Club, sent, as official delegates, Burke, Beauclerk, Bunbury, and Lord Althorp, but very many more of its members were present, including Fox and Reynolds, Johnson and Gibbon, Dunning and Colman. Among other eminent persons, the pick of England, following the player to his august resting-place were the Hon. Hans Stanley, Lord Lisburne, one of the Lords of the Admiralty; Sir Grey Cooper, Secretary of the Treasury; Lord Shelburne's brother, Thomas Fitzmaurice; Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Thomas Mills, Burney, Percy, Whitehead *laureatus*; Hoare; Hardinge (the Welsh judge who, in *Don Juan*, consoles his prisoners with 'his judge's joke');

IRELAND
UNDERTAKER
The
Executors of
David Garrick Esq.
request the honour of your Company
on Monday next the 7th of February
at 11 o'Clock in the forenoon, at
his late House in the
to attend his Funeral to
Westminster
Abby.

Colonel Barré; and Rigby. In death, as in life, Garrick was a point of union for men of all parties. Among his ten pall-bearers were Lord Camden and the Earl of Ossory, on one side, and, on the other, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, the second Viscount Palmerston, (father of 'Pam'), and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. With such respect was buried this actor of French descent, who, had he lived in France, would have had to abjure his life's work if he wished, on his deathbed, to secure a spiritual passport, and escape the burial of a dog.

Garrick was interred beneath the pavement of Poets' Corner, near the door that leads into Saint Faith's Chapel. Although, under the Georgian kings, Westminster Abbey did not mean England and the Church in one, as it does to-day, it should be noted that, with the exception of Henderson, Garrick was the last actor, until 1905, to be entombed there. Mrs. Cibber, Foote, and Barry, who predeceased him, were buried in the cloisters, not in the great shrine itself where Garrick lies worthily.

Burke was heard sobbing as he stood over the open grave, and Cumberland, who had come up from his retirement at Tunbridge Wells to attend the ceremony, saw Johnson standing 'bathed in tears.' Nearly six years were to elapse before Garrick's first friend ended 'a life radically wretched.' When he was laid in Poets' Corner, no organ and no anthems were heard. Contemptible Sir John Hawkins, his most acting executor, though informed that the difference in expense between a public and a private funeral would be only a few pounds to the prebendaries and about ninety pairs of gloves to the choir and attendants, settled that 'as Dr. Johnson had no music in him, he should choose the cheapest manner of interment.'[1]

[1] See *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the 18th Century* (Dr. Burney to the Rev. Thomas Twining), 129. 1882.

Very appropriately, Garrick's grave is just below the base of Kent's Shakespeare Monument, that had been erected by coffee-house and general subscriptions in 1740. Nearest on one side lie the bones of Samuel Johnson, nearest on the other the ashes of Henry Irving. Garrick's own 'monument,' perpetrated by Webber, is placed high on the opposite wall at some distance from his grave. It was put up at the order and expense of his friend and solicitor, Albany Wallis, of Norfolk Street, and exhibits a slim, Shakespeareanised Garrick breaking through curtains, while Melpomene and Thalia sit bowed below. So baroque is it that the verger—though a man no older than the School Board—is little to blame for having hitherto assured visitors in sober sadness that "it represents Garrick in the drunken scene of the play called *David Garrick*."

To look from Johnson's mighty line on Goldsmith's adjacent tablet to the impotent vernacular with which Samuel Pratt intensified the inadequacy of Webber is to deplore that, if Johnson had refused to 'disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey' with a certain English sentence concerning "that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations," there were not inscribed there in memory of Garrick those most apposite words in which Cicero lamented his Roman prototype—

"*Quis nostrûm tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roscii morte non commoveretur? Qui cum esset senex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem ac venustatem, videtur omnino mori non debuisse.*"

LITTLE DAVY

LITTLE DAVY

ON February 2nd, 1779, Boswell wrote from Edinburgh to the man of men, "Garrick's death is a striking event; not that we should be surprised with the death of any man who has lived sixty-two years; but because there was a *vivacity* in our late celebrated friend, which drove away the thoughts of *death* from any association with him."

Boswell, as was his wont, laid his finger on the salient. In relation to his circle, apart from his theatric art, Garrick's vivacity is his individualising label for all time. He was born with such a fund of animal spirits as only occurs, in association with high mental gifts, once in an æon.

And he industriously cultivated his garden. The vivacity of the youth of twenty, remembered by Colson's daughter (Mrs. Newling), for over thirty years 'with great pleasure' for 'the happy minutes' it caused 'during his abode in Mr. Colson's family,'[1] may well have been spontaneous ebullience; but the stories told by the Burneys of how Garrick behaved when he dropped in at St. Martin's Street, like the picture in the book of Boswell of his playing, in his petting way, round Johnson, 'with a fond vivacity,' suggest calculated effects.

This was the opinion of his friends. Johnson said Garrick was so convinced of the expectation of every company to be amused by him that convivial pleasantry

[1] *Garrick Correspondence*, *i.* 334.

became something he could exercise 'without consulting his real disposition to hilarity,' and Malone found that when he had told a good story or defeated an antagonist by raillery, he was apt to disappoint people who were longing for more by taking his departure, 'in the midst of the highest festivity,' in order to secure the impression. Colman meant the same thing when he said that Garrick never came into society without laying a plan for an escape out of it, and this venial artificiality is probably all that was aimed at by Goldsmith's severe words,

> "Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
> If they were not his own by finessing and trick."

It is noticeable that Garrick's spirits, however high, never gave the impression of rollicking spirits. He took pains to justify the lines Beauclerk inscribed under Reynolds's portrait of him—

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

It is told that Garrick was miserable because his wife waxed enthusiastic over the acting of Mlle. Clairon, but the *gravamen* of this story is, at all events, superficially, impugned by a similar one being told of Kean. Perhaps, however, it was true of both. A human type, like history, is apt to repeat itself, and in no other occupation so much as in the actor's is the soul subdued to what it works in. It was an inevitable shadow thrown by the theatre that Garrick should be both vain and—in spite of magnanimity always striving to conquer—jealous. Like Liston, he would have liked to see a dog wag its tail in approbation; he was mortified by coldness, and elated by a smile. "My nature is very little inclin'd

to Apathy," he said of himself, writing to Arne. The wonder is that such an easily wrought disposition did not betray him into duels. One, certainly, he contemplated with Kenrick, the libeller; another, it is stated —on bad authority—he actually fought, many years earlier, with Giffard, but that is all. In estimating Garrick's character, we find the old Adam, the instinctive self which made him a great emotional actor, always held in check by his rare sagacity and wide view of things. "I would receive a good performance," said he, "from my most inveterate enemy. Pique should never interfere." This was his attitude throughout.

His vanity is undeniable. "Well, Mr. ——, how do you think they liked me to-night?" was his unfailing first question at supper. *Histrio natus.* The only person she ever flattered, said Mrs. Cholmondeley (after animadverting on the great Hannah's talents in the same direction), was Garrick, "and he likes it so much, that it pays one by the spirits it gives him." Yet he showed less self-importance, was less openly clamant for praise, than Goldsmith. Considering his unremitting prosperity, and that he possessed, in the words of Burke's brother (writing from the West Indies), 'as much reputation as might make ten wise men fools or madmen,' he kept his head remarkably well. As Johnson said, he "speaks to *us*."

The actor's rage to shine was strong in Garrick Roscius to the last. He would never have been 'glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.' Undoubtedly, he busied himself overmuch with the puny arts of self-advertisement. His anonymous press notices of himself, his *Sick Monkey*—all the various evidences of his restless desire to be freshly remembered, are the least winning features of his personality. He curiously lacked confidence in power maintaining itself without aid from

puffery. He had no godlike carelessness. He was not the captain of his soul.

Garrick was wonderfully accessible. He directed his aims and efforts towards something precisely the reverse of the hedge of mystery certain great actors have managed to maintain between themselves and an 'M. A. P.'-loving public. His wife kept no journal for posterity, it is true; except for that, Garrick remains the most voluntarily unshrouded personality of all artists.

Tom Davies asserts in his book that he never heard Garrick speak warmly of any actor, living or dead. This statement is too sweeping, in view of the fact that from at least equally trustworthy sources we learn that he pronounced Quin's Falstaff perfect, called Shuter's broad comedy genius, confessed to having gained priceless hints from Ryan's Richard III, sent Weston a tributary £20 for his Abel Drugger, which he declared one of the finest pieces of acting he ever saw, and said 'ingenuously and frankly,' while looking on at Barry's Romeo, "He makes love better than I do." It seems probable that he thought too highly of Henderson for his peace of mind, for, when he went to see him in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Haymarket, in 1777, he solely remarked on the extraordinary merits of the minor players.

Garrick's Correspondence, a better authority than *on dits*, demonstrates that he was generally zealous in forwarding actors of promise. His grave, unreserved letters of counsel to Powell and Henderson are proofs of good faith.

In Southampton Street, and, later, in Adelphi Terrace, he was willing to give every stage aspirant a hearing. When he could not engage him, he would, as in the case of Henderson, help the beginner with introductions, if he discerned the vital spark.

In the opening years of last century, the younger Bannister ('Honest Jack') used to give a miscellaneous 'divertisement'—Bannister's Budget—that included an early interview of his own with the retired doyen of the stage. The story, which carries verisimilitude in every detail, ran thus—

Scene: Garrick's dressing-room, where, before the glass, preparing to shave, stood the past-master, a night-cap over his forehead, his chin and cheeks white with soap-suds, a razor-cloth on his left shoulder, and he himself turning and smoothing his shining blade upon the strop, 'as if he had been bred to shave for a penny.'

Garrick.—"Eh! well—what! young man—so, eh? So you are still for the stage? Well, how—what character do you—should you like to—eh?"

Bannister.—"I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir."

Garrick.—"Eh! what? Hamlet the Dane? 'Zounds! that's a bold—have you studied the part?"

Bannister.—"I have, sir."

Garrick.—"Well, don't mind my shaving,—speak the speech—the speech to the ghost,—I can hear you, —never mind my shaving."

After a few hums and haws, and touching his hair to make it stand on end, Bannister started—

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'"—

Garrick wiped the razor.

"'Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,'"—

Garrick strapped the razor.

"'Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,'"—

Garrick shaved on.

"'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee;'"—

Garrick took himself by the nose.

"'I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance!'"

Garrick lathered away.

The aspirant ended, fondly hoping for prodigious praise. Instead, to his crushing mortification, Garrick turned—no words but Bannister's serve here:

"quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and, thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me that I thought he was seized with insanity. He exclaimed in a tone of ridicule

'"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Yaw, waw, waw, waw!' The abashed Hamlet looked more like a clown than the grave-digger himself. Then Garrick finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a good-natured smile, took him by the arm, and said, "'Come, young gentleman,—eh! let's see now what we can do!'" He spoke Hamlet's speech, and, "how he spoke it," concludes Bannister, "those who have heard him never can forget." The upshot was that Garrick, who evidently saw that the Academy student had something dramatic in him, took him in hand, and, with the utmost "hope and kindness," perseveringly instructed him in four of his own most successful characters.

The above dialogue gives a hint of the almost bravura *savoir faire* (his enemies called it impudence) Garrick exhibited before others. Only once was he taken at a disadvantage, and that in a very simple, but uncustomary, juncture, when, in Westminster Hall, where he was a witness in a case in which an actor claimed 'a free benefit,' the meaning of the term came into dispute.

Garrick was asked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?" "Yes." "Upon what terms have you it?" "Upon——the terms——of——a free benefit," he stammered out. He was dismissed as useless.

If Garrick's vivacity was his most unique personal quality, and the one nearest allied to the genius for which the world remembers him, his open-handed charity may be described as his principal and great virtue. Having earned the wealth he possessed, he knew the tedious processes by which money is acquired, yet he never judged any sum in reason too great to lend a friend, or even an enemy, and he had a beautiful habit of sending back IOU's, with such words as, 'I beg you will light a bonfire with the enclosed.' 'I comply'd' or 'Sent directly' is the endorsement on most of the many applications addressed to him among the Forster MSS., and seldom was the resting actor or attic poet who came to him with what Macklin called a 'long, dismal, mercy-begging face' turned empty away. He did what from a frugally-minded man was still more unselfish, *i.e.* frequently came forward with offers of assistance without waiting to be asked. He had the crowning grace of not embittering gifts by accompanying sermons on the heinousness of poverty and extravagance. In his treatment of people down on their luck he showed ——to talk Eighteenth Century——'the detections of the heart,' and never behaved as though he had been conferring an obligation.

We have seen how he lent Burke £1000, and Foote £100. He offered Lekain money. He offered Clairon, when in prison, five hundred louis——and Voltaire justly asked whether any Duke or Marshal in France would have done as much. "His bounty was uniform," writes his first biographer, "not a sudden burst of humour."

What particularly strikes one is the coolness, amount-

ing to brutality, with which hard-up acquaintances cried 'Give us of your oil.' Here—signed by an eminent hand, is one instance out of many—

"DEAR GARRICK,—Upon reviewing my finances, this morning wth some unforseen expences—I find I should set out with 20 p^{ds} less —than a prudent man ought—will you lend me twenty pounds.

"Yrs L. STERNE."

The twenty pounds were promptly lent, and Sterne set out on his travels a prudent man. All round, the literary and artistic community seemed to look upon Garrick's unprecedented fortune as a communal gold mine.

Dr. Vyse (the Canon of Lichfield who warned 'Nancy' Seward against translating Horace without knowing Latin) testified to 'several munificent donations of Garrick's to friends in distress, which he concealed from the obliged with generous delicacy.' In an unpublished letter to Peter Garrick, David remembers 'ten guineas for his old worthy friend Mrs. Edwards,' while, for 'poor Mrs. Edmonds,' tea is proposed, "or anything else will contribute to make her Life a little more comfortable to her—would she have Snuff as well as Tea?" These are trifles, but trifles best show whether a character was kindly or hard. To give was Garrick's everyday habit, and one of the touching things in his biography is the number of small annuitants at Hampton and elsewhere his death discovered. He combined Thackeray's readiness to supply money with Dickens's willingness to take trouble. He was universally helpful, and, in the thick of his busy life, would at any moment go out of his way to ask favours for all sorts of people.

Very possibly he liked to be called 'as great in Garrick as in Lear,' and numerous were the accusers who imputed to motives of vanity his disposition to

radiate happiness. In the Georgian century there was no lack of the marrers of life who invade the recesses of others' self-love, forgetful of Portia's all-sufficient judgment,

> "How far that little candle throws his beams
> So *shines a good deed* in a naughty world."

That Garrick cast a kind of spell over the people who knew him best is clear from the Correspondence. His brother, George, up to the limits of his poor nature, worshipped him, both for his 'unbounded goodness' to his children, and for his 'kind and brotherly' treatment of himself, expressed in repeated 'loans,' in payment of his doctor's bills, in forgiveness of his profligate follies. Among the unpublished letters there is one of 1765 from Garrick's brother-in-law, Docksey (whose little daughter "has the chincough, following measles"), returning £80 on an old loan of £300, and most warmly inviting him and "Sister Garrick" to stay, and be fed "with Mutton and your Old Port perhaps"—presumably, a *cuvée reservée* from Durham Yard.

Garrick's will[1] (made within four months of his death) is referred to in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes as an illiberal one. It certainly restrained his widow from living out of England, and appropriated a considerable portion of her income to the upkeep of the houses. To the present writer, the will appears reasonable, as wills go. If Garrick was jealous of his wife's foreign connections, he at all events left her Austrian niece, "who is now with us at Hampton," a legacy of £1000, which, considering how many needy relations he had of his own, was considerate. It is true that, in 1807, Mrs. Garrick attempted to establish a claim, founded on the invalid plea of her being 'next of kin,' upon part of the residue

[1] It may be read both in Davies's and Murphy's biographies.

of her late husband's estate. Her free margin of income enabled her, in 1815, to distribute about £12,000 among her sister's descendants. Had she felt herself intentionally badly used under the terms of the trust, her whole after-life would scarcely have been occupied, as it was, in burning incense to the memory of 'her Davy.' There was a pathos in the safeguards Garrick made for the maintenance of the Hampton and Adelphi homes—the childless rich man's instinct for earth's immortality forced to concentrate itself on two houses!

In no action of his life, it may be repeated here, was David Garrick's essential wisdom more evident than in his choice of his wife. What looker-on could have imagined that a stage dancer could become all she became? It was Mrs. Garrick who stood for Camilla, in Fulke and Frances Greville's *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, of whom we read—"The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more." Fanny Burney, no mean judge, considered Garrick's wife the most perfectly well-bred woman in the world, and added, "the most trifling words have weight and power when spoken by her."

There was a good deal of what Northcote, in the case of Reynolds, designated 'grace of thinking' about Garrick. It was exemplified on the occasion cited earlier when he and Cumberland were at Foote's, and, after Foote had caricatured an irascible nabob, supposed to be departed, but really lurking behind a screen, Garrick undertook the difficult task of restoring harmonious relations. Another time it came conspicuously into play was when, at Mr. Wilmot's gorgeous week-end party at Farnborough Place, Hannah More, then in her giddy-young-thing or Woman of Fashion period, suddenly, on the Sunday

(taken Sept. 1820. Etat 97.)

To

His Royal Highneſs Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Suſſex, K.G. &c. &c. &c.

This Plate is with Permiſsion most respectfully inscribed.

By

His Royal Highneſses most dutiful obliged & Obedient Humble Servant

evening, found herself confronted with preparations for music, and secular music, it was plain, though "sacred music was the *ostensible* thing." Her blood rushing to her head, she was on the point of being reminded of Elijah (see p. 350) when *The Great Roscius*—as he used in fun to call himself—turned round, and, like the unforgetful friend in need he always was, promptly said, "Nine, you are a *Sunday woman*; retire to your room—I will recall you when the music is over."

I like, also, to think of 'the celebrated Mr. Garrick,' fearless of looking absurd, intent only on giving pleasure, stopping, at six one evening, on his way to The Club, at Hannah's lodgings, which were in Gerrard Street too, and producing out of the coach a minced chicken in the stew-pan, hot, a canister of her favourite tea, and a pot of cream, because she was not well enough to go to Adelphi Terrace. It was the same thoughtfulness that made him read her *Percy* aloud one Christmas to the Althorp party, the same that made him secure Dr. Burney's promise to contribute to Dr. Goldsmith's projected *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*. A man in Garrick's position, who, besides giving away many hundreds of pounds, will carry in his carriage a stew-pan of mince to an invalid, who will make an opportunity for a comparatively unimportant lady to keep up her pious ways without embarrassment, may fairly be claimed as belonging to the band we call the salt of the earth.

Colman would never have remained so attached to Garrick, amid the inevitable jars of their mutual positions—first, dramatic collaborators and then rival Managers—had it not been for what the former, during an absence abroad, called "your kind attention to my little boy." "I hope you got *Georgy-go-ging* a good raspberry tart, and that he has been very saucy during his visit at Hampton," adds Papa. In the intervals of playing trap-ball with

his host, Georgy-go-ging *was* tolerably saucy, as the following, from a letter from Garrick to Colman in the Irving collection, demonstrates :—

"Your Sweet Boy was here yesterday . . . one stroke more of him—Mrs. Hale is with us and my wife and she were rivals for his Affections—after Dinner, I ask'd him seriously, which of these Ladies he liked best, for it was necessary, that he should declare, as each had fixed their Love upon him—he roll'd his little roguish Eyes about, first on one and then the other—and to the great joy of the whole Company, he determin'd, *that neither of them would do for him* : upon this, I put another question to him. You are surely engag'd to Mrs. Terrel, and will marry her—*I Don't know but I shall, for if I marry her, 'twill make her Young again.*"

So Garrick sweetened life for an anxious father slowly getting better in Paris from boils and a fever. Out of pure good nature he inserted into a play a bit of gag in commendation of the wares of one of his under-strappers who was also a wine-seller, and his stage allusions to the No. 37 snuff obtainable at the Red Lion, Fleet Street, from John Hardham (who doubled his part of snuff-dealing by day, with that of being numberer at 'the House' in the evening) created a boom in that form of nicotine.

There have been two supreme pronouncements on Garrick's character. Both are printed as appendixes to this book. The sketch by Goldsmith (Appendix A) was admittedly 'retaliation,' a fact to be taken into account when we estimate its value as portraiture. Its pithy epigrams need no better corrective than the humaner and more humorous cartoon (Appendix B) Reynolds left of Garrick, realised through the eyes — those defective, deep-discerning eyes—of Samuel Johnson. Other contemporary delineations of Garrick are negligible. They are mostly of the calibre of *A Character of Garrick*[1]

[1] *The Whitefoord Papers*, edited by W. A. S. Hewins, M.A., 166, 167.

from the Whitefoord MSS., first published in 1898 in *The Whitefoord Papers*. A man whose highest achievement was such poor stuff as Caleb Whitefoord's cross-readings was quite incapable of seeing a composite character like Garrick's evenly and whole.

So it was with the meaner multitude who exhaled unfavourable constructions. When we have subtracted something for the temper which delights in detraction, something for sheer ignorance, and something for ineradicable prejudice against a play-actor, there is very little left. Garrick was an unpardonable enigma to Grub Street. He was a genius with the right amount of ballast for worldly success. He belonged to the most bohemian of professions, yet kept 'the Ten Commandments and his own accounts.' No light of the Church nor guardian of the laws ever led a more respectable domestic life. His playing owed none of its *verve* to brandy and water. More remarkable still, he was patentee of Drury Lane without becoming a bankrupt. Everything dramatic was referred to him, everybody looked up to him. He was literally the chief magistrate of the stage, and, in eighteenth century annals, figures even more conspicuously as the able Manager than as the consummate actor.

Shortly after Garrick's death, Mrs. Garrick, in talk with Hannah More, spoke of him as having had more 'particular friends' than any man in England. Her assertion has to be accommodated to Johnson's statement that Garrick was 'too much diffused' for one close friendship. The plain dunstable of the matter (to quote uncle Anthony Harlowe's phrase) is that life was short and 'the cheerfullest man of his age' too much courted. In his situation, any man, however unwillingly, would have been obliged to allow interludes in the frequency of his meetings with any individual or

group. Johnson, who had too often weighed the living Garrick in the jewellers' scales instead of by avoirdupois, was finely inconsistent when, on leaving the first party Mrs. Garrick had given since her husband's death, he lingered by the rails of the Adelphi, and, looking across the wide river, and talking, 'in a moved sort,' of the two men who no longer dwelt in the terrace behind, Garrick and Beauclerk, murmured tenderly, "*Two such friends as cannot be supplied.*"

It was not to be expected that the man who of all men who ever lived presented the most perfect type of the actor should be even such another as Johnson. The remark, ascribed to Gainsborough, as to his protean sitter, "He has everybody's face but his own," may be roughly applied to the whole genus, *Actor*. The actor's glory is impersonality, mobility, a kind of mental fickleness—all that was coarsely summarised in the sentence, "Punch has no feelings," and it was inevitable that what suited a part should infect the whole. All artists are, in a sense, impostors, precisely because their business is to represent feeling by means of brains. It seems unsympathetic to call Garrick shallow, but shallow he certainly was compared with Johnson and Burke, as also was Reynolds. They were quite different facets of the mind of humanity.

A question remains. Of Garrick's conversation it was alleged—again by Johnson—that there was 'a want of sentiment in it.' Did the brilliant gifts and graces cover an inner nullity? 'What of soul was left, I wonder,' when the world was shut out, and applause had become a thing of naught? Had this wonderful man's existence any inner springs? *Chi sa?* By Garrick's time the post-Christian era was established, and none of his bishops ever dreamt of conversing with him, at all events in their letters, on any subject beyond the panorama and shows of things.

DAVID GARRICK

But speculation as to the spiritual thoughtfulness of any man who expressed nothing of it in words is as futile as it is irresistible. It will possibly seem of more moment to Sterne's Angel that no injurious act has credibly been laid to Garrick's charge than that he is not known to have exhaled pious utterances. He would be a bold accuser who should describe a man so full of kindnesses and charities as having lived without God in the world.

Garrick "gladdened life." A human being of whom this may be affirmed—in the wide and public sense that was true of Garrick—would, for that alone, deserve a place of green memory among the world's benefactors. Nor was this all. In Burke's words, "He raised the character of his profession to the rank of a liberal art." There have been many other great actors, but never another great actor who was at the same time so great a personality outside the theatre. Garrick belongs to the history of England.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

GOLDSMITH'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK

HERE lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame,
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies.
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

From *Retaliation.*

APPENDIX B

A CONVERSATION PIECE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

JOHNSON AGAINST GARRICK

DR. JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Reynolds.—Let me alone, I'll bring him out. [*Aside.*

I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thoughts, and though *I* cannot, I daresay *you* have made up your mind upon it.

Johnson.—Tilly fally, what is all this preparation, what is all this mighty matter?

R.—Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is—Predestination and Free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life

of me: in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, Freewill and Foreknowledge cannot be reconciled.

J.—Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.

R.—But I meant only, Dr. J., to know your opinion.

J.—No, sir, you meant no such thing; you meant only to shew these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said that you held an argument with Sam Johnson on predestination and freewill; a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world, to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years; a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness*, find themselves in *wandering mazes lost.* That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation, is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.

R.—It is so, as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

J.—O noble pair!

R.—Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.

J.—Garrick, sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.

R.—I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson——

J.—Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men's words—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.

R.—But take Garrick upon the whole, now, in regard to conversation——

J.—Well, sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could, with any degree of propriety, be applied—

R.—But still——

J.—Hold, sir, I have not done—there are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech, various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimick; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.

R.—But Dr. Johnson——

J.—Hold, sir, I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.

R.—But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say —no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table——

J.—You tease me, sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me, you misapprehended me, you may not have heard me.

R.—I am very sure I heard you.

J.—Besides, besides, sir—besides,—do you not know, —are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?

R.—But if you differ from yourself and give one opinion to-day——

J.—Have done, sir, the company you see are tired, as well as myself.

T'other Side

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. GIBBON

Johnson.—No, sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, but over all Europe; even in Russia I have been told he was a proverb, when any one had repeated well he was called a second Garrick.

Gibbon.—I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.

J.—I do not pretend to know, sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved; he deserved much, and he had much.

G.—Why surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only; he had none of those qualities that make a real great man.

J.—Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be when you speak of the qualities that make a great man; it is a vague term. Garrick was no common man; a man above the common size of men may surely, without any great impropriety, be called a great man. In my opinion, he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother, when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her, that he would come to be hanged, or come to be a great man.

No, sir, it is undoubtedly true that the same qualities, united with virtue or with vice, make a hero or a rogue, a great general or a great highwayman. Now Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man, you must take the whole man together. It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled in which every man desires to excel:

setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled; as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superior. As a man, he was kind, friendly, benevolent and generous.

G.—Of Garrick's generosity I never heard; I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.

J.—That he loved money, nobody will dispute; who does not? but if you mean, by loving money, that he was parsimonious to a fault, sir, you have been misinformed. To Foote, and such scoundrels, who circulated those reports, to such profligate spendthrifts prudence is meanness, and economy is avarice. That Garrick, in early youth, was brought up in strict habits of economy I believe, and that they were necessary, I have heard from himself; to suppose that Garrick might inadvertently act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time that if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle; that when he acted from reflection he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such a fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony but once, when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the teapot; it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David: his table was elegant and even splendid; his house both in town and country, his equipage, and I think all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man who had acquired great riches. In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say; there is no man to whom I would apply with more confidence of success, for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a

common friend, than to David, and this too with very little, if any, probability of its being repaid.

G.—You were going to say something of him as a writer—you don't rate him very high as a poet.

J.—Sir, a man may be a respectable poet without being a Homer, as a man may be a good player without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, *if not the first, in the very first class.* He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind that appeared extraordinary even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues, and epigrams, he said he considered as his trade, and he was, what a man should be, always, and at all times ready at his trade.

He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue, and five minutes for an epigram. Once at Burke's table the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time; the same experiment was repeated in the garden and with the same success.

G.—Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company, and by the help of mimickry and story-telling made himself a pleasant companion; but here the whole world gave the supremacy to Foote, and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superior powers of Foote. It has been observed that Garrick never dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an under part to bring Foote out.

J.—That this conduct of Garrick's might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote and his friends, as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote this conduct is an instance. He disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buffoon of the company; or, as you say, brought him out. And what

was at last brought out but coarse jests and vulgar merriment, indecency and impiety, a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened, characters grossly conceived and as coarsely represented? Foote was even no mimick; he went out of himself, it is true, but without going into another man; he was excelled by Garrick, even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick, besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original, to a degree of refinement of which Foote had no conception, exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency; he had a character to preserve, Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonery and broad-faced merriment, private friendship, public decency, and everything estimable amongst men, were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table; no man ever considered Garrick as a player: he may be said to have stepped out of his own rank into an higher, and by raising himself he raised the rank of his profession.

At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled; he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topics in which he could not bear his part. It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote.

That Foote was admitted sometimes into good company (to do the man what credit I can) I will allow, but then it was merely to play tricks. Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon, and Garrick's that of a gentleman.

G.—I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick, in company, had not the easy manners of a gentleman.

J.—Sir, I don't know what you may have been told,

or what your ideas may be, of the manners of gentlemen; Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners, it is true Garrick had not the airiness of a fop, nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing; he did not lounge from the table to the window and from thence to the fire, or whilst you were addressing your discourse to him, turn from you and talk to his next neighbour; or give any indication that he was tired of his company; if such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick certainly had them not.

G.—I mean that Garrick was more overawed by the presence of the great, and more obsequious to rank than Foote, who considered himself as their equal and treated them with the same familiarity as they treated each other.

J.—He did so, and what did the fellow get by it? The grossness of his mind prevented him from seeing that this familiarity was merely suffered as they would play with a dog; he got no ground by affecting to call peers by their surnames; the foolish fellow fancied that lowering them was raising himself to their level; this affectation of familiarity with the great, this childish ambition of momentary exaltation obtained by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another, only shewed his folly and meanness; he did not see that by encroaching on others' dignity, he puts himself in their power either to be repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. Garrick, by paying due respect to rank respected himself; what he gave was returned, and what was returned he kept for ever; his advancement was on firm ground, he was recognised in public as well as respected in private, and as no man was ever more courted and better received by the public, so no man was ever less spoiled by its flattery;

Garrick continued advancing to the last, till he had acquired every advantage that high birth or title could bestow, except the precedence of going into a room; but when he was there, he was treated with as much attention as the first man at the table. It is to the credit of Garrick that he never laid any claim to this distinction, it was as voluntarily allowed as if it had been his birthright. In this, I confess, I looked on David with some degree of envy, not so much for the respect he received, as for the manner of its being acquired; what fell into his lap unsought, I have been forced to claim.

I began the world by fighting my way. There was something about me that invited insult, or at least a disposition to neglect, and I was equally disposed to repel insult and to claim attention, and I fear continue too much in this disposition now it is no longer necessary; I receive at present as much favour as I have a right to expect. I am not one of the complainers of the neglect of merit.

G.—But you must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great; terribly afraid of making himself cheap even with them; by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention, and so much management upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned as there was, or was not, a probability of his shining.

J.—In regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great; what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick; he who says he despises it, knows he lies; that Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly

acquired both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Besides, sir, consider what you have said, you first deny Garrick's pretensions to fame, and then accuse him of too great an attention to preserve what he never possessed.

G.—I don't understand——

J.—Sir, I can't help that.

G.—Well, but, Dr. Johnson, you will not vindicate him in his over and above attention to his fame, his inordinate desire to exhibit himself to new men, like a coquet, ever seeking after new conquests, to the total neglect of old friends and admirers:—

"He threw off his friends like a huntsman his pack,"

always looking out for new game.

J.—When you quoted the line from Goldsmith, you ought, in fairness, to have given what followed,—

"He knew when he pleased he could whistle them back;"—

which implies at least that he possessed a power over other men's minds approaching to fascination; but consider, sir, what is to be done: here is a man whom every other man desired to know. Garrick could not receive and cultivate all, according to each man's conception of his own value—we are all apt enough to consider ourselves as possessing a right to be excepted from the common crowd; besides, sir, I do not see why that should be imputed to him as a crime, which we all irresistibly feel and practise; we all make a greater exertion in the presence of new men than old acquaintance; it is undoubtedly true that Garrick divided his attention among so many that but little was left to the share of any individual, like the extension and

dissipation of water into dew, there was not quantity united sufficiently to quench any man's thirst; but this is the inevitable state of things, Garrick no more than another man could unite what, in their natures, are incompatible.

G.—But Garrick not only was excluded by this means from real friendship, but accused of treating those whom he called friends with insincerity and double dealings.

J.—Sir, it is not true; his character in that respect is misunderstood: Garrick was, to be sure, very ready in promising, but he intended at that time to fulfil his promise; he intended no deceit; his politeness or his good nature, call it which you will, made him unwilling to deny, he wanted the courage to say *No* even to unreasonable demands. This was the great error of his life; by raising expectations which he did not, perhaps could not, gratify, he made many enemies; at the same time it must be remembered that this error proceeded from the same cause which produced many of his virtues. Friendships from warmth of temper too suddenly taken up, and too violent to continue, ended as they were like to do, in disappointment: enmity succeeded disappointment, his friends became his enemies, and those having been fostered in his bosom, well knew his sensibility to reproach, and they took care that he should be amply supplied with such bitter potions as they were capable of administering; their impotent efforts he ought to have despised, but he felt them, nor did he affect insensibility.

G.—And that sensibility probably shortened his life.

J.—No, sir, he died of a disorder of which you or any other man may die, without being killed by too much sensibility.

G.—But you will allow, however, that this sensibility, those fine feelings, made him the great actor he was.

J.—This is all cant, fit only for kitchen wenches and chamber-maids; Garrick's trade was to represent passion not to feel it. Ask Reynolds whether he felt the distress of count Hugolino when he drew it.

G.—But surely he feels the passion at the moment he is representing it.

J.—About as much as Punch feels. That Garrick himself gave in to this foppery of feelings I can easily believe; but he knew at the same time that he lied. He might think it right as far as I know, to have what fools imagined he ought to have; but it is amazing that any one should be so ignorant as to think that an actor will risk his reputation by depending on the feelings that shall be excited in the presence of two hundred people, on the repetition of certain words which he has repeated two hundred times before in what actors call their study—— No, sir, Garrick left nothing to chance, every gesture, every expression of countenance and variation of voice, was settled in his closet before he set his foot upon the stage.

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